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### ASPECTS OF EMPIRE AND COLONIZATION:

PAST AND PROSPECTIVE.

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ONE of the most characteristic and striking features in the political history of Europe during the last twenty—but more particularly the last ten—years has been the growth and development of the Imperial spirit; by which is meant not such imperialism as Louis XIV., or Napoleon, or Frederick the Great conceived of—which latter was a spirit indulged by monarchs while little, if at all, shared in or sympathized with by the people as a whole—but a spirit common to rulers and ruled alike. The constitutional monarchy, the democratic republic, the autocratic empire, and the despotic bureaucracy are all alike at the present time affected by the same influences and display the same tendencies. Germany, confined within comparatively narrow and certainly clearly defined boundaries, is seeking an outlet for her superfluous, overflowing, and often discontented people, and though as yet barely consolidated as an empire in Europe, already indulges in dreams of empire beyond the seas, and even now, in her imagination, she has bridged centuries and peopled continents, and rules supreme and undisputed mistress of the world on land and sea! To such lengths and heights can the imperial fancy and imagination go!

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France, with less demonstration and perhaps more practical results, has been steadily endeavoring to build up a French empire of the East—a Franco-Burmese-Siamese-Chinese empire—upon the model of, and in some measure to counterbalance, the great Anglo-Indian Empire; and she is further seeking to develop, by colonization and intercourse, those slices of the African Continent which she has been able to secure in the scramble which took place among the European Powers at the time of its wholesale partition.

Russia, during the period in question, has been steadily and uninterruptedly pursuing her traditional policy of European and Asiatic expansion, agglomeration, and assimilation, and now looms a prodigious and threatening mass through the murky political atmosphere.

The United States of America, too, vast as is their present extent, have of recent years given evidence of their desire to dominate the relations of all the States of America in both the Northern and in the Southern continents, and to exclude Europe from all participation in the territories of the New World. To do this they seem almost prepared to hold as of no account all rights of prescription, conquest,

occupation, and trade, and appear to manifest an intention, or at least a desire, to create a vast American Empire or Federation which should embrace the whole American continent, North and South, and be of such prodigious dimensions, population, and resources as to defy, if need be, the united power of the Old World, and which may stand alone—the great World-State.

The long and ever-longer periods of peace in Europe since the Peace of 1815, during which time the various European nations have prosecuted the art of peace with great and ever-increasing industry and success, as the improvements of civilization have become more widely appreciated and applied, have afforded opportunities for a consolidation of power and nationality to those nations which formerly were too much distracted by war and its exigencies to be able to look far ahead. But with peace has come science, and with science population; and with population has come the realization of the narrowness of the geographical and political boundaries of the great European States compared to the dimensions of the States of the New World, and the vast areas in other regions lying yet unoccupied, or at the best, scantily peopled by uncivilized savages. Along with this conviction there has been forced upon their minds the fact that Britain has already and for long realized what they have only lately and very slowly been perceiving, as with the increase of population and industries, and all the social and political problems which invariably and inevitably follow, the fact has been urgently driven home and its significance fully recognized.

It is not, however, too late, they say to themselves, to follow Britain's example, and to rival if not to surpass her success. Along with this conviction, which in itself may be laudable enough, there is a set determination, the outcome of jealousy and dread, to humble that Power, which by forestalling them has acquired such a vast preponderance in the politics of the world as even, in their belief, to menace their liberties.

But their schemes appear to omit

from consideration many points of practical and first-rate import, upon which it is proposed to remark in the course of this article.

It is natural that the energies of a nation should expand, just as the capacities of an individual should grow, and that it should look around for fields for their development.

The necessity for such expansion was brought home to the British mind, long before that of the rest of Europe, by the hard-and-fast nature of the boundaries of our island and the rapid increase of a manufacturing and industrial population. Our geographical situation, too, enabling us as it did to hold aloof, in great measure, from the entanglements of Continental politics, rendered the expansion more easy and gradual, and by giving time and opportunity for its natural development greatly increased the chances of stable and permanent results. The other nations of Europe, however, have only in comparatively recent years begun to feel the pressure of increasing population and restricted boundaries; and to all of them the necessity of extension and with that the dreams of empire have come about the same time. The spirit of rivalry has been at once called into play, and is infinitely keener because of the vastness of the stake. It is life or death to each nation; for that one which is outstripped will fall back, weakened hopelessly, into the position of a second or even third rate State, and her surplus population will go to fill the territories and enhance the greatness of some one or other more fortunate or stronger rival.

The States that are following Britain in the race for empire are fain to take her as their model, as being the only existing example of what they seek to attain, and, indeed, whose expansion and success first roused them to a sense of their own position and requirements, and excited both their envy and their dread; but, while doing so, they altogether fail to grasp in their entirety the principles upon which that Empire is based, and the methods of its administration.

The days of empire—real empire—

by conquest are past. An empire can now only be built up by intercourse, and by assimilation, and by the final predominance of one particular national type over all these with which it comes into contact. There are, however, few, if any, nations that possess all the inherent qualities that go to create or to extend an empire by these means.

A military rule, an empire based upon the sword, is still, no doubt, possible; but such a rule has seldom been stable and lasting, and is never a source of real strength to the dominant Power, unless (and only to a limited extent does the qualification apply) martial rigor is leavened by principles both enlightened and humane. The British-Indian Empire is, no doubt, just such an empire; but it is no exception. Were it not that India is ruled with impartial justice and humanity, and that moreover her administrators possess in a high degree the capacity for empire, and the power to rule others wisely and with a view to the real welfare of the governed—a cardinal principle of British administration—our empire in India would be as precarious as the existence of the Government of an average South American Republic, and as fleeting as that of Egypt over Phoenicia, or of Austria over Italy.

There are, indeed, nations possessing in a remarkable degree some of the essential qualities which make for empire, but for the most part they are wanting in some one or other quality without which anything like success or stability is almost impossible. Russia, for example, after Britain and to a far greater extent than France, Germany, Holland, or Belgium, possesses such qualities. She has a remarkable faculty for persuasive and successful intercourse and an extraordinary power of assimilating and incorporating what appear to be almost irreconcilable elements, and for binding all together in the immovable grip of her iron despotism. But from amid the heterogeneous throng of Greek-Christians, Armenians, Slavs, Turcomans and Germans, Mussulmans, Buddhists, Jews, Catholics and Protestants, that constitutes

the population of the great dominions of the Czar, there does not emerge one particular composite type, possessing all the best qualities of the component parts, which predominates over all the rest while yet modifying and elevating the whole. The Russian Empire, in fact, while an empire in the generally understood sense of the term, is yet not an empire in the sense here contemplated, and which it is hoped to demonstrate. It is, indeed, an empire in the same sense as the Roman Empire, or the Austrian Empire, or the Spanish Empire, or the Napoleonic Empire is understood in history. It is made up of a great number of separate elements, often totally distinct; it is, in fact, a congeries of nations held together by a highly centralized force and the bond of a common fear of the governing power. There neither is nor can be any real cohesion, for the elements that go to form a national unity of spirit and character are entirely absent. Race, Religion, language, literature, and history all combine toward disintegration and militate strongly against unity. In its essential character the growth of the Russian Empire violates, or at least does not coincide with, one of the primary principles of sound national expansion: I refer to the distinction between the extension of the nationality *with* the State, and the extension of the State *beyond* the nationality. The former possesses the inherent element of cohesion and stability; the latter, those of weakness and insecurity. This distinction is vital and is the keynote of the present article.

It is manifest that a State made up of a number of heterogeneous and dissimilar elements, though of vast extent and possibly possessing thereby great political influence, yet contains within itself causes of weakness and seeds of disintegration which may assume at any moment dangerous forms. This is the case with Russia, as of all other great empires of ancient and modern times with which we are acquainted, and to this cause may easily be ascribed their weakness and their ultimate decline.

The Roman Empire, in its later days,

possessed no real nationality and no real unity. The component parts had lost their own individuality, and had had thrust upon them a nationality having for them no associations and no traditions. The bond that held the whole together was precarious and artificial, and when the final strain was applied it snapped asunder.

The Holy Roman Empire for long held together under the House of Austria; but the inherent weakness and rivalry of its irreconcilable parts at length forced it to yield to the repeated shocks it received from without, and, little by little, it fell to pieces. The modern Austrian Empire, reduced as it is to a shadow of its former self, still contains all the elements of instability and danger, for German, Hungarian, and Slav are essentially dissimilar, and can never coalesce.

The great Spanish Empire of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles II. and of Philip II., was no exception. It was powerful and warlike, and was justly dreaded; but it was precarious and artificial in its nature; it was Spanish in little more than name; the mutual enmity of its parts, fostered by the innate cruelty of the ruling nationality, was a permanent weakness and a constant temptation to its enemies; and it, too, shared the fate of previous empires similarly based.

In all such cases, of which these are merely examples taken at random, there is, indeed, an extension of empire, and perhaps, to a certain extent, of political influence; but there is no accompanying and co-extensive increase of strength and power. The State is extended to embrace all its parts in a nominal unity; but the real nationality forms only a small fraction of the State.

Circumstances form probably the most potent factor in the success or failure of the various schemes of empire on the part of different nations in past and present times: ethnological considerations, national character and temperament, geographical position both as regards the State expanding and the regions into which the expansion is directed, national policy—domestic and external—physical condi-

tions and surroundings, are all elements and factors in the process of State expansion. But, after all, these are mere incidents with which every State, in its life, has to reckon, and of which all at the outset stand an equal chance. Some nations are, in this respect, as with individuals, more highly favored, while others are heavily handicapped. In the end the issue resolves itself according to the natural law of the survival of the fittest—perhaps synonymous with “the most fortunate”—and that nation in which are combined the greatest number of favorable elements naturally dominates in time over its less favored rivals.

We shall now proceed to examine briefly some illustrations of the principles just enunciated.

Russia is in the position of a State which, in the ordinary and natural course of its expansion, is almost forced to embrace heterogeneous elements of weakness and danger: her geographical situation demands it, while her political circumstances, her natural character, and her system of government—illiberal, despotic, suspicious, and interfering—all tend to aggravate the dangerous and disintegrating elements.

Chance may be said to have brought about the rise of the great Spanish and Portuguese Empires, and in that respect Spain and Portugal were more than ordinarily favored.

Chance or circumstances, however, had, at the same time, given to these countries a narrow and selfish political system, improvident ideas of policy, harsh methods of administration and intercourse; above all, bigoted, cruel, and intolerant religious sentiments. In all these respects they were more than usually unfortunate.

Circumstances still further affected these countries in that those regions of the world to which they were led, and over which they sought to extend their authority and into which to introduce their nationality, were already peopled by regularly organized communities, which, although incapable of offering a successful resistance to the superior science of the East, were yet far too numerous for the conquerors either to

eradicate or to assimilate, far exceeding as they did the limited numbers of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and these continued to influence their character with ever-increasing power as the invaders were of necessity driven to intermingle and to intermarry with the inhabitants.

It was the misfortune, too, of both these countries that they were almost totally devoid of the faculty of human sympathy, which is the key to the secret of successful rule, and were thus rendered selfish and cruel and intolerant in their policy toward those who came under their sway. Intolerance, greed of gain, erroneous conceptions of the relations of a mother-country toward her dependencies leading to a fatal fiscal policy rendered nugatory the advantage that chance had put in the way of Spain and Portugal, and opened the road to empire for other more liberal and more provident nations.

The Dutch Empire grew out of the very causes that had ruined the chances of stable and lasting empire for Spain and Portugal. Intolerance, oppression, and a narrow policy brought about the revolt of the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. Circumstances were in favor of the Dutch, in that for long they had been accustomed to live by fighting with the elements at sea, and they had in that way developed a hardihood and a resource which were lacking to their neighbors of the Belgian provinces. The former were thus able to make a successful resistance; the latter sank into servitude and poverty. The Dutch Provinces, with their independence, found the Spanish and Portuguese dominions across the seas open to their depredations; and encouraged by success and plunder far beyond their wildest dreams, they began to entertain in their turn schemes of world-wide empire. For a short time, too, they seemed to have actually realized their ambitions. All honor to the Dutch for their bold bid for empire! Fate, however, had decreed otherwise. Holland simply did not possess the population necessary to extend her influence and her nationality over the vast territories of which she became the mistress, or

to hold them once she had become possessed. Her example had, in the meantime, fired the imagination and roused the energies of a rival, like themselves maritime, commercial, and enterprising by nature, but possessed of infinitely greater natural resources. The result of the rivalry was as certain as it was natural. Britain assumed the place that Holland had occupied, and proceeded to contest with France the supremacy of both the East and West.

The Spanish and Portuguese possessions beyond seas had been acquired more through chance than by any design or necessity, and they had been administered upon a narrow system of civil and ecclesiastical government even more rigorous than their domestic policy. They were regarded as permanent sources of profit to the home-country, to be worked with that object alone; and the most arbitrary restrictions were imposed upon the colonial trade. The American trade, for example, was limited in the first place to Spanish subjects; and, secondly, to a single port of embarkation—Seville, though Cadiz later received a similar privilege. For more than two hundred years Spain persisted in this narrow policy, until she perceived, when too late, that far from obtaining the profit from her colonial possessions that she so jealously sought to retain for herself, not only were those possessions comparatively unremunerative and their advantage small contrasted with the returns derived by the other nations of Europe who had followed Spain and Portugal in the race of enterprise and contest for empire, but they actually constituted a very positive and real source of weakness and danger. The colonial policy of Spain and Portugal inevitably gave rise to contraband trade on the part of the other nations of Europe, tempted by the richness of the prospect, which at last reached proportions their respective Governments could no longer fail to observe, but were powerless to prevent.

The isolation, too, of the territories, the insignificance of the Spanish and Portuguese compared to the native populations, and the rich commercial char-

acter and prospects of these regions, were ready inducements to active enemies and to lawless buccaneers. The Dutch eagerly seized the opportunities thus afforded when driven to withstand the intolerable yoke of Spain, and reaped a harvest of commercial and territorial empire both in America and the East Indies.

The Dutch successes, however, were an active cause of envy and rivalry on the part of other nations; and France and Britain entered the lists.

France was heavily handicapped with European interests and embroilments. She soon found herself unable to maintain the struggle with the Dutch and British for the Spanish-American colonies, but formed schemes of empire and colonization on the North American continent.

Britain, on the other hand, had benefited by the opportunities which the distant Spanish settlements afforded for enterprise and enrichment, and the arrogant attitude of Spain toward this and all other countries encouraged her. There had been developed a maritime and audacious spirit, exemplified by such names as Drake, Hawkins, Sidney, Grenville, Blake, and these other bold and roving gentlemen-pirates and discoverers whom we associate with the rise of Britain's naval power and the beginnings of her over-sea empire.

At the time when the Dutch attained their supremacy, France and Britain had already established settlements on the North American continent; and even then there had begun to be apparent a difference between the capacities of the two nations for successful colonization. Both countries had an advantage over their predecessors in that the countries they had occupied were comparatively empty, and the native population was either eradicated or completely distinct and insignificant both in numbers and consideration. The North American settlements thus possessed the important character of being almost wholly French or English in their composition; and the British territories, even at the time of Charles II., owing to the relative capacities for

multiplication and colonization, greatly exceeded in population those of the French.

It was, moreover, a circumstance to France's disadvantage that the causes of emigration in that country were not so active as in Britain. She did not, indeed, lack enterprise, or provident political leaders, among whom Coligny and Colbert stand out conspicuously. But the spirit of enterprise was not so generally infused throughout the French as the British people; and the importance of her European interests, with the natural enough desire to get possession of the Spanish Burgundian provinces on her own borders at home, blinded France to the importance of the struggle in America.

In Britain's favor, on the other hand, it happened that the growth of her American colonies—or *possessions*, as they were regarded under the theory of colonization then in vogue—took place at a period of social dissension and disintegration at home, and an immense stimulus was given to emigration among those who, rather than renounce their liberty of thought and action, sought to carry their principles to new lands over-sea. The struggle with Holland had called out every faculty of resource and seamanship on the part of Britain, and its conclusion left her mistress of the sea. It was the misfortune of France that the policy of her rulers brought her into hostilities with Britain at this juncture. By the time of what is known as the Definitive Treaty of 1763, concluded between Britain, France, and Spain, this country found itself dominant in the North American continent, in India, in the East Indies, and on the sea.

What has just been said constitutes some brief reflections on the course of empire in the past; and it is proposed to discuss shortly, in what follows, the probable course and character of empire in the future.

It has been observed to what an extent empire has been dependent upon the factors, circumstances, national character, and consequent policy; and we are justified in forming conclusions

from experience as to the relative capacities of the different nationalities for empire and for colonization.

The Dutch, the French, and the British empires of the past, all differed in their characters and policies from those of Spain and Portugal, as also from each other.

The Dutch policy, while selfish and narrow indeed, was far from being so intolerant or so illiberal as that of Spain. But her empire was, from the first, erected on too narrow a basis, and in its very nature was incapable of permanence. Her colonies never, at the best, partook of anything more than the nature of settlements, and they, dominated by the Spanish and Portuguese conceptions, were worked wholly with a view to profit. Holland was absolutely incapable of effectually colonizing any of her great Eastern and American possessions, far less of defending them; and consequently, after a short period of unnatural prosperity, most of these were piece by piece wrested from her.

The Empires of Spain, Portugal, and Holland were essentially ones of conquest and aggrandizement, without any necessary expansion from within, administered with the sole object of profiting the mother-countries. There was in each of these cases an expansion of the State, indeed, but without any corresponding extension of the nationality; and while there was, doubtless, an apparent increase of power and prestige, it was always precarious and artificial, possessing all the elements of instability and danger.

The Empires of France and Britain, up to the point at which we paused, were built on the double basis of conquest and colonization. Trade rivalry was the motive power with both, but in the case of Britain there was superadded the stimulus of social dissension, and, later still, the necessities of a growing and confined population; while there were, besides, the further advantages of greater maritime power and less European embroilment. It was, indeed, this last factor which is perhaps chiefly responsible for France's ultimate failure in the contest, coupled

with the facts, already noted, of an apparently greater capacity for colonization and multiplication on the part of her rival.

The contest between France and Britain in India and the East is essentially distinct, yet affected by many of the factors that influenced the struggle in the other parts of the world.

The policies of both France and Britain were, in the main, liberal. On the part of France there was a wise application of capital and industry, supported by much philosophic theory. On the part of Britain there was an indifference in her colonial policy, arising possibly from the fact that her colonies were far from being of essential importance to her, but were rather regarded as the home of her disturbing elements. This political indifference, however, had indirectly a beneficial result, for, coupled with the isolation which the then imperfect means of communication could do little to remedy, it gave full opportunity for the free development of the characteristic national type—the Teutonic as opposed to the Latin—and for the spontaneous growth of national institutions under the most favorable conditions.

It was characteristic of the Latin conquerors or colonists that they lacked enterprise in developing the regions where they found themselves, and rarely went beyond the limits of the civilization that they found around and to their hands. They depended upon the great natural wealth which was obtained by means of the rudest appliances, and the type became in time idle, listless, and degraded.

The Teutonic conquerors or colonists, on the other hand, besides possessing a character much more enterprising and a temperament much more restless, were so far fortunate that the regions they occupied were not only much emptier and more temperate, but did not so readily yield their treasures. Further, whereas the Latin colonists carried with them their bigotry and their intolerance, and sacerdotal influence was ever, in their settlements, a malignant growth, a deadly blight, an element of disturbance and reaction,

the Teutonic settlements, on the other hand, were singularly free from priestly influence; many, indeed, were established, having as their express object freedom of religious thought along with political liberty.

The isolation, also, to which all the external settlements of European nations were subject until well on in the present century worked upon the various types in different ways. In the Latin settlements the priestly influence became rampant, selfish, and ultimately disintegrating. In the Teutonic settlements national institutions took shape, fostered by circumstances, and freed from the thralldom of an ancient, highly complex, and slow-moving social system.

The nature of the authority exercised by the mother-country over her colonies or dependencies had also great influence in determining the nature of their development. Spain and Portugal treated their colonies in nearly all respects as conquered dependencies, to be worked solely for their benefit, and imposed harsh and unreasonable restrictions upon their life and industry.

Holland and France followed the example of these countries in large measure, and imposed restrictions upon their colonists much greater in number and more unjust in nature than were placed upon their subjects at home.

The British colonies were, from the first, free from such burdens, and, apart from certain fixed restrictions in the matter of trade, were absolutely free to develop their institutions as they pleased.

"The misfortune of the British colonial policy at this time" (that is, prior to the American War of Independence), remarks Sir John Seeley, "was, not that it interfered too much, but that such interference as it admitted was of an invidious kind. It claimed very little, but what it did claim was unjust. It gave unbounded liberty except in one department, namely trade, and in that department it interfered to fine the colonists for the benefit of the home traders."

The American War of Independence closes the epoch of old empires of mod-

ern times—old in the sense that they were a class distinct from those of the present day, based upon principles radically different, and founded more upon mere conquest than upon occupation and colonization. We have now to see what the nature of the new Imperial system is, or will be.

Of all the former empires we have referred to, that of Britain alone survives, but altered altogether in character and principle. At the time of the American War of Independence her empire practically consisted of her American colonies and her West Indian possessions. Her power in India was not established for many years later. With the loss of her American colonies Britain practically lost her empire. But it was only for a time. Her attention had been diverted from America at that time by engrossing concerns and struggles in Europe, out of which she ultimately emerged victorious, stronger and wealthier. Her loss of America was not due to weakness, but to inattention. She found herself at that juncture face to face with the necessity of acquiring new territory for her increasing population and their expanding energies, in place of that now broken away. At the same time she could profit by studying the causes which had brought about her then position. So a new empire has been built up, a colonial empire in the truest sense, an empire of national expansion and assimilation, not of mere conquest and rule, based upon entirely new economic and political principles.

The growth of this second and greater British Empire is one of the most remarkable phases in history. It has attained dimensions and prosperity unsurpassed and even undreamt of before; until its extent, its character, and its success have revived in the nations of Europe dreams of their bygone glory—often magnified and distorted as dreams are wont to be—and has roused in them the lust of empire, vastly quickened by the stings of jealousy and failure.

It appears almost certain the empire of the future will be one of colonization—of pure national expansion—and not

of mere conquest. The permanence of the empires of the future will depend upon the application of the principles to be deduced from the lessons and example of the empires of the past.

The nations that are again starting upon the race for empire have now a stimulus which never before actuated them—namely, the urgent necessity of providing for their rapidly multiplying and overflowing populations. This cannot be done by mere conquest. The States of the world, great and small, have assumed too set a form, and the doctrine of nationalities has taken too deep a root, for it to be now possible successfully and permanently to superinduce upon any organized State, by mere conquest, alien institutions and alien rule. Besides, the more enlightened and more humane public spirit of modern times is strongly opposed to wanton interference with or disturbance of national rights and liberties.

The expansion of the various nations beyond their own natural limits must consequently take other forms and directions. It must, if it is to be stable, be a system of real national as opposed to mere State expansion, either by regulated overflow into waste territories, or by peaceful intercourse and trade (rather than by organized aggression and conquest) in those comparatively empty regions where the barbarous customs or only semi-civilized institutions can either be easily assimilated or eradicated.

There is, indeed, another mode of State expansion possible, but it is one which is more strictly a mere overflow by which the surplus population is lost to the home-country, as in the cases where the subjects of one State emigrate to another, subjecting themselves to its institutions, they and their descendants becoming merged in their acquired nationality. This, however, is not the kind of State expansion we have here been considering, where a nation's surplus population carries with it the institutions and ideas of the home-country, and seeks to reproduce them in other regions.

The homogeneity of the new British Empire is that which distinguishes it

from every other, past and present. Putting India aside, the colonists of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are identical and typically British according to that composite type generally understood as the "colonial."<sup>3</sup> The predominance of the British colonial type of the present over all others significantly connotes the causes of this survival and predominance. Race, religion, language, literature, and history, all combine toward the unity of the various parts as well as of the whole; and it will now depend in the highest degree upon the wisdom and judgment of the leaders of the Empire in the future whether this moral unity is to be converted into a realized and tangible fact. It is this species of empire which the other nations of Europe are seeking to emulate—an expansion at once of the State and of the Nation. The success and permanence, however, of any of the new empires must largely depend upon the sense in which each nation interprets the lessons of the past.

If the empires of the future are to be the empires of colonization rather than of conquest, the conceptions of the nature of colonies and their relation to the home-country must be fundamentally altered from those prevailing in former times. Colonies must not, as then, be regarded as possessions of the home-country existing during its pleasure and to be worked for its profit. It is probable that this possessory idea can be explained by the circumstances accompanying the growth of European States beyond seas during the period we have been considering. This extension was not, in any case, induced by inward necessity and the need of finding room for superfluous populations. These elements were wholly absent until a quite late period, and that only in Britain to a moderate degree. The fact is that all colonial extension in former times partook largely, if not altogether, of the nature of speculative enterprises; while the remoteness of the regions, combined with the defective means of communication, rendered schemes of this description highly precarious, unless organized on a scale which only

State assistance could afford. The home-countries then, naturally enough, would look for some return from their investments, and may even have regarded the colonial lands as a species of security.

Nor must the colonies be regarded according to the analogy of grown-up sons and daughters becoming emancipated and setting up separate establishments. It is not always safe to apply human analogies to political and social phenomena; and this analogy is one which, while natural enough if not pressed, is yet only applicable according to Greek principle and model, and is wholly inapplicable to the character of colonial empire and development of the present era. Greek colonization was, no doubt, an extension of the nationality; but there was no corresponding extension of the State. For the Greek State was the City, and any extension beyond that was a breaking away and the formation of a new community. The Greek world was, perhaps, a moral, but it certainly was not a political unity.

The modern colonial conception has been the exact opposite of the Greek. It has conceived the State to be the nation, and so far is logically justified; but it has, at the same time, assumed a control in the original State over the extensions only justifiable on the grounds of conquest and possession. It is this conception and this assumption that dominated the policy of all the past empires, restricting their energies, and sowing far and wide the seeds of enmity, discord, and disintegration, which in time ripened and wrought their baneful and fatal effects.

Colonies, in our new view of empire, must be regarded as integral parts of the one State, which, while possessing local and individual interests, have yet their main interests common to those of the whole, and entitled as such to have their rights and liberties safeguarded with the same jealous care as are those of each and every county, or city, or burgh, or village in the home-country. The oceans should be regarded as connecting links, not as lines of severance, between the mother-country

and the colonies. There should be no restrictions placed in the way of trade and commerce calculated in any way to counteract the sense of national unity and sympathy, but every endeavor should be made to make each and every part feel the impulse of their common life.

The theory that prosperous colonies tend to acquire a strength of their own which leads them to demand equal rights with the home-country has been demonstrated; and it has also been shown by bitter experience—as witness the War of Independence—that, if these are refused, they incline to seek, and at times obtain, independence.

While the former statement remains philosophically true, the latter results need never follow if the conception of colonies and empire is altered to that for which we are here contending, namely, an extension at once of the Nation and of the State concurrent and co-extensive.

There can be little doubt that this aspect of empire and colonization has been receiving, of late years in Britain, ever-widening acceptance, and the results so far promise to work out satisfactorily. It remains to be seen how far these other nations now entering into imperial competition with Britain are able to profit by the lessons of the past. They have certainly in the British Empire a striking present exemplification of the growing results of the altered modern conception, and they can see an Empire covering nearly a fourth part of the earth's surface practically a single nation, possessing unity of race, religion, language, literature, and history; dominated in its social life, in its polities, and in its commerce by principles the most liberal, and attaining in that way an influence and extent far surpassing anything previously known; assimilating all secondary or alien elements in its own special composite type—one which embodies the best national characteristics; and extending its language, its influence, its ideas, and its trade beyond its own boundaries to such an extent as to bid fair to become the real World-Empire.

The phenomenal prosperity of the

British Empire is the best proof of the soundness of the principles upon which it is based, and the best excuse for the feelings of envy and rivalry it has roused in other nations. At the same time these considerations should form the highest incentives to British statesmen and administrators to spare no

efforts that will tend to render the moral and natural unity a real political fact, that it may undeviatingly continue to pursue and further the great humanitarian ends it proudly professes as its guiding principles.—*Westminster Review*.

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### MADEIRA WATERWAYS.

BY RYE OWEN.

IF knowledge is power, it is ugliness as well very often; and frequently the old ways of ignorance are those of beauty. Take, for example, the great Lisbon aqueduct,—a striking monument to ignorance of the ways of water. Look at the careful construction,—the miles of stone canal, the solid masonry of the bridges, the many arches, and the careful levelling, with the little towers and breathing-holes all along to give air to the precious element. And all this careful work because this petted child, the clear stream from the Serra, cannot run up-hill! Not one inch of ascent can that stream perform, at whatever height is its birthplace in the mountains; and therefore its road must be levelled accordingly. And that was apparently the state of scientific knowledge in the Portuguese mind in the eighteenth century.

It would be an impertinence to say, at the present day, that ignorance of the power of water is the parent of the Portuguese water-system in Madeira. It is something else surely which causes the seeming attitude of deferential courtesy to that necessary element in the lovely little island. The consequences are so quaint and beautiful that the artist at least would have no need to quarrel with them.

Madeira lies like a cut emerald upon the brilliance of the sea. There is no setting of golden sands. Sheer down from the crater peaks, in the centre, rolled the lava in the old days when Atlantis was submerged, and only the topmost heights were left to become the golden islands of the west. And now

these peaks are clothed in living, waving green. Down by the sea lies Funchal, the little capital, and on the land sides rise the green walls of the hills. Here, more than in any place that I know, one is reminded of Ruskin's description of the hills as "a woven garment gathered up in God's hands, and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulder. The rivers, leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes." It is a wide garment, and the folds of the Serra lie deep, and involved; breaking here and there into rocks and clefts, and leading into narrow valleys and glens, which in their turn broaden and brighten into vineyards, and plots of maize, among the tiny cottages above the sea. But the streams and cataracts of winter dry in the summer's sun. The wells are comparatively few, and river—other than these mountain streams—there is none. Great need there is, therefore, to utilize the countless springs which rush and play in ceaseless motion in the heart of the mountains; and the Portuguese Government, awaking to the necessity of the irrigation of crops in the dry season and the occasional propriety of ablution even in the winter months, determined to bring the water from the mountains to the lower lands.

Now, had the island consisted of a sugar-loaf with a well at the top, it might have been considered a comparatively simple task to cut channels down the sides and let the water run. But Madeira is by no means of that shape.

Hills lie within hills, valleys run round and are blocked, and streams arise behind high walls of rock and verdure while parched lands lie on the other side. Clearly the water had need of administration, and administered it accordingly was. The springs were traced to their sources away in the folds of the mountain. They were allowed to flow, some according to their own sweet will, others getting an assisted passage some hundreds of feet down; and then long cuttings along the scarps of the hills were made, and careful channels constructed for the tiny rivers (all levelled to a foot), that the water might flow in safe and even passage for miles and miles of wood and hill, through tunnels in the rock where the landscape was obstinate in not getting out of the way, but the stream always uncovered, and never up-hill.

To understand the system, however, its queer beauties and its cumbrous elaboration, you should come as we did to the head-centre of its operations for one side of the island, and see for yourself. We start from Funchal in a small coasting-steamer on a bright morning in July. Leaving the little town, with its grass-grown streets, red roofs, and white walls gleaming in the hot morning sun, we steam past the rocky heights where the cliffs of Girao look sheer down from their two thousand feet upon the sea. We stop here and there at tiny clusters of houses, where the ship disgorges its load of peasant passengers, and in rather less than three hours are in Calheta. The sea, which looks like a heaving mass of liquid blue dye, blue in shadow as in sunshine, rolls in heavy waves upon a beach composed of stones twice as big as your head *for sands*. As our boat draws near, a dozen half-clad young fellows rush forward into the sea with wooden poles or rollers, which they fling beneath the approaching boat; and when the waves drive us up over the rollers, these men clutch the boat and draw it up upon the stones. Out we jump, and look round upon the most sun-baked shelterless stretch of shore imaginable. Bare rocks at your feet, bare rocks, with here and there prickly

pears or aloes as sole vegetation, above you, and your only prospect out of it a walk, or a passage in a hammock, of half a mile to a village which you see lying on the sides of a mountain stream which runs down to the shore at that distance,—Calheta. Half-a-dozen eager brown faces close round you. They scent employment for the thews and muscles visible under their scanty raiment. They know that no stranger lands at Calheta for pure love of that delectable spot, and guess rightly that you are *en route* for the hills above, and the springs of many waters at Rabaçal. "Yes," say you, "we want to go up to the house of shelter (*Casa de Abrigo*), and we want hammocks to carry us, and men to take our luggage." For away up at Rabaçal, there is no village, no inn,—nothing but the juncture of many waterways, and a house of shelter where you may claim admittance if you have license from the Senhor Administrador. So your blankets are taken with you, and your food; you will get a roof to cover you, a deal table to take your food upon, and a bare bed to lie upon, also plates to eat from, and cups to drink from; but nothing in the shape of luxury, unless a few square inches of looking-glass fixed to a wall may do duty in that light. If you have untiring limbs and a brainpan as stout as that of a Hottentot, you may walk up the 3700 feet which are before you. If not, do as we did: get into a hammock of blue webbing tied to a stout bamboo pole, let three men hoist it to their shoulders, and lie back and roast.

Up we go, by dusty roads whose peculiar atrocity we failed to understand until we saw the country carts used upon them. The wheels of these vehicles are struck round with projecting bosses of iron, "in order to take a good grip of the road." Of course each one takes away a good grip of the earth and dust and loose rocks of which the road is composed, and scatters the king's highway around generally, with consequences that are not soothing to the feelings of the pedestrian. However, up we go,—dusty, hot, perspiring, but hopeful, as Calheta, the unspeak-

able, recedes, and the pine-woods are reached. Hot places, though, are pine-woods, as we find, and when somebody says, "Here is the Levada at length, and we can walk," we joyfully unpack ourselves and turn out upon our feet. Around stretches a wide amphitheatre of mountains clothed with fern and heather; and cut around the sides is a perfectly level walk beside the water-course or Levada, which runs close to the mountain-side in its stone bed. A mile's walk, and then we come to the narrow black tunnel into which the water runs. A bundle of bamboos or of cedar sticks is lighted for a torch, and we plunge into the darkness and the cold. The water drips from the rock above our heads, making pools upon the uneven footway. The Levada flows black and gleaming in the torchlight beside us, and the tramp of the guides, the click of their long staves upon the rocks, and the sound of their voices, echo around us, for three-quarters of a mile. Then we emerge upon the dazzling sunlight. We have come out of the gates of darkness into a new and glorious world. It is like passing from the cold gloom of death to the warm splendor of another life. On all sides tower the mountains, peak upon peak. Here a sudden crag of red or gray rock, there the long, gentle swell of woods. Below us fall the valleys, and we hear the rush of waters in the ravines; and everywhere the leaping, living mass of foliage sways in the sweet air. Far away to the north, behind the velvet folds of the hills, we see below us the sea, and only enough of it to give that feeling of freedom, that hint of possibility and light in the distance, which means so much to frail mortality.

Our sturdy bearers laugh and jest now that their task is nearly over, for between two and three hundred feet above us, perched on a rock in that vast eternal amphitheatre, stands the place of our destination, the Casa de Abrigo —no other dwelling visible on all these lines of hills. The Casa is covered by many roofs, at all angles, perched up and down the sides of the rock. The walls are thick, as they would need to

be, for winter storms can rage here, and snow may fall at this height, which is unheard of down at Calheta and Funchal. The ancient servitor comes out to greet us—the keeper of the house, who has lived in this solitude for forty years; and we show our credentials and are put into possession of a bed, a wash-stand, a deal table, and a form. We rejoice over the washstand, which was more than we had hoped for, and proceed to invigorate the inner as well as the outer man. There is an old kitchen with stone fireplaces in a row, and there is fuel and water everywhere, so we settle down and are happy.

Next morning, when the sun wakes up the mountain crests before our window to their green and golden glory, we sally forth to such enjoyment that we can scarcely forbear exclaiming, "Oh, blessed ignorance, if that is what has made this paradise!" By winding rocky paths we descend to the first Levada, more than 3500 feet above the sea. We enter a level grassy glade beneath laurel and heather trees, and find the water "cool, silent, clear," flowing in its open bed, hugging the breast of the hill for miles and miles among the woods. The stony bed of the Levada is perhaps three feet deep, and the sides are so carefully kept, so pure of all defilement, that a golden leaf fallen to the bottom gleams like a jewel, and every waving fern or blade of grass is reflected in its mirror. Through arches of waving green, over mossy paths, we wander on, noting the brown depths of the stream, where an ancient *til* or laurel throws its dark shadow; the blue and silver sparkle under the bare sky, and the answering reflection of golden St. John's wort and purple cineraria. This pure, sweet, silent companion—never hurrying, never lagging—doubles the beauty of the path; for the dignity of the element requires that a path, broad enough for its servants, be kept beside it. And day by day, month by month, the *levadeiros*, or water-servants, walk for miles along its sides, clearing away leaves or weeds which drop into it, lifting a broken rock or a sod of earth, pruning the mosses, hacking the overhanging trees and

bushes, and carefully renewing the stone and mortar where they are broken or fretted away.

But the mountains are not all soft earth, and laurel, and heather trees. Jagged and stern stand out the great precipices of rock on its sides, sometimes of red, sometimes of gray or blue stone, and the Levada must have its bed cut for it, and the pathway beside it tunnelled through arching rocks. All along the line tiny cascades and runlets of water fall into the stream from above; but each Levada must have its source, and the one which we are following—the “Riscos” or Scars—is so called because it starts from tunnelled cliffs rising some seven or eight hundred feet above us, all scarred and notched by the countless streams which steal over their sides. Within that rugged stony bosom there is a perennial mighty flow, which starts beneath crevices, from overhanging crags, from fern-covered niches, and, sometimes falling in clouds of silver spray, sometimes in threads of never-ceasing rain like tears, sometimes in rushing currents which have worn channels and scars in the rough stone, reaches its rocky bed in the Levada, to start its quieter journey around the hills. Farther down—perhaps some five hundred feet below us—flows the younger sister stream, the Levada of the Twenty-Five Fountains, which also gets its name from its source, where, in a rocky glen, the five-and-twenty streams issue from the cliffs and are guided on their course. The whispering flow and rush of the many streams seem somehow to make that vast silence deeper and more lonely. Above us towers a wall of dripping rock, and over the boulders and pools at our feet hovers an opal mist. On one side of the precipice sleeps the gloom, where the rocks rise black and chill in the shadow, though a gleam of sun may show them red at heart. On the other hand lies the sunshine, making great golden stars of flowers high out of our reach, glittering on the shining laurel leaves, and lighting up the feathery green of the heather trees. The rocks on that side are clothed with

greenest oak, and draped with verdure as far as eye can reach.

If my words could paint, what a picture I would give of these glistening dark-red rocks, all plumed with green ferns and delicate silver mosses. The broken crags of stone and great boulders lying between the cliff-sides hold deep silent pools, green and dark, and reflect, here and there, the gray splintered branches of some giant *til*-tree or broken laurel. On this watercourse, however, we come to a rather startling revelation. Till now the Levada has been queen paramount: assisted, guided, waited upon, and most dutifully served and followed, but never coerced. Here, oh, horror! she is actually shut up—nay, even three or four of her are traitorously brought from different lovely kingdoms, and are first united in a small stone building and then put into pipes to cross a bridge in the dark, and there is a descent on one side of the bridge and an ascent on the other! And she bears this meekly enough, we have wondered why (in the name of all science and economy) she does not continue her course simply in a pipe along the hillside, as in more commonplace regions she would have to do. Why should great bastions be built up the cliff-sides to support a roadway for a stone watercourse and its servants, when a pipe might be run along so easily, and no service be required to keep it in its place? From this lowest level—which, however, still maintains a trifling altitude of three thousand feet above the sea—we look up at the towering mountain walls, where the little *Casa de Abrigo* clings, gleaming white, to the rocks above, and where, behind and above it, still rise the green waves of another thousand feet of verdure. There is another Levada up there, on the very top of the island—a wild, strong, rollicking, uncivilized child of nature; and we will climb up toward the summit, to the great Paül, where the *Madre d'Agua* (Mother of waters) springs. The zigzag among the trees over a narrow rocky path once surmounted, we stand on the mountain wall, which runs up in shadowless

height toward the Paül da Serra, the one great plain of Madeira. It is a plain five thousand feet above the sea, and covers, perhaps, some twenty-five square miles.

The rocky road grows bare and crumbling, and the trees have dwindled to shrubs; but we feel as the eagle may do, when she comes back from low ground to her mountain height. How one can breathe up here! The fresh pure air fills us with thrills of exhilaration. Below us stretch hills and valleys, forests and villages, and on either hand is the sea. Down on the right, soft fleecy clouds are blowing in from the blue, over Calheta, and lying caressingly in the hollows. They are changing, hiding, meeting, and growing among the pines and vineyards, as if in play. Away to the left roll the great green masses of mountain land between Rabaçal and the sea. Behind us climbs the rocky road, over peaks and hollows, from the south point of the island; and before us lies the Paül.

Here—where clouds and mist so often reign, where strange tales are told of death in the solitude, when sudden storms sweep across it, and the heavens scourge the earth with fire and water—we look upon ancient craters, which, centuries ago, sent forth those torrents of lava which lie crumbling redly beneath our feet. From this place rolled down those restless streams of fire which lie now in solid mountain-chains, clothed in green robes. You trace the long sweep of the current as it poured on all sides in a half circling flow, and you wonder that a scene of such desolation, then, could have such a charm as that which, now, enchains your eyes. The sun is already moving down toward the west, and the power of the enchanter fills earth and sky with color. Before us, bathed in the rosy flush, lies the plain, with its little saucer-like indentations, here and there, and the peaks rising beyond it golden and purple in the light and shadow. Over the glowing earth, red rocks, and whitening stones, is spread a broken mantle of golden green, and all among it are soft cushions of most delicate lilac, covering the earth with beauty, and filling the

air with the aromatic scent of thyme. Among the low rocks spring tufts and bushes of heather, and the sturdy bilberry, which they call here the mountain grape—*uva da serra*. And here, bubbling up from the ground, pure, cold, and crystal clear, is the "Mother of waters," springing from lava rocks five thousand feet above the sea. Oh the force—and the freshness—and the rush of the stream in the cool sunset air! as it hurries away in its rocky channel, on its mission of mercy to Calheta. No cemented bed has the Mother of waters, like her spoiled children, the Levadas below, no well regulated depth or stone-wall defences. Over the cleansing lava, under the heather, beside the thyme it rolls on, like a new-born soul, eager for the beautiful world, and goes leaping and foaming down the hillside, to give gladness and blessing, receiving, alas! more and more defilement, till it reaches the wide cleansing sea.

All up and down these woods the goats and sheep bound from rock to rock; the little wild pigs root round and scatter loose earth; the cows and calves wander along the paths at their own sweet will (for they are turned out to live wild during the summer by their owner on the lowlands); and often one hears the thunder of a rolling stone, which has dislodged a bigger boulder, and goes smashing and crashing thousands of feet below into the ravines. All these four-footed friends threaten the purity and safety of the open Levada and its accompanying pathway, necessitating ceaseless vigilance on the part of the band of *levadeiros*. In winter, where the flow is immense, and where the Levada would be swamped and useless, the water comes in torrents over half-paved roadways down the mountain-sides, reaching the river beds far below and falling into the sea, and the Levada is scarcely used. But to regulate these changes—to estimate the need of water, to control the flow, and keep the system in order—the *levadeiros* and their directors and *administradores* have work all the year round, and the house of shelter is the head-centre of operations for that side of the

island, and there are the private rooms of the officials, and sleeping-places on piles of fern for the *levadeiros*.

To the uninstructed British mind, accustomed to look upon water as a servant to be used and coerced into humiliating subservience, this view of its beauty and dignity, and the necessary expenditure of labor and money year by year in keeping it up, are rather new. Away here in Rabaçal how can we do other than rejoice in it? Surely he would be a hopeless Philistine who would prefer a continuous ugly iron pipe to these Eden-like waterways. But when we follow the Levada over the hills to human habitations we change our minds.

The Levada is turned off and on to water all the little plots of maize, and cabbages, and vines, and melons, between it and the sea; but all along its course the mothers come out to purify the family linen in it, and as much of the family as takes kindly to water, and old rags may come floating away upon its surface, and soap may make it blue, and the juice of civilization may make it turbid, and though the villagers may put their pride and prejudices in their pockets—or any other handy place—and ladle out the water to make their soup of, it is better to deny oneself this luxury and keep to the wells which are pronounced orthodox by the learned. Sometimes a thorough practical Yorkshireman will come across a Levada pelting down-hill ever so many miles an hour to join the sea, and he just sits down by the roadside and holds his head and says, "It's sinful! Now if I'd got that water-power at home!—oh! And to think of the mills they could start, and the electricity they could get out of it, and the wheels which could be turned, and that only just on the road! And this water is going nowhere, and doing nothing, and down town there are streets with no water in the houses. And there is no such thing as a public bath in the place except for the half-naked Funchalese who are always haunting the beach and diving for money."

Evidently there are two sides to this question—beauty and simplicity on one

side and ugliness and utility on the other. It is very strange to be translated from a fashionable hotel among the latest modes in clothes and viands, and in five hours to find yourself, as it were, in Arcadia or the backwoods of America, before a group of scantily clad peasants who, having found at the foot of a precipice a calf which has fallen from the heights and got killed, are busy, in front of a crackling wood fire which they have kindled on the spot, in cutting off veal cutlets and roasting and eating them. After a lifetime of boiled maize-flour and fish stewed in oil on Sundays as a treat, roast veal is evidently a pleasant change. And on the same lines it may be that those accustomed to the thorough practical common-sense and scientific knowledge which directs English watercourses—regardless of ugliness—may find Madeira waterways a pleasant change.

The dreadful storms of October, 1895, exposed very clearly the weak points of Madeira's waterways. The Levadas, as they exist in the mountains, are merely summer friends. During three or four of the hottest months, when scarcely a drop of rain falls, all the irrigation of crops must be done by them—a certain number of hours of water to each piece of ground. But in winter, when once the autumn rains have penetrated the dry upper crust of earth, the Levada is scarcely needed, and the beautiful full streams flow almost unused to the sea. Though the utilitarian calls it sinful waste, still this flow of pure water through the villages would be a purifying influence if within bounds. But there's the rub. How is an open watercourse, fed by countless wild undisciplined rills on the hillsides, to be kept within bounds? But, worse than this, the rough waste water-channels which in summer are dry, in winter are filled with a foaming rushing flood, carrying rocks, trees, and all manner of débris with them over the Levadas. The beds of the mountain streams seem immense in the dry summer weather when scarcely a feeble rivulet trickles between the stones. But it never occurs to the Madeirense to

deepen or straighten these channels to receive the waters which a storm in the mountains sends down upon them, with but the very scantiest warning. The consequence is that whole tracts of land get overflowed by a sudden spate, bridges are smashed and carried out to sea, and houses and fields irretrievably lost. And this is what happened in October, 1895, and will happen again as long as no provision is made to deepen the channels, instead of

allowing them to broaden at will. Numbers of Levadas were broken down by the force of the water, or by the obstacles sweeping along in it, and hence a terrible season of want, desolation, and sickness. And it is none too soon that the authorities in Madeira and Lisbon have at last unmistakably taken up the question, and, commencing by Funchal fountains, are trying to reduce the rebellious element to decent servitude.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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## SHOULD EUROPE DISARM?

BY SIDNEY LOW.

FEW public documents have ever caused more amazement than the Imperial Message which Count Muravieff, the Russian Foreign Minister, circulated by the orders of the Czar, at the close of August. Men rubbed their eyes and stared, when they read this astonishing rescript and listened to the voice of the master of many legions declaiming against the hideousness of war and the wasteful folly of militarism. A Czar of Russia playing the Cobdenite seems a strange, almost a monstrous, figure. The phenomenon set half the world gushing, and the other half scoffing. Some said it was a noble dream, others that it was a cynical trick, specially devised to entrap this country. On the latter hypothesis much has been written already, and the points are so obvious that it is not necessary to insist upon them unduly. It might be observed that if the Czar is really anxious to relieve the peoples of Europe, by lightening the burden of their armaments, there is an excellent opportunity for him to begin in his own country. Russia is more heavily armed, in proportion to her resources and requirements, than any State in the world. Her regular army, on the peace footing, is set down at 868,000 men; that of Germany is 585,000, that of France 521,000, and that of Austria-Hungary 357,000; while Great Britain is credited with only 220,000. Yet France, Germany, and Austria, owing

to their geographical position and the character of their frontiers, are in a far more exposed and vulnerable position than Russia; while we ourselves, with our relatively insignificant force, have to police and protect a population, scattered over the five continents, more than twice as large as that which inhabits the dominions of the Czar. There is no reason why Russia should not, if she pleases, inaugurate the peace campaign by reducing her permanent warlike establishment to the level of that of the strongest of her neighbors, and ceasing to add to the might of a great navy which can only be required for aggressive purposes. Further, a hostile commentator can show without difficulty that it might suit Russia uncommonly well to shelve, under cover of a general Peace Conference, the discussion of certain critical questions, which are at issue between the Governments of St. Petersburg and London. Also, it is plain that to precipitate a rupture with Great Britain just now over the Far East would be extremely likely to turn the Anglo-American understanding into a definite fighting alliance. Then, again, if the English Parliament meets next session, with proposals for a Peace and Disarmament Conference in the air, it will be difficult for the ministry to carry on that steady development of our naval and military efficiency which has been pursued during the last few years. Finally, Russia,

with her finances in a state of desperate embarrassment, requires a breathing space and time for recuperation and reorganization. The Czar's proposal may have been recommended to the minds of His Majesty's astute ministers by such considerations as these. But the Czar himself, we are quite content to believe, spoke with no such mingled motives. He is a young man, and youth is the time for ideals. What vision more beautiful could occur to any young Prince, high-minded, humane, generous, happily wedded to a gentle and gracious lady, than that of putting an end to war, with all its red savagery, its brutal lusts, its cruelty, its treachery, its craft, its tendency to turn civilized man, for the time being, into a rabid animal? Let us not blink its horror, more particularly those of us who pass our lives in the wadded ease of comfort and prick ourselves into a pleasant literary excitement as we read of battles and slaughters and feats of arms. We need not forget the long tale of suffering, the starvation, the tortures of men and beasts, the agonies of the march and the ambulance, the sheer filth and degradation and misery, amidst which the flash of the sabres and the thunder of the guns are scarcely more than episodes. "War," said Napoleon, who was a pretty good judge of the subject, "is a trade for barbarians." No wonder generous hearts in all ages have beat high with the hope of Universal Peace, and dreamed of the time when the helmets shall rust upon the broken columns, and the battle flags be furled forever.

*Redeunt Saturnia regna;* but unhappily, only when *nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.* On this imperfect earth, peopled by very fallible races of human beings, we are no nearer to Tennyson's Parliament of Man than to Virgil's fabulous age of gold. At any rate, the dream is not in the least likely to be realized in the lifetime of Nicholas the Second, or of many Emperors after him. A general disarmament of all the civilized states of the Caucasian world will assuredly not happen for some time to come, if ever. One may go further, and perhaps shock some

hasty humanitarian sentiment, by saying that it *ought* not to happen, and that if it did it would bring with it evils worse even than war itself. War, in its direct effect upon those actually engaged in it, is bad enough. It kills, it maims, it degrades, it brutalizes. Let this be admitted as unreservedly as any preacher can desire. All the same, no student of history ought to contend that war has been, as a rule, a mere unmixed calamity, or that it has not carried some priceless blessings under its iron vestments. It has been the inexorable teacher under whom nations have been trained.

"Der Krieg," says Jean Paul, "ist die stärkende Eisenkur der Menschheit." No people has risen to greatness without its discipline; few have been able to develop the highest excellence in art, science, learning, or industry except under its impulse. The great literary ages are usually those which have followed upon successful war. Greece, Italy, England, Germany, and Spain bear witness to the fact. The age of Pericles was not one in which men knew nothing of fighting, nor was the age of Dante nor the age of Elizabeth. "The canker of a long peace" does not breed the strenuousness in labor, the order, the tenacity, the courage, and the mental exaltation, which lead to higher achievement in the arts of peace quite as much as in the pursuits of war. To the nation, as to the individual, knowledge goes for little compared with character. The stimulus of a great patriotic excitement, the determination to endure burdens and make sacrifices, the self-abnegation which will face loss, and suffering, and even death, for the Commonweal, are bracing tonics to the national health, and they help to counteract the enervating effects of "too much love of living," too much ease, and luxury, and material prosperity. That, no doubt, is why so many philosophers, men of peace themselves, have encouraged their countrymen to think of War as one of "God's daughters," and to receive the dreadful visitant as an honored guest. Machiavelli thought it ought to be "the only study of a Prince"; Bacon considered that the

main object of government was to adapt a nation for its successful pursuit. Both the Italian and the English sages believed that "the strong shall inherit the earth," and would have said, with Milton's fallen Archangel, that "to be weak is miserable;" and both knew that strength is not maintained without exercise.

But there are special reasons at the present time why the civilized States of Western Europe and America should not deprive themselves of all the power so obtained and fostered. If the Czar's rescript could work like a magic charm to deliver us from the "curse" of armaments—if the navies could suddenly be sunk in mid-ocean and the armies melt away, with all their weapons and munitions given back to the elements—it might be the profoundest misfortune that could happen to humanity. For that disarmament would leave the world of civilization naked before its enemies, external and domestic. More than one able writer, such as the late Dr. Pearson, in that remarkable book *National Life and Character*, has of late years performed the service of reminding us that the peoples of the white "Aryan" race—the nations which, through ages of infinite toil and suffering, have evolved the modern European type in law, government, morals, and material conditions of existence—still form only a minority of the inhabitants of this globe. The Yellow Race alone out-numbers us; Yellow, Brown, and Black together exhibit a great preponderance. Eight hundred millions of colored folks surge round about us; eight hundred millions, our equals or superiors in physical strength, many of them capable of a high degree of organization and combined action, nearly all of them possessed of that amount of intelligence necessary for the handling of scientific warlike appliances. If we choose to drop our weapons, who shall say that the Chinaman, or the African, will not take them up? The vision of the Mongolian hordes pouring across the Continents or across the seas may be a figment of the imagination, like Mr. Wells' clever fantasy of the inhabitants of Mars swooping, from their frozen

planet, upon the green fields of Earth. One cannot tell. To a Roman gentleman in the days of Augustus, as he read his Plato and collected Athenian marbles, it must have seemed equally absurd to think that the splendor of Imperial Rome would become the prey of tribes of shaggy-haired savages wandering among the northern forests. Our Empire—the Empire of Western law, culture, and humanity—like that of Rome, is surrounded by the barbarians; like that of Rome, it may be overwhelmed by the flood, when we have lost, as the Romans eventually did, the power to defend ourselves. As long as the military system of the later Republic and the earlier Empire prevailed, the Latin world was safe. Goth and Gaul shattered themselves in vain against the iron barrier of the legions. But when the ranks could no longer be recruited from Roman citizens, when the Imperial nation lost its supremacy in the art of war, the barbarians broke in, and buried the civilization of Europe under the avalanche of the ages that our old school-books used to call the Dark. There may be no fear that history would repeat itself. But we cannot afford to take the chance. To say nothing of Manchus and Tartars and Negroes, there are a good many millions of the Orthodoz Czar's own subjects who might be a formidable menace to an unarmed, undrilled, unfortified Europe. It would be a crime against humanity to hold all the precious gifts, that Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, and Saxon civilization has given to the world, at the mercy or the forbearance of Slavonic and Asiatic hordes.

And civilized nations are menaced by dangers from within as well as without. Those who strive to abolish militarism do so usually because they deem it wasteful and uneconomic. If the money and labor now lavished on ships, guns, and torpedoes, on batteries of artilleries, repeating rifles, soldiers' uniforms, barracks, fortresses, and all the other extravagantly costly instruments and appliances of war, were devoted to productive industry, the nations, it is urged, would be richer than they are. Very likely they would be.

Again, if the science, the courage, the energy, expended in the service of the War Offices were concentrated upon commerce and manufactures, our mechanical and mercantile progress would move at a faster pace. That also is possible. But it does not by any means follow that the world would be better, as well as richer, for the change. Wealth does not always bring happiness and virtue to the individual, nor does it do so necessarily to the nation. The Cobdenite ideal of a State, in which every citizen is ceaselessly engaged in the ennobling process of buying cheap and selling dear, leaves something to be desired. The accumulation of riches, and the steady pursuit of material comfort, do not tend to the development of the highest type of character. Comfort, luxury, material prosperity, freedom from external shocks and alarms, are very desirable things in their way; but they tend to be enervating, and even destructive, if they are not counteracted by an occasional experience of danger, anxiety, discipline, and self-sacrifice. A country so sheltered from external alarms that patriotism is superfluous is not at its best. We began to realize this ourselves in the middle period of the present century, when England approached closer to the Cobdenite standard than it is ever likely to do again. The country was very busy, very prosperous, fiercely absorbed in its money-making and industrialism, most ardent in the pursuit of its profits and its business. The Empire was regarded with suspicion: it was the time when eminent Liberal permanent officials at Downing Street were anxiously holding open the door for the colonies to walk out; the Army was neglected; the Navy was in a most disgraceful state of inefficiency. The "Manchester School" was in the ascendant, and the reign of peace and free competition seemed to the sanguine British Progressive to have set in "for good."

Fortunately we were shaken out of our dream of *bourgeois* vulgarity and gross content before it had lasted long enough to sap our vigor too ruinously. International struggles and dangers, the thunder of war abroad, the revival

of the Imperialist spirit, the urgent necessity of converting England once more into a great naval and military Power, taught us the old lesson that nations do not live by bread alone; not even if the bread is buttered.

Moreover, the mere material gain to the nation, as a whole, which would be caused by the cessation of warlike preparations is not by any means so certain as is assumed. No doubt there would be a saving somewhere, if the great ships did not have to be bought and the battalions fed and trained; but who would profit most by it? It is at least an open question whether much of that increased wealth would go into the pockets of those "masses" for whom Cobdenism, be it on the throne or in the library, professes so tender a care. Before we abolish the soldier on economic grounds, we had better arrange for the diffusion as well as the increase of wealth. Otherwise we may find that the blessings of turning the wasteful cost of militarism into the "productive expenditure" of industry have not been as widely felt as we could wish. Can we guarantee that the artisan thrown out by the closing of Portsmouth Dockyard and Woolwich Arsenal will obtain secure employment at higher wages in private service? That the bluejacket or "Tommy," who is at least fed and clothed at the expense of his more opulent fellow-subjects, will find a better market for his stout limbs and modest brains? If disarmament really meant that the poor would have more money to spend and less misery to endure, one might risk much to bring it to pass. But if it signifies only a higher level of middle-class comfort and wider scope for the financier, the monopolist, the promoter, and the great capitalist, it is not so easy to see its advantages. Peace in her vineyard, with a company forging the wine, is not a more inspiring figure than War, helmed and shielded, and keeping sentry-watch through the beating wind and driving rain.

On this question of militarism and national wealth we are not wholly at the mercy of theory. The assertion is constantly made that the burden of their armaments is crushing the nations

into poverty. But where is the proof of this? We do not know how rich the nations of Europe might be if they had not had to spend hundreds of millions on fleets and armies. But what we do know is that some of them have combined to make themselves uncommonly prosperous in spite of the "blood-tax." It is true that Russia is pretty nearly bankrupt, and Italy is seething with discontent mainly due to the poverty of the people. But both Russia and Italy are in any case miserably poor countries. They have great natural resources, which have remained undeveloped owing to lack of capital and want of efficient industrial enterprise. Both have suffered heavily through administrative incompetence and official corruption. It is not due to the military system that the communal authorities in Sicily rob the people of their bread, or that the persecution of the Jews and the proscription of foreigners have left Russia without an intelligent mercantile class. A country, divided between an idle and incapable aristocracy and vast hordes of impoverished peasantry, living from hand to mouth by the most primitive agriculture, with no *bourgeoisie* to speak of, and no reserve of capital to assist production, cannot be rich; nor can a country, with little foreign trade and stagnant manufactures, which has to support a rapidly increasing population by the cultivation of its own soil, pursued without intelligence or scientific methods. With or without armaments, such States as Russia and Italy and Spain will not be prosperous till they undergo an economic and political transformation. On the other hand, where different conditions prevail, the burden of warlike preparation does not seem to impoverish. France contrives to be very reasonably prosperous in spite of the conscription and a naval and military expenditure not far short of 1,000,000 francs annually. Germany, which can mobilize an army of something like 3,000,000 of men on the war footing, and spends nearly thirty millions a year on its defensive services, has been doing extraordinarily well of recent years. The "blood-tax" and

the bloated armaments have not prevented our Teutonic rivals from advancing at an astonishing rate in the development of their industry and commerce. The figures in connection with this subject are so well known, and have been referred to so often of late, that it is unnecessary to discuss them here. This is not the place to go into the "Made in Germany" controversy again. Whether it is to protection, or better education, or superior industrial methods, that the result is due, need not now be considered. At any rate, we are faced by the fact that the great military empire has been increasing its export trade faster than our own country, and almost as rapidly as the North American Republic, which has been content so far with a third-rate navy and a standing army of 25,000 men. The industrial unarmed United States have pretty nearly doubled their export trade in twenty years. But the progress of Germany, armed to the teeth and drilled to the nines, is scarcely less remarkable. The conscription, the large standing army, and the powerful navy have not prevented Germany from nearly doubling her export of metals since 1880, from multiplying her steel production eight-fold in fifteen years, and from enabling Hamburg to beat Liverpool in the tonnage cleared and entered, and to become the second shipping port in the world.

Clearly, then, the obligation of maintaining large forces, and training its whole population to military duties, does not necessarily prevent a nation from making substantial progress in industrial and commercial prosperity. It may, I suppose, be urged that, prosperous as Germany is, she would have done better still without the army and the conscription. That, however, is a mere assumption. The facts show that Germany is advancing under her present system of national defence; and if we choose to theorize about them, we may make one deduction as well as another. Why are we not entitled to assume that the conscription has rather aided than retarded the material development of the coun-

try? Most competent observers tell us that the success of the Germans in commerce is due not merely to administrative assistance, to sound technical education, and to cheaper labor, but also to the discipline, the sense of order, and the conscientious docility which the German artisan displays in his work. Some years ago a deputation of employers and working men, representing the iron and steel trades of the North of England, was commissioned to examine into the conditions under which the industry is prosecuted in Germany, and to account, if they could, for the extraordinary increase of production. The Commissioners drew up a valuable report, in which they gave due credit to the economy of German methods and the scientific knowledge brought to bear on manufactures. But they seem to have been most impressed by the precision, the drilled alertness, and the ready obedience of the men. These are the qualities fostered by intelligent military training. It is at least a reasonable hypothesis that they have been developed in the German working man, who is not by nature or character quicker and more alive than the Englishman, by his term of service with the colors. The young German is taken, a loutish peasant, from the fields, or an ill-regulated half-fed hobbledehoy from a town slum, and put into barracks at the critical age of eighteen or nineteen. He is properly clothed, fed, and exercised. He sleeps in well ventilated rooms, he is taught to wash himself and attend scrupulously to his person, his muscle is brought out in the gymnasium, and his intelligence in the schoolroom, he is made to walk straight, to give and obey orders, to be alert, patient, and attentive. He learns the valuable lessons of punctuality, promptitude, and absolute unswerving devotion to discipline. It stands to reason that a man, so trained and educated, goes back to civil life with some advantages over the youngster who has slouched into the factory, from a school where the moral discipline has been unimportant, and a home where it may have been non-existent. The military profession has its drawbacks. Single

men in barracks are not, as Mr. Kipling reminds us, "a lot of plaster-saints." But, conducted as it is in Germany, the conscription is a "continuation school" for the people, for which we have no substitute in this country. It is surely better for a young fellow to be up at five in the morning, shouldering a rifle on the parade-ground, and learning that uncleanness, disorder, and disobedience are offences involving sharp penalties, than for him to be hanging about the street-corners, infesting cheap music halls, and letting off his animal spirits in "Hooliganism" and ruffianly horseplay. One would expect the drilled man to do his work better, and that, it appears, is the case in Germany. The military system trains the individual as well as the nation; and, so far from being anxious to abolish it, a wise ruler might be prepared to make sacrifices to retain it, or even to introduce it where it does not exist. This, I know, is an unpopular view in England, where we are rather proud of the fact that we decline to make those personal sacrifices for the national security which are endured by the citizens of most other civilized States. No one likes to talk about a conscription. But if a conscription would restore to the English working man that superiority in the habits of order, discipline, and steady industry which he seems to be yielding to his foreign competitors, it would be worth its cost.

We have drifted from the question of war to that of warlike preparation. But in point of fact, it is the latter much more than the former with which modern Europe is concerned. The Disarmament Conference would be intended to get rid not so much of war as of the Armed Peace. The latter condition contemplates actual hostilities, but does not necessarily involve it. Europe has seldom known so long a spell of freedom from disastrous wars as during the period of complete national armaments. There has been fighting in the Balkan peninsula, and outside Europe; but for seven-and-twenty years there was peace among the Great Powers of the civilized world.

How many similar periods of tranquillity does the history of the past five centuries exhibit? The fact is, the great armaments do not tend to promote war, but the contrary. It was easier for an ambitious sovereign to plunge into a conflict with a rival when he had only to give marching orders to a few thousand regulars. It is another matter when war means an expenditure of hundreds of millions, and the paralysis of the whole industry of a nation. The conscript army is too cumbrous a weapon to be used lightly; and the tremendous risks attendant on failure, when the whole people is in arms, might deter even a Frederick or a Catherine from fighting in mere vanity or caprice. War is a graver business than ever, and it will not be entered upon between two great Powers without the deepest reluctance and the longest hesitation. It is worth noting that the only country which has been almost continually at war since 1870 is that one which has a comparatively small mercenary army, and does not depend upon the conscription. England has done more fighting than all the rest of the world put together. We do not hazard enough in one of our small foreign campaigns to regard the firing of a shot with the shrinking anxiety of the owners of the vast military armaments of the Continent.

But if the armed peace does not lead to war, and if it supplies a really admirable training and education for the nation, in its corporate capacity as well as for its individual citizens, we need not be distressed at its continuance. The rare and brief, if terrible, wars of modern times will supply that occasional tonic—Jean Paul's “Iron-Cure”—of which the body politic stands in need. Meanwhile the careful and systematic preparation for the possible conflict is an invaluable discipline, which seems to be required in an age when comfort is growing, and religion is losing its power to lift the spirits of men above a grovelling materialism. These considerations may perhaps console us when the failure of the Czar's disarmament proposal is established, as in due course it will be. I have not

discussed the Imperial suggestion as a practical measure, because its eulogists hardly claim for it this character. It is an ideal, confessedly not likely to be attained, or brought appreciably nearer, by any agreement which could be concluded by the representatives of the Powers assembled in Conference. But it is as well to “clear our minds of cant,” and ask ourselves whether, having to deal with a world as it is and not as it might be, it is even desirable that the goal should be reached, at least in our time. A period will come when militarism will appear as unnatural as slavery now seems to ourselves. But that “peculiar institution,” the soldier, is not yet a superfluous survival, or a merely ornamental legacy from the past, like the Goldsticks in Waiting and Gentlemen of the Bedchamber of European Courts. No International Convention can as yet enable us to dispense with the drilled man trained to arms, and all that appertains to him.

There is one passage of the Emperor's rescript which points to an undeniable truth. His Majesty dwells on the perverted waste of ingenuity due to the constant invention of new warlike appliances, which are no sooner adopted than they are superseded by fresh discoveries. Here the Emperor puts his finger on a very weak spot. The pestilent activity of the modern military and naval inventor is simply a cosmopolitan nuisance. Whatever view may be taken of national defence, this ingenious person's devices are nothing but a costly and useless burden. All the benefits that can be derived from drilling with the Lee-Metford could equally well be obtained if the Martini were still the rifle of the British army. If cordite and smokeless powder had never been invented, none of the nations would be any the worse, and all of them would have saved a great deal of money. If there were no torpedoes the Admiralties could have been quite content to pile up cruisers and battle-ships against one another, without racking their brains and spending enormous sums to produce 30-knot machinery-boxes. Each new effective invention means a fresh draft on all

the war-chests; for as soon as one country has accepted it the rest must follow, and the relative position, which is the only thing that matters, remains the same as before. It seems a pity that an International Convention cannot be arranged, whereby any individual proposing a new machine or device for warlike purposes should be immediately taken out and hanged. If the Czar could induce the delegates at the Peace Conference to pledge their Governments to an arrangement of this kind, he might be doing almost as much for peace as if he were to decree that the

standing army of Russia should not in future be more than, say, double as large as that of Great Britain. Unfortunately, there are so many practical difficulties in the making (and keeping) of even a quite simple and obviously advantageous rule such as this, that I fear it is no more likely to be adopted than any other schemes of general pacification. In spite of the Czar, civilization must still contrive to move forward, sometimes, as Lowell said, "on the powder-cart."—*Nineteenth Century*.

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### TENNYSON, THE MAN.

BY C. FISHER.

"THE worth of a biography depends upon whether it is done by one who wholly loves the man whose life he writes, yet loves him with a discriminating love. Few of these gossiping biographies are the man, more often the writer." Such were the remarks made by the poet to his son in 1874 on the "compliments and curiosity of un discerning critics." Of the whole-hearted love displayed by the son in the recently published Memoirs of his father there cannot be a doubt; and if the keeping oneself in the background, and allowing the subject of the biography to reveal himself to us by the record of his everyday life—his conversations with his friends, his interchange of letters with all ranks in society, from the Queen herself down to the Lincolnshire laborer who wrote to him from the United States about the old Somersby days, his hopes and fears for his work, his general outlook on men and affairs, and his unfailing sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity—are not evidences of the power of discrimination on the part of the writer and compiler of these volumes, additional emphasis, at least, is given to the truth of the poet's own words:

"For whatsoever knows us truly, knows  
That none can truly write his single day,  
And none can truly write it for him upon  
earth."

The lives of men of genius are not always pleasant reading: there is often a want of harmony between the inner and the outward man; they have not learnt how to accommodate the outward life to the interior vision. But no such misgivings assail us as we turn the pages of these volumes. The life of Tennyson, like the life of his great predecessor Wordsworth, adds one more striking testimony to the truth of Milton's noble words:—"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; not presuming to sing praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy." From the reminiscences contained in these Memoirs of the poet's early life in his father's rectory, down to the latest recorded conversations between himself and his son in the summer of 1892—the year of his death—there is the gradual unfolding of a life rich in promise, attaining its meridian splendour in the strength of a magnificent

manhood, and continuing unabated its creative energy beyond the allotted span of human existence.

Since Wordsworth gave currency to the saying, "The child is father to the man," a more peculiar interest than ever has attached itself to the early years of those distinguished by supreme gifts of heart and mind. We like to observe and welcome the premonitions of coming greatness. In the case of Tennyson these indications were plainly marked. He probably had written, and in great measure destroyed, before he attained the age of fourteen, more verses than any other great English poet of whose early productions we have any record at all. His grandfather seems to have indulged in the first prophetic anticipations, saying of his grandson, then aged fourteen: "If Alfred die, one of our greatest poets will have gone." Happily for the world, the boy did not die; but after a short spell of education at the Louth Grammar School—a miserable period of his life, so these Memoirs tell us—he passed under the able supervision of his father, an excellent scholar, and in due course of time followed his elder brothers to Trinity College, Cambridge. His fame had preceded him there, and he at once found himself the centre of as remarkable a set of young men as either of our great Universities has ever seen. The names of this group have been so long distinguished in the literary and political history of the age that it is needless to allude to them here. Suffice it to say that the great reputation of Arthur Henry Hallam, which "*In Memoriam*" did so much to foster, is seen to be fully deserved, and his letters to the poet evince a rare subtlety of intellect, combined with the tenderest and most loving human affections. He was always the constant and discriminating champion of his friend's early poetry, his generous and sympathetic consoler under the stress of ignorant and spiteful criticism, and a firm and confident believer in his greatness and ultimate triumph. Of Tennyson during these early Cambridge days the following descriptions are interesting, as showing how the personal ap-

pearance of the poet at this time struck his contemporaries. A friend describes him as "Six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair, his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, soft as a child's, but of great size and strength. What struck one most about him was the union of strength with refinement." On seeing him first come into the hall at Trinity, Thompson said at once, "That man must be a poet." Arthur Hallam "looked up to him as to a great poet and an elder brother."

It was during his residence at Cambridge that several poems which the present Lord Tennyson has printed for the first time in these Memoirs were written, one of which—the "*Hesperides*"—the poet regretted he had not inserted among his published "*Juvenilia*" in the completed works. In 1831 Tennyson left Cambridge and returned to Somersby to help his mother, as his father was ailing, and his two elder brothers had left home. Within a month his father had died, and upon him devolved the duty of looking after the affairs of the afflicted household. The friends of this period have spoken of "the exceeding consideration and love which the poet showed his mother, and how much they were struck by the young man's tender and deferential manner toward her." All this time he was busily engaged in study and meditation, striving to perfect himself in the art which he felt was to be his life work, and in the letters to his friends, his hopes and fears on this score are freely expressed. Two years later, in 1833, came the great sorrow of his life, destined to prove the most momentous crisis in the history of a great soul—the death of A. H. Hallam.

As in the lives of everyone, even the least distinguished among us, there are spots of time that stand out with a certain pre-eminence, and either form fresh starting-points for further progress in spiritual growth, or else serve as melancholy beacon lights, apprising us of the heights from which we have

fallen, so it is made perfectly clear in these Memoirs that in the period of doubt and despondency which followed the death of his friend, when the foundations of the world seemed out of course and the solid earth melting under his feet, until he was left face to face with those two awful realities—God and his own soul—the baptism of fire did its appointed work, and a finer temper was imparted to his spirit, which at length emerged into the calm atmosphere of a purer and clearer faith. To the poet meditating on the grave issues of life and death during the seventeen years which followed his great loss, “the workings of many hearts were revealed,” and what he learned in suffering he afterward taught us in song.

In the same year, and in the same month, which saw the publication of “In Memoriam,” Tennyson’s long-deferred marriage took place. How great a blessing this union proved, the poet’s own allusions to his wife, and the son’s account of his mother in the chapter to which the motto “Like noble music unto noble words” is prefixed, form a beautiful testimony. From this chapter the following tribute paid by the son to his mother—veiled as it is in the modest reticence that knows there is a joy of the heart as well as a sorrow with which no stranger should intermeddle—may be quoted:

“It was she who became my father’s adviser in literary matters. ‘I am proud of her intellect,’ he wrote. With her he always discussed what he was working at; she transcribed his poems; to her, and to no one else, he referred for a final criticism before publishing. She, with ‘her tender spiritual nature’ and instinctive nobility of thought, was always by his side, a ready, cheerful, courageous, wise, and sympathetic counsellor. It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering (for example) the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humor, by her selfless devotion, by ‘her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,’ she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and of his sorrow; and to her he wrote two of the most beautiful of his shorter lyrics, ‘Dear, near, and true,’ and the dedicatory lines which prefaced his last volume, ‘The Death of *Ænone*.’”

To make the picture complete of the woman who was so much in every way to the poet, the testimony of one who was not a stranger, but an honored friend of the family, and a frequent visitor at both Farringford and Aldworth—may be added. The late Master of Balliol concludes his “Recollections of Tennyson,” which find a place at the end of Vol. II., with an affecting tribute to Lady Tennyson, written only a few days before his death:—

“I can only speak of her as one of the most beautiful, the purest, the most innocent, the most disinterested persons whom I have ever known. . . . It is no wonder that people speak of her with bated breath as a person whom no one would ever think of criticizing, whom every one would recognize, in goodness and saintliness, as the most unlike any one whom they have ever met. Though not claiming to possess intellectual powers, which she assuredly has, she was probably her husband’s best critic, and certainly the one whose authority he would most willingly have recognized. Yet with all her saintliness she is not at all puritanical in her views, either in regard to him or to any one else. She has considerable sense of humor, and is remarkably considerate about her guests. The greatest influence of his life would have to be passed over in silence if I were to omit her name.”

After the marriage, Twickenham was the first home, but finding the Thames Valley unhealthy, the Tennysons moved to Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which was a home to them for more than forty years. Here the poet and his wife “settled to a country life at once, looking after their little farm, and tending the poor and sick of the village.” His object in thus cutting himself off from society, and only seeing his many friends from time to time—and never was man more greatly loved and honored—was to avoid distracting influences and “live a country life of earnest work.”

Of the fruits of that retirement from the world his poetic life during the next forty years is at once an eloquent witness, and a convincing illustration of the truth of that great saying of old, “Wisdom is justified of her children.”

The Memoirs from this point fall into a sort of natural division of chapters arranged according to the titles

of the various volumes of poems in the order in which they first appeared, a considerable space being devoted to questions relating to "Maud" and "The Idylls of the King." All this is in accordance with Tennyson's view, that his true life was to be sought for in his works; and, of course, the elucidation of various passages in some of the greater poems, either from notes contributed by the poet's most intimate friends, or, as is more frequently the case, from Tennyson's own explanations of his meaning, taken down by his son, add considerably to the autobiographical hints which reading between the lines of the poet's works supplies. Tennyson, like Wordsworth before him, took himself and his art seriously, and not the least interesting parts of these volumes are those dealing with the poet as his own critic.

Though in his early life he was a poor man, he was never in too great a hurry to publish, keeping his poems by him, and striving to bring them as near perfection as was possible.

The following extract from a letter written to James Spedding about 1835 is a good illustration of the painstaking and laborious artist:

*"I do not wish to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present, particularly on the score of my old poems, most of which I have so corrected (particularly 'Ænone') as to make them much less imperfect, which you, who are a wise man, would own if you had the corrections. I may very possibly send you these some time."*

And this devotion to his art cost him no small amount of self-sacrifice; it caused his engagement to the woman he loved to be broken off, and it was not until ten years afterward that, having caught the ear of the public with "In Memoriam," he renewed the engagement, because he felt himself in a pecuniary position to marry; though he might have made money long before by writing popular short poems for the magazines, as some of his friends tried to persuade him to do.

In composing his poems he kept constantly in view a favorite art maxim of his, "The artist is known by his self-limitations." Numerous examples of

his practice in this respect are referred to. We learn, for instance, that several stanzas were omitted from the "Palace of Art" because the poet thought the poem was too full. In the "Dream of Fair Women," also, the four opening stanzas of the poem as it appeared in the edition of 1832 were cut out, perhaps because, as Edward Fitzgerald said to him, "They make a perfect poem by themselves without affecting the dream." "The Gardener's Daughter" is another piece which has undergone this rigid pruning. Some forty odd lines called the "Ante-Chamber," originally intended as a prologue to the whole poem, never left the manuscript form. Taken by itself, the "Ante-Chamber" is quite on a level with the rest of the idyll, and the portrait in the first fifteen lines appeared to some of his friends to be an adequate representation of the poet himself:

"That is his portrait painted by himself.  
Look on those manly curls so glossy dark,  
Those thoughtful furrows in the swarthy  
cheek;  
Admire that stalwart shape, those ample  
brows,  
And that large table of the breast disspread,  
Between low shoulders; how demure a  
smile,  
How full of wisest humor and of love,  
With some half-consciousness of inward  
power,  
Sleeps round those quiet lips; not quite a  
smile;  
And look you what an arch the brain has  
built  
Above the ear! and what a settled mind,  
Mature, harbor'd from change, contempla-  
tive,  
Tempers the peaceful light of hazel eyes,  
Observing all things."

The best instance, however, of this sacrifice at any cost to secure totality of effect in a poem is given us in Aubrey de Vere's account of the "Reception of Tennyson's Early Poems" (1832-45):

"One night, after he had been reading aloud several of his poems, all of them short, he passed one of them to me, and said, 'What is the matter with that poem?' I read it, and answered, 'I see nothing to complain of.' He laid his finger on two stanzas of it, the third and fifth, and said, 'Read it again.' After doing so, I said, 'It has now more completeness and totality about it; but the two stanzas you cover are among its best.' 'No matter,' he rejoined, 'they make the

poem too longbacked; and they must go at any sacrifice. Every short poem,' he remarked, 'should have a definite shape, like the curve, sometimes a single, sometimes a double one, assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor.'

To Tennyson as a friend it is impossible to give too high praise. Never was man more beloved, and the affection he received was returned in as large a measure. "Lovableness," says one who knew him well, and was his friend for more than forty years, "was the dominant note of his character." "In Friendship Noble and Sincere" is Browning's tribute in the dedication to him of a volume of selections from his own poems. Allusions to the impressions made upon them by the poet's personality and character are frequent in the letters of those friends who have contributed reminiscences and biographical matter to these Memoirs. Thus, for example, the late Lord Selborne writes of him:

"He was noble, simple, manly, reverent as well as strong, with a frankness which might at times seem rough, but which was never inconsistent with the finest courtesy and the gentlest heart. I do not think I could better describe the impression which he made upon me by any multiplication of words. He was great in himself as well as in his work; the foremost man, in my eyes, of all his generation, and entitled to be ranked with the greatest of the generations before him."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, visiting the old poet in the summer of 1886, a few months after the death of Lionel Tennyson, is struck by "his patience under his sorrow, and his unselfish thoughtfulness for others." A union of gentleness with strength seems to have been the prevailing impression made by the poet upon all those who had been fortunate enough to enjoy some degree of intimacy with him.

As might have been expected from one who, at the conclusion of the Holy Grail, has taught us how marvellously the spiritual world interpenetrates and illuminates the natural in the vision which comes to King Arthur, busied in the practical work of establishing law and order in his realm, no less than from the well-known passages in "In Memoriam" which embody the most

profound religious convictions of the soul, a reverent Belief was habitual with the poet. He was fond of discussing with some few of his most intimate friends the great problems of the Immortality of the Soul, the Future Life, and the Personality of God, but would tolerate no irreverent handling of those Divine Mysteries. It is significant of his wide sympathies that some of his dearest friends, as Aubrey de Vere, W. G. Ward, and Sir John Simon, were staunch adherents of the Roman Catholic Church.

Tennyson's attitude of mind on these subjects is best expressed in some conversations with his son recorded in Vol. I. They occupy several pages, and quotation from them in the shape of extracts, by omitting, perhaps, some other aspects of truth to which equal importance is attached, might convey a wrong impression of the poet's true feelings. Two brief sentences, however, may be quoted as expressive of the summit of his own earnest spiritual endeavor. "My most passionate desire is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God. The soul seems to me to be one with God; how I cannot tell."

It is impossible in writing of these Memoirs to make no mention of the letters which passed between Tennyson and the Queen, a number of which are, by Her Majesty's permission, inserted at the end of Vol. II., and date from 1873 to 1892. Those written by the Queen are in the first person, and evince the deep interest displayed by Her Majesty in her Laureate and his family. Now it is a message of thanks with appreciative comments on a volume of poems received from the poet; now it is the Queen who sends the poet a book of her own; more frequently it is a message of human sympathy on both sides when sorrow and bereavement have made inroads upon the homes of monarch and poet. On Tennyson's side the correspondence throughout shows him as manly, loyal, and sincere; the words are the words of one who was fitted to stand before princes, and was content that the grounds for such pre-eminence should be based on manhood's simple worth.

The following paragraph from the letter written by Tennyson in reply to the message of thanks from the Queen for the epilogue to the "Idylls of the King," inscribed to Her Majesty, gives us a pleasing picture of the cordial relations which must have existed between Sovereign and poet:

"Your Majesty's letter made me glad that even in so small a matter I may have been of some service to you. I will not say that 'I am loyal,' or that 'Your Majesty is gracious,' for these are old hackneyed terms used or abused by every courtier, but I will say that during our conversation I felt the touch of that true friendship which binds human beings together, whether they be kings or cobblers."

For the rest, it is a notable company of men and women through which the grand figure of the poet passes in these volumes. Statesmen, soldiers, ecclesiastics, men of science, men of letters, artists, philosophers, scholars, all testify to the wide range of his sympathies, and the fascination of his noble personality which compelled their grateful homage.

Nor are humbler admirers wanting, some of whose letters to him were cherished possessions with the poet. The Yorkshire artisan who wrote him a letter of congratulation on his eightieth birthday, the message from the old Somersby laborer across the Atlantic, the Lancashire weaver who wrote the fine letter of thanks for the autograph presentation copy of his works which the poet sent him on being informed by John Forster, through Mrs. Gaskell, what a priceless source of consolation and delight his poetry had been to the aged worker in battling with the sorrows and hardships of life—are instances of an appreciation which the poet deeply felt. It is clear that Tennyson's unfailing gift of humor was one of the main sources of the sympathy which bound him to these men in humble life; but, behind it all there was that reverence for man as man, that large charity and sense of human kinship which prompted him to place as an inscription on the tomb of his old Farringford shepherd the very words in which forty years before he had described the death of Arthur Hallam,

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

In the "Unpublished Sonnet" at the beginning of the preface to these Memoirs occur the lines—

"History is half-dream—ay, even  
The man's life in the letters of the man."  
And yet, though we have been told that we must look for "the innermost sanctuary" of the poet's being in his works, a picture of the real man must have outlined itself in the minds of any careful reader of these volumes. It is not every great man of genius who has enriched our national literature with priceless works who could so well stand a scrutiny of his daily life and habits. Through the delicate reticence observed by the present Lord Tennyson in obedience to his father's express command, we see the *Man* as he moved in all the manifold relations of human life—as a son, the pride and support of his widowed mother—as a husband, such that one of his oldest friends used to speak of "the chivalrous tone of that school for husbands" which pervaded the atmosphere of the family life at Aldworth and Farringford—as a father, delighting in the companionship of his sons, from their earliest childhood when he devised and shared in all their amusements, later on when he bestowed much earnest thought and anxiety on their education, and afterward, when they grew to manhood, making them, the elder especially, the repository of some of his deepest thoughts and feelings—as a citizen, loving his country with as strong a fire of patriotic ardor as did any of her famous naval and military heroes who fought and bled to make England great and free—and, finally, as a man, combining in himself the "susceptibility of a woman or a child with the strength of a giant or even of a God."

Thus we get the impression that, great as were his works, the *Man* was greater still, with a greatness which was "from first youth tested up to extreme old age"—from the days of his golden youth, when he was regarded as their greatest by the men, then and afterward illustrious, who formed the Society of The Apostles at Cambridge, down to

the latest years of his life, when the whole English-speaking world hailed him as their undisputed Master of Song—the poet who had achieved the rare distinction of completely satisfying as well the ordinary reader as the person of cultivated and fastidious taste.

" . . . he sung, and the sweet sound  
rang  
Through palace and cottage door,  
For he touched on the whole sad planet of  
man,  
The kings, and the rich, and the poor."

Of such a man and such a poet, a poem like his own "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" should form the requiem; but doubtless he himself would have preferred the simple, heartfelt words of the old clergyman who came and gazed upon the poet as he lay dead, saying, with uplifted hands, "Lord Tennyson, God has taken you who made you a prince of men! Farewell."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.

BY J. G. ALGER.

ON August 1, 1798, Nelson annihilated the French fleet which exactly a month before had landed in Egypt Napoleon and his 30,000 troops. That event doomed the French expedition to certain failure, yet Napoleon remained in Egypt till August 22, 1799. The fourteen months which he spent there were certainly the most romantic period of his romantic career, and are the origin of the hankerings of the French for supremacy or ascendancy in Egypt, yet that period has attracted, even in France, but little attention. Napoleon's worshippers have naturally said little of an expedition which ended in failure and flight, while the critics have reserved their homilies for Moscow, Leipsic, and Waterloo. It is, however, surely interesting to see how he demeaned himself in the Oriental world—his apprenticeship, so to speak, in the art of government—to see what impression the East made upon him, and what attitude he adopted toward it. Leaving, therefore, military writers to discuss his Egyptian and Syrian battles, let us see how he conducted himself, not merely as a more or less successful invader, but as a ruler, a French Pharaoh. The fullest account of the expedition is the "Histoire Scientifique et Militaire de l'Expédition Française," published in 1830-36, in ten volumes, or rather in eight, for the last two relate to the subsequent history of Egypt.

It was chiefly written by Reybaud, who profited not only by printed despatches and memoirs, but by the recollections and papers of members of the expedition, particularly Girard and Geoffroy St. Hilaire. Additional materials have since come to light, notably the "Correspondance de Napoléon," containing a mass of despatches, letters, and decrees from the French archives and other sources, and two Oriental narratives by eye-witnesses have been translated into French, yet, strange, to say, no later French history has been produced. Even the controversy of recent years as to the rival pretensions of European Powers in Egypt has evoked no new account of the campaign on which French claims more or less consciously rest.

The expedition was unquestionably Napoleon's own project. The East had long had an attraction for him. Not that much importance need be attached to his perusal as a young man of books on Turkey, Persia, and India, or to the composition of an essay on the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." Nor is the story well authenticated of his offering his services to Count Tamara, a Greek, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, who was planning a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean. But in 1788 he certainly applied to Zaborowski to enter the Russian army. As, however, Zaborowski could promise foreigners

only a lower rank than that held by them in their own country, the overture was not followed up. In September, 1795, struck off the army list on account of his refusal to serve in Vendée, Napoleon applied to the Public Safety Committee for a mission in Turkey, and such permission was granted, but was not acted upon, for a few days later Barras employed him in putting down the Vendémiaire rising. When in Italy, in 1797, he procured and annotated the books on the East from the Ambrosian libraries; and on August 16, 1797, he wrote from Milan to the Directory: "The time is not distant when we shall perceive that really to destroy England we must seize on Egypt." While, therefore, on returning to France he ostensibly accepted the command of the army which was to invade England, he was really bent on Egypt. He could not hope to enter the Directory, for the limit of age was forty, and he was only twenty-nine, and he felt that for a revolution "the pear was not yet ripe." On going to the Channel ports to inspect the preparations for invading England, he took with him a pile of books on Egypt, and on February 23, 1798, reporting to the Directory that such invasion must be postponed, he advocated "an expedition to the Levant, which would menace England's trade with India." La Reveillière and Rewbell strongly objected, indeed, the former insisting on the invasion of England as less hazardous and more decisive. But they were overruled by their colleagues. The Directory did not expect, perhaps did not even wish, Napoleon to succeed, for, though Monge had vouched for his being an Epaminondas, they were apprehensive of his being a Caesar—the Caesar predicted as early as January, 1791, by Grimm as the certain closing act of the Revolution. "To sacrifice 30,000 men and risk a fleet in order to read a lesson to an ambitious young man was doubtless," says Reybaud, "neither moral nor politic; but governments, like individuals, have all their failings and weaknesses." "If Egypt fell," caustically remarked the English editor of the intercepted let-

ters, "so much the better; if it did not, so much the better still." Napoleon himself, moreover, according to Barras, urged on the Directory the desirability of sending to a distance bold and enterprising legions, who might be up to mischief.

On May 3d, 1798,\* Napoleon secretly left Paris, taking with him, besides a more general collection, a pile of books on ancient campaigns in Egypt, just as he had taken to Italy the account of Maillebois's campaign there in 1745. The instructions of the Directory, doubtless drawn up by himself, were to seize on Egypt as a set-off to the English seizure of the Cape; to drive the English from their Red Sea factories or other possessions; to cut through the isthmus of Suez; to ameliorate the condition of the fellahs, and to maintain, as far as possible, good relations with the Sultan. Although, however, there was vague talk of Talleyrand being sent to Constantinople to appease the Sultan, there could have been no serious expectation that the latter would sanction the expedition as intended merely to punish his refractory viceroys, Ibrahim Bey and Murad Bey, for their exactions on French merchants. Ostensibly, however, there was no purpose of hostility to the Porte, which at that very time was being offered by the Directory artillerymen, gunsmiths, and naval engineers. In reality, a French conquest of Egypt had been advocated shortly before the Revolution, and Magallon, the consul at Alexandria, had persistently urged it.

Bourrienne tells us that on asking Napoleon, just before starting, how long he would be away, the reply was: "A few months or six years: it all depends on events. If everything succeeds, six years will be enough for getting to India." Whether Napoleon really contemplated an invasion of India is, however, doubtful. He never made any confidants. He probably had no settled plan, though he took care to collect information and to con-

\* The very day before the escape from the Temple of Sidney Smith, destined to frustrate him at Acre.

fer with emissaries of Tippoo Sahib, so as to be prepared for any contingency. After the destruction of his fleet his design seems to have been to enforce on England an advantageous peace, or to march on Constantinople, set up a new Sultan, and advance to Vienna, there to dictate terms to Germany. The expedition comprised 13 men-of-war, 9 frigates, 11 corvettes, and 232 transports—certainly the greatest maritime expedition then on record—a veritable Armada, though, according to some accounts, ill equipped and unequal to an encounter with Nelson in the open sea. It carried 36,000 men, the twenty-five generals including Kleber, Desaix, and Dumas, the novelist's father. It also carried a staff of savants—8 experts in geometry, 4 in astronomy, 13 in mechanics, 2 in chronometry, 8 in chemistry, 5 in mineralogy, 3 in botany, 5 in zoology, 6 in surgery, 3 in pharmacy, 2 in archaeology, 4 in architecture, 4 in drawing, 17 in engineering, and 18 in geography, with 15 composers. Some of these were men of eminence, but others were mediocre artists or writers, who rendered no service. The destination of the fleet had been kept rigidly secret, but London newspapers had guessed it, one of them adding, however, that India ran no danger, for the English fleet would prevent any reinforcements from being sent. The Abbé de Calonne, Louis XVI.'s ex-Finance Minister, an exile in England, also expressed a belief that Egypt was to be occupied as a route to India, but scouted a Suez Canal as impracticable, not on account of the different level of the two seas, but of the nature of the soil. Ships, however, he suggested, might be sent in segments from Toulon across Egypt to Suez. Calonne is said, when in office, to have disengaged trade with the East *via* Egypt, on account of his pecuniary interest in the French East India Company, and consequently to have allowed the treaty of 1785 with Turkey to remain a dead letter.

Sailing from Toulon on May 19th, capturing Malta on his way, and leaving there a garrison of 4000 men, Na-

poleon landed off Alexandria on July 1st, and captured it next day, with a loss of forty or fifty men killed and double that number wounded. Warned by the pillage committed at Malta, he had drawn up on board the Orient, and issued on landing, a proclamation, in which he said:

"The peoples with whom we are about to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not contradict them; act with them as we have acted with the Jews and with the Italians. Show respect for their muftis and imams as you have done for rabbis and bishops. Show the same toleration for the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran and for the mosques as you have done for convents and synagogues, for the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here customs differing from those of Europe. You must get accustomed to them. The peoples among whom we are about to enter treat women differently from us; but in all countries he who violates them is a monster. Pillage enriches only a handful of men. It dishonors us, it destroys our resources, it makes enemies of peoples whom it is our interest to have as friends."

He likewise issued in Arabic—Ventura, an accomplished Orientalist, acted as translator and interpreter—a proclamation to the natives, in which he said:

"Peoples of Egypt, you will be told that I am come to destroy your religion. Do not believe it. Answer that I am come to restore your rights, to punish usurpers, and that I respect more than the Mamelukes God, his prophet, and the Koran. . . . Cadis, sheikhs, imams, schorbadgis, tell the people that we are friends of the true Mussulmans. Is it not we who have overturned the Pope, who said there must be war against the Mussulmans? Is it not we who have overturned the Knights of Malta, because those madmen believed that God wished them to make war on Mussulmans?\* Have we not been in all ages the friends of the Grand Signor (God grant his desires!) and the enemy of his enemies?"

Napoleon likewise required the sheikhs of Alexandria to issue a declaration of his intention to respect religions and property.

Advancing on Cairo, Napoleon sent one division by the Nile to Ramanieh,

\* Napoleon in dictating to Bertrand, at St. Helena, an account of the expedition significantly suppressed these two sentences.

while with the other four he took the shorter route across the desert to Damanhour. The latter march is described by Dr. Larrey as unprecedented in vicissitudes and privations:

"Struck by the rays of a burning sun, marching on foot on a still more burning sand, traversing an immense plain of fearful barrenness with occasional pools of muddy, almost solid water, the most robust soldiers, parched with thirst and overcome with heat, succumbed under the weight of their arms."

Five or six hundred men, according to Niello Sergy, a clerk of the staff, perished from thirst in five or six days. "The soldiers were so exasperated that they indulged in the wildest and most dastardly talk. I heard some exclaim as the staff passed, 'Behold the executioners of the French!' I saw soldiers shoot themselves in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, saying to him, 'Behold thy work!'" Niello offered 24 f. for a glass of water. "The soldiers were on the point of refusing to march." Their equipment, indeed, was most unfit for a hot climate, for the French had as yet had no experience of campaigns in hot countries. Thick cloth uniforms, high collars encumbering the neck and head, haversacks loaded with five days' rations of biscuits, broad belts obstructing respiration, a cartridge-box on one side, and a sabre dangling about the legs on the other, heavy black felt hats, giving little protection from the sun, the hair, moreover, being then worn long\*—their outfit was most unsuitable, besides which weeks at sea had made them out of trim for marching. They had expected fertile plains, with abundant food and drink procurable on the way, and many, to lighten their haversacks, had thrown away their biscuit. The officers were equally disenchanted. They had counted on the marvels of the "Arabian Nights." The *savants* alone were delighted, and the ill-humor of the soldiers vented itself on them. As they marched with the baggage borne by

donkeys, the soldiers nicknamed the *savants* donkeys, and attributed the expedition to their foolish curiosity. The *mirage* was an additional cause of discouragement. The disappointment had commenced even at Alexandria, with its narrow, winding, and gloomy streets, its ugly and dirty women, its beggars and dogs. The privations of the five days' march to Ramanieh intensified it. The intercepted letters of officers, published by the English Government in order to silence opposition newspapers which depicted the Egyptian expedition as a great success, are a burden of lamentation. Here are a few typical extracts:

"The disgust of the army is universal. Seventeen days without bread, wine, or brandy, and five without water, in a burning plain, with the enemy continually at our heels. . . . Discontent was marked on every countenance. . . . Several blew out their brains; others drowned themselves in the Nile."

"We are in a country thoroughly disagreeable to all. Had the army known before starting from France what was before them, none of us would have embarked, but would have preferred death a million times over to our present woful condition."

"My courage is sustained by the hope of a speedy return."

Incredible as it seems, a soldier confessed to Colonel Chalbrand that on the third day's march he had resolved to kill a comrade and drink his blood; but seeing or fancying himself watched, he had no opportunity.

Reaching Damanhour on July 7, the soldiers found only mud huts, mostly deserted, and unground wheat; but they met with water and shady trees. On the 10th they arrived at Ramanieh, and were delighted at being able to bathe in the Nile and regale on water-melons. There the flotilla came up with them, and for the rest of the march supplied them with food. Grumbling did not cease, but a touch of gayety mingled with it, and years afterward old soldiers would hum a snatch of a song composed at that period:

"L'eau du Nil n'est pas champagne;  
Pourquoi vouloir faire campagne  
Dans un pays sans cabarets?"

\* It was noticed on Napoleon's return to France that his long locks had disappeared. So also, doubtless, with his troops.

The Frenchman, as Cowper says, "laughs the sense of misery away." In the same spirit an officer who in spite of the privation of wine was gaining flesh regretted but one thing—"My poor hair! The extreme heat makes it fall off. I attribute this also, in great measure, to the want of powder and pomade."

I pass over the skirmish with the Mamelukes at Chebreis and the so-called battle of the Pyramids,\* except to remark that Napoleon not merely said, "Soldats, songez que du haut de ces pyramides quarante siècles vous contemplent," but added, according to Chalbrand, "et vont applaudir à votre victoire."

Even after the occupation of Cairo, Napoleon had to delude his army with promises that it would speedily be relieved, "An adroit falsehood," says Niello, "which gave us time to get acclimatized." Some generals agreed to ask in a body for leave to return, so that Napoleon, inviting them to dinner, had to warn them that insubordination would be equally punished in a drummer and a general. Officers shammed illness, so that Napoleon declared that any unworthy to remain in the expedition might leave, but that he would not tolerate malingering. There were not forty men out of 40,000, according to Tallien, who were not homesick. After a time, however, the soldiers felt themselves more at home. Cairo, which in 1600 years had never before seen European soldiers, underwent a metamorphosis—*cafés* in the French style, with billiard-tables, were introduced; bakeries, distilleries, breweries, shoe and hat factories, saddlaries and cabinet-making, made their appearance. A public garden, with music and games of all kinds, was opened, and amateur theatricals were got up. It was more difficult to arrange balls, although a few wives and mistresses in male attire had clandestinely accompanied the expedition. On one of these, the young wife of Lieutenant Fourés, originally a seamstress, Napo-

leon cast an eye, and he despatched the unsuspecting husband on a mission to Paris; but the English captured him and sent him back, whereupon, enlightened by the jibes of his comrades, he divorced his frail spouse. Napoleon is said to have promised her marriage if she bore him a son,\* for he had heard of Josephine's inconstancy, and in a letter to his brother Joseph, discreetly suppressed in the volume of intercepted letters, had commented on her misconduct. "Our warriors in Egypt," he afterward remarked to Réal, "were like those at the Siege of Troy, and their wives showed the same kind of fidelity."

Napoleon carried out his promise of respecting private property, though he confiscated the possessions of the Mamelukes, and imposed heavy contributions on the rich. At Alexandria three soldiers, who had plucked dates from a garden, had their coats turned inside out and were drummed through the ranks. In other ways he also enforced strict discipline. French servants who threatened to leave their masters or demanded higher wages were amenable to five years' imprisonment. A surgeon, who from fear of plague refused to tend some wounded soldiers, was dressed in women's clothes and paraded on a donkey through Alexandria, with a label on his back, "Unworthy of French citizenship: he is afraid of death"; the man was then to be shipped to France. Bread, moreover, was to be of the same quality for all, hospitals excepted, and Napoleon himself had shared in the privations of the march. The same commendation cannot be accorded to his professions of leanings to Mahometanism, at which most of the soldiers laughed in their sleeves, while the few who were good Catholics, like Desaix, felt indignant. He even claimed to be the Mahdi predicted in Moslem tradition. In a proclamation issued after the rising at Cairo, he said:

"Make known to the people that ever

\* The Pyramids were simply in sight of Embabeh, the scene of the battle.

\* Returning to France, Napoleon married her to Ranchout, whom he appointed consul at Santander.

since the world began it was written, that after having destroyed the enemies of Islam I should come from the extreme West to fulfil the mission devolving on me. Make the people see that in the Holy Book of the Koran in more than twenty passages what is now happening was predicted, and what will happen is also explained. . . . I could call you to account for your inmost thoughts, for I know all, even what you have never revealed to anybody; but the day will come when all will see plainly that I am guided by supreme orders, and that all human efforts can do nothing against me."

General Dupuy, destined to be killed in the Cairo rising, wrote to a friend at Toulouse: "We deceive the Egyptians by our simulated attachment to their religion, in which Bonaparte and we no more believe than in that of the defunct Pius"—meaning Pope Pius VI., who had apparently been reported as dead, though he survived till the following year. Chateaubriand, writing on this in a very different tone says: "We cannot but weep when the giant lowers himself to play the buffoon!"

Nakoula, secretary and envoy of the Emir of the Druses, represents many natives as looking on Napoleon as an astrologer or as the Mahdi, the only obstacle to their faith in his pretensions being his retention of European costume, for had he donned a *feredje* (mantle) all would have followed him. Fear of the ridicule of his soldiers may have deterred him from this. But Nakoula, as a Syrian Christian, is not a judge of Moslem feeling, and Abdelrahman-el-Djabarti, a sheikh who was a member of the Cairo divan, tells us that the sheikhs were stupefied at Napoleon's audacious pretensions. Sultan Kebir ("The Strong"), as he was called, did not, however, go the length of General Menou in embracing Mahometanism. Forty-eight years of age, formerly a member of the French National Assembly, Menou, from mere policy, according to Marmont, turned Mahometan and married a woman neither young nor handsome. But another and more probable version is that he was fascinated by the black eyes of Rechidie or Zubeida, daughter of the Rosetta bath-proprietor, who with another damsels secretly waited on

him to beg him to require Moslem husbands to allow their wives to frequent the baths and cemeteries as before the arrival of the infidels. After months of hesitation, Menou, as the only means of marrying her, turned Mahometan, and took the name of Abdallah—a remote ancestor of his, Comte de Bonneval, had likewise changed his religion and become a Turkish Pasha. Madame Menou in course of time gave birth to a son. On Rosetta being ultimately captured by the English she fled to Cairo, where her husband had become commander-in-chief. Menou, ever subservient to Napoleon, retained his good graces, and after capitulating in Egypt became governor of Venice, where he died in 1810.

Not only were the Mussulman festivals observed with the usual, or even more than the usual, pomp, but the French Republican *fêtes* were likewise celebrated, as also the anniversary of the battle of Rivoli. Balloons were twice sent up, the multitude imagining them to be designed for destroying an enemy's town. French and Arab horses ran races, the former winning. There were, moreover, pedestrian races, illuminations, and fireworks. Napoleon gave a grand dinner to the sheikhs, and on being invited to dinner by one of them he dispensed, like his host, with forks.

All witnesses testify to the fortitude with which Napoleon received the intelligence of the destruction of his fleet. "Destiny in this case, as in many others," he wrote to the Directory, "resolved on proving that if it allows us ascendancy on the mainland, it has allotted the empire of the sea to our rivals." "We must either die or emerge great, like the ancients," he said to those around him. His fortitude, however, would have been more admirable if he had not cast the blame on Admiral Brueys, who was not alive to defend himself. It is clear from his own letters that Napoleon gave no instructions, as he alleged, for the departure of the fleet for Corfu, if it could not enter the harbor of Alexandria. He simply ordered the dispatch of a few vessels to Corfu to fetch wine,

brandy, and fuel for the army. If he still thought of returning before the winter to France, where he had asked his brother Joseph to find a country-house near Paris or in Burgundy, he knew that he could now do so only by slipping past the English cruisers. However this may be, he set himself to governing Egypt. Some of his measures were premature or mistaken. He introduced the French system of registering titles to land and taxing changes of ownership, in lieu of the feudal tenure then subsisting. This was one of the causes of the Cairo rising, which cost him the lives of 400 men. He required all natives to wear the tri-colored cockade, but they resisted this, as contrary to their religion. He had to content himself with requiring the sheikhs to wear it when waiting upon him, but they put it on and took it off at the door of his palace. He created post-offices in the various towns, natives being invited to avail themselves of these. He put a stop to intramural interments. He enforced the cleansing of the streets; but the regulation that every householder should hang a lamp outside at night proved so vexatious that lamps suspended at certain distances in the middle of the streets at the expense of those well-to-do were substituted. The dog nuisance was repressed by poisoning. The multitude of letters and orders written by Napoleon testify to his wonderful mastery of details and strict supervision of his subordinates.

The Institute of Egypt must not be passed over. Composed of the *savants* of the expedition, Napoleon himself figuring in it as a mathematician, it had four sections, like its Paris prototype—mathematics, physics, political economy, literature, and art. Monge was president, Napoleon vice-president. It met twice a week, and busied itself with the manufacture of saltpetre, the erection of windmills, hydraulic machines for supplying cisterns, bread-making, substitutes for wine, dyes, ophthalmia, the fauna, flora, and antiquities of the country. The ornamental was mingled with the useful. Perseval de Grandmaison recited trans-

lations of Tasso and Camoens, and Marcel turned passages of the Koran into French verse. Napoleon was a regular attendant, and read a paper on the Cairo rate of mortality. At one sitting Monge explained the *mirage*. Two commissions were sent out to Upper Egypt to report on its monuments, and these were attended with considerable risk, for even an escort, though indispensable, did not always ensure safety. The library was open to all comers. So also were Berthollet's chemical experiments, which the natives, however, took for alchemy. A printing office was under the same roof, and the garden behind was converted into a botanic garden, an observatory being also erected in it. Napoleon, by the way, who occupied Ibrahim's palace, had the spacious garden, an Oriental thicket, cut up into avenues and adorned with fountains. Two newspapers in French were published by Desgenettes, one scientific, the other political, but the file of the latter is disappointing. European news naturally fills a large part of it, and the Egyptian information is meagre. It was carried on from August, 1798, to June, 1801.

Napoleon, of course, visited the Pyramids and Suez. On reaching the foot of the first pyramid, he set his *savants* to run a race in scrambling to the top, while he remained behind, laughing boisterously and spurring them on. Monge, though by no means the youngest, for he was fifty-two, won the race. It is not easy to imagine the "great unusable," as Talleyrand styled him, indulging in merriment, but Napoleon was then under thirty, and had not yet felt the cares of empire. His alleged long conversation inside the great Pyramid with three muftis was, of course, a pure invention. He was not able till December 24 to start for Suez. Going on horseback, but a carriage with six horses following him, he arrived on the 26th, forded the Red Sea at low tide on the 28th, and visited the springs of Moses. Returning in the evening, the tide had risen, and he had to wade round the head of the sea. The guide lost his way, and was en-

tangled in swamps, the water being up to his girdle. "That guide," remarked the Paris *Moniteur*, "must be a descendant of the man who conducted Pharaoh." Leaving Suez next day, Napoleon found vestiges of the old canal, and he ordered levels to be taken of the isthmus, to ascertain whether the work could be restored.

The French soldiers, though still missing their wine, got used to stewed buffalo, and bread became plentiful. They eagerly took to baths, chibouks, and coffee. Donkey-riding became a passion with them. They had races on donkeys, laughing and singing lustily, and a sheikh wrote an Arab distich to this effect: "The French are losing their money in our Egypt by donkeys and *cafés*; they are going to Syria, where they will lose their lives." Djabarti describes them as paying handsomely for everything, and as drinking merely enough to make them merry. Intoxication, indeed, was punished. He notes with surprise that all could read and write. "The majority of this nation," he adds, "have a liking for frolic and pleasure." "The French, being fond of women, pay them all sorts of attentions, listen to their counsels, and grant all that they ask even if struck or insulted by them." Many Mussulman women walked in the streets or went in boats with the French, dancing, singing, and drinking with them. "Many Frenchmen have married Mussulmans, and some even pretended to become Mussulmans; but this cost them nothing, as they have no religion."\* Commenting, also, on their construction of a sundial to indicate the hour of prayer, Djabarti adds, "Yet the French never pray." We must remember that at that time France had no State religion, Catholicism being simply tolerated. Djabarti's chief complaint, however, is of the presumption of the Copts, Greeks, Syrians, and Jews, who, profiting by the presence of the Frank, threw off their distinctive garb, and began eating, drinking, and smoking

during Ramadam, whereas Moslem usage forbade any Christian to be then seen by a believer engaged in such acts. A Mussulman passing a Christian's shop saw him smoking inside. A scuffle ensued; the French authorities arrested both the combatants, but ended by flogging the Christian. They also required the Christians to resume their traditional costumes.

Although dinners were exchanged between the French and the sheikhs, and although the divan of sixty Mussulman notables was outwardly submissive, signing all the proclamations required of them, the invaders were evidently detested. As in Algeria and Tunis to this day, the rule of the infidel was disliked. There was no disturbance, indeed, in Cairo after the prompt but not merciless repression of the rising, and even during Napoleon's absence in Syria the city remained perfectly quiet; but just as all stragglers from the army had been slaughtered, so it was never safe for a Frenchman to venture alone outside the towns. The taxes and forced loans which, in the necessary absence of remittances from France, they levied, must, moreover, have caused discontent. The English blockade, too, had put a stop to trade, reducing opulent merchants to the sale of fish, cooked meat, and coffee, and small traders to the letting of donkeys on hire. The Divan was therefore sullen, if not refractory, especially when the fiction of French friendship for the Sultan had collapsed, and when the rebuff at Acre became known. Napoleon, indeed, made a triumphal entry into Cairo, and sent captured flags to the mosques. At the gate a sheikh presented him with a splendid black pony, the groom, Roustan, becoming later on "the Emperor's Mameluke," a sentinel at the Tuilleries. That pony Napoleon immediately mounted, and marching at the head of his troops he entered the city. Another sheikh presented him with two fine dromedaries. Prisoners were paraded about the streets, and for three days tight-rope dancing and other amusements were provided. Napoleon also required the Divan to issue a

\* Army chaplaincies, abolished at the Revolution, were not revived till 1816.

glowing account of his Syrian victories. Not a stone, it said, was left of Acre:

"We know that it is his (Bonaparte's) intention to build a mosque which will be unrivalled in the world, and to embrace the Mussulman religion. . . . He reveres the prophet, and daily reads the Koran."<sup>\*</sup>

He gave fresh life to the Institute, which had slumbered in his absence, appointed a commission to report elaborately on the plague, and decreed an ordnance survey of Egypt, which was not completed till the eve of the French evacuation. He provided new uniforms for his soldiers, better adapted to the climate, but as blue materials were scarce some had to be decked, to their extreme disgust, in yellow. Ophthalmia had caused them much suffering; and insects were of course troublesome. "For five days," wrote Tallien from Rosetta to his too celebrated wife, "I have not slept a wink; flies, bugs, ants, gnats (mosquitoes), all sorts of insects, devour us, and twenty times a day I long for our charming cottage." Dysentery and plague were more serious evils. The Arabs could not but notice the steadily diminishing numbers of the invaders, disease being more deadly than the sword. It was necessary to forbid them from speaking ill of the French in the streets and cafés, and several were fined for this offence. Korain, the Governor of Alexandria, detected in correspondence with the fugitive beys, was shot.

On the appearance of the hostile fleet off Aboukir, Napoleon, in a proclamation to the Mussulmans, said:

"There are in that fleet Russians who hate all believers in one God, because according to their false doctrine there are three; but they will soon see that it is not the number of Gods which gives strength, and that there is but one, the father of victory, mild and merciful, always fighting for the good and confounding the schemes of the wicked, and who in his wisdom decreed that I should come to Egypt to renovate it and supersede a devastating system by one of order and justice. He thereby gives a

token of his omnipotence, for what had never been done by believers in three Gods has been done by us who believe that one alone governs nature and the universe."

Recent events give much piquancy to this passage. These pro-Mussulman manifestoes, though duly received by the French Government, for they are in the War Office archives, were not published at the time in France, and it is rather surprising to find them in the *Correspondance de Napoléon*, to which discreet suppression was not unknown.

After the victory of Aboukir Napoleon again paraded his prisoners in his train at Cairo, and to all appearance was intent on establishing his rule in Egypt; but, though he made no confidants, he had probably, ever since his rebuff at Acre, meditated escape to France. True, he had defeated the Turks at Aboukir, but he knew that the Porte, in concert with England, would renew the attempt, and that the English fleet deprived him of the possibility of reinforcements, even if the Directory could have spared troops from Europe. Nor were the Bedouins subjugated, despite the campaign of Desaix in Upper Egypt, for a fanatic, claiming, like Napoleon himself, to be the Mahdi, surprised and slaughtered the little garrison at Damanhour. The toils were closing round the army. Capitulation was only a question of time. Sir Sidney Smith, in negotiating an exchange of prisoners at Alexandria, sent Napoleon not only intercepted letters from France, but English and German newspapers, full of reports of French reverses in Italy and Switzerland. Smith's secretary, Keith, dining with Napoleon, asked him whether he was not tired of a barbarous country. "Are not you bored at sea?" replied Napoleon; "it is true you have the amusement of fishing." Smith, anxious to get the French out of Egypt, without considering that they might be equally troublesome elsewhere, offered to transport them to France. Napoleon temporized, pretending that he must visit Upper Egypt before discussing the matter. But, in reality, he went back to Cairo for six days only to prepare for flight and to leave things as straight

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\* Reybaud states that on the voyage back to France he was absorbed in reading both the Bible and the Koran. At Nazareth he had attended a Te Deum in a Catholic monastery for his Syrian victories.

as was possible. He represented to the Divan that he was about to take the command of the remnant of the fleet, and would be back in three months. His plan had to be kept a profound secret, for the army, as Reybaud acknowledges, would otherwise have detained him by force. On August 17th, 1799, Admiral Gantheaume sent word that the coast was clear, for two English vessels had had to leave for a friendly port, one for drinking-water, the other for repairs.

Hastening to Alexandria, Napoleon embarked on the 22d with 500 men and two frigates. He left an empty treasury, with 4,000,000 francs arrears due to the army, and 6,000,000 of other liabilities. There seems a mockery in that passage of his long letter of instructions to Kleber, in which he promises to send over from France a company of actors, for which he said he had repeatedly applied. "This is very important for the army, and for effecting a change in the manners of the country."

He certainly made the best choice of a successor. Kleber had not known him before starting for Egypt, and had disapproved the expedition, as also the prolonged siege of Acre. There had been misunderstandings, and in September, 1798, Kleber asked leave to return to France, but Napoleon sent him a soothing letter. Napoleon had asked him to meet him at Damietta—"I have to confer with you on important matters." On arriving there, as Kleber wrote to Menou, "the bird had flown," and, indeed, had not been to Damietta at all. His indignation may be imagined, and had he lived to return to France there must have been bitter recriminations between him and Napoleon; but he patriotically accepted the command. He did not, however, get on so well with the natives. He kept up more state, and, instead of laughing and talking, was grave and taciturn, not possessing Napoleon's insatiable curiosity and thirst for information. The latter dictated at St. Helena a long but inconclusive answer to Kleber's despatch to the Directory

on the conditions under which he had to undertake his charge. The soldiers were in consternation, regarding their general's flight as proof of the hopelessness of their position. The sheikhs, as Djabarti tells us, admired Napoleon's cleverness in concealing his design, but were amazed at his risking capture by the English fleet. But, with the luck at sea which again attended him in 1815, he landed safely at Fréjus, and had a triumphal journey to Paris. He posed as the victor of Aboukir, not as the vanquished at Acre, or as the fugitive from duty. Talleyrand, indeed, states that, but for the success at Aboukir, he would not have ventured to return. Barras alleges that, even as it was, Napoleon was uneasy on the voyage home as to his reception, and we know from his fellow-voyagers that he had none of the liveliness of the outward voyage, though he occasionally played cards, and very rarely chess, in which he was daring but unskilful, and disliked being beaten.

The plea that he came to retrieve French reverses in Europe was untenable, for the tide of victory had already turned. He clearly ought to have been cashiered, but he had rightly calculated on the weakness and unpopularity of the Directory, which had to affect to welcome his return. Within a month he installed himself in its place, and, as he had adroitly concealed his own responsibility for the expedition, the Directory had been accused of deliberately sacrificing a French army, while Talleyrand and Delacroix shifted the blame on each other.

A soldier who arrived from Egypt shortly after Napoleon called on him. "I reproached him," he says, "with having deserted us. I told him how stupefied all of us were at missing him, and how one said, 'He has gone here,' and another, 'He has gone there.' He laughed when I related all this to him." This is an anecdote given in the friendly *Moniteur*, and may therefore be credited. Napoleon laughed at leaving his army in the lurch; all Napoleon is there. Yet Thiers, while acknowledging that some denounced his flight as cruel

and cowardly, describes it as "an irresistible impulse of patriotism and ambition."

The contrast between Napoleon and Louis IX. is so evident that the former, at St. Helena, tried to gloss it over by sneers at the saintly monarch who chose to share the captivity of his army. "In 1250," he says, "Egypt was less in a position to defend itself and more devoid of defenders than in 1798, but St. Louis did not know how to profit by this. He spent eight months in praying, when he should have passed them in marching, fighting, and establishing himself in the country." The slur is very ungenerous. We must not infer from Napoleon's desertion of his army, first in Egypt and again in Russia, that the age of heroism was past. The boy Casabianca, in the battle of the Nile, refused to quit the ship on which lay his wounded father, and both were blown up with it.

Napoleon did not even make any serious attempt to rescue his deserted army, to the command of which, on the assassination of Kleber, the incompetent Menou succeeded. On the evacuation in 1801 scarcely 6000 men, half of them in hospital, had survived battle and disease. On November 12, 1800, the Cairo Divan, in a long address to the "illustrious and generous Emir whom goodness and virtue adorn," had professed ardent longing for his promised return. Yet he never forgot Egypt. On the voyage to St. Helena he began dictating an account of the expedition, and he also talked of his Egyptian experiences "in barrack-room style," as Madame Montholon says, till, noticing her presence, he stopped and apologized.\*

As to French rule in Egypt, Djabarti, in his calm chronicle, usually without comment, records numerous executions of notables for conspiracy, confisca-

tions, and torture of slaves to discover their master's concealed arms or treasure; yet he testifies to the equity of French justice, and speaking of the Turkish soldiers who succeeded the French, he says: "They plundered and killed all whom they met, so that everybody, especially the fellahs, regretted the French."\* Nakoula likewise states that the French, owing to their sociability, were less disliked than other Europeans. "The army," says General Reynier, "leaves in Egypt great recollections and regrets—these impressions are a germ which the future and events will develop." When Louis Philippe, in 1833, asked for the Luxor column to ornament the Place de la Concorde, and when later on he went to the verge of war with Europe in support of Mehemet Ali, he doubtless regarded himself as resuming Napoleon's policy.

Philosophers dispute the influence of individuals or accidents on the course of history. If, indeed, we take away any other man of the end of the eighteenth century, we can judge that things would not have been materially different. A Pitt, a Metternich, an Alexander was guided by events; had they never lived, other statesmen would have been impelled by circumstances to act very much as they did. But take away Napoleon, or imagine him detained in Egypt till the capitulation, or captured on his voyage back, and what would history have been? Some other general, a Bernadotte or a Moreau, would perhaps have reigned over France, but he would have possessed neither the inordinate ambition nor the marvellous powers of a Napoleon.—*Westminster Review*.

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\* "The English," said an anonymous French pamphlet in 1805, "have restored barbarism and ignorance in Egypt," and it must be confessed that the reproach is not without point, though political exigencies may be pleaded.

\* "Carnet Historique," June 15, 1898.

## EMERSON'S HOME IN CONCORD.

BY JAMES NAIRN.

THE old historic town of Concord, Massachusetts, possesses for the English visitor an interest unique in character among American towns. It was the chosen dwelling-place of a number of remarkable men and women who were attracted to it for various reasons, not the least powerful being a desire for each other's society. Here Louisa Alcott lived and labored, wept and laughed. Here met at her father's house the enthusiasts who undertook with him the hazardous experiment of a Socialist community, of which she has told the pathetically humorous tale in "Transcendental Wild Oats." Here afterward lived in that same house the man whom Englishmen, at least, have agreed to honor as America's most imaginative genius, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Here Thoreau grew to manhood, and lived his hermit life, and wrote of his beloved Walden, and died all too early. And here, greater than all these, lived, for nearly half a century, one who is to America all and more than all that Carlyle was to England, who is to the whole civilized world the representative of all that is most profound and most inspiring in American literature, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Hundreds of pilgrims have made their way from distant England to that spot which for so long was rendered beautiful by plain living and high thinking, and which is now sacred for all time to those who have loved and learned from Emerson. For more than thirty years hardly an Englishman of note visited America without receiving his gracious and gentle hospitality, and now that he has gone from among us his home still preserves the traditions of the past and is a centre of beneficence to all the town.

Concord is a worthy spot for a poet's home. About twenty miles from Boston, it is near enough to share in much of the intellectual life of that famous city; yet, in its sylvan shades and beautiful streams, its air of ancient quiet

and unperturbed rest, it somewhat reminds one of a sleepy English country town. Tall trees line the grass-grown lanes, the one wide street has a drowsy respectable look, and the absence of street cars of any description seems due to a decent recognition of the natural fitness of things. In this wide street are pointed out to inquiring visitors the early home of Thoreau, and the house where lived one of the Alcott family—the Mrs. Pratt who is known to all children as the "Meg" of "Little Women."

There is in England one spot, and I think only one, which is to the American visitor to our shores something of what the home of Emerson is to his English lovers. The dwelling-place of Wordsworth supplies just that commentary on his words, just that hint of what manner of man was he who so quietly and unostentatiously there lived and wrote himself into a nation's heart, that does this plain square wooden house standing in the midst of its little grove of pine trees and chestnuts on the Cambridge turnpike road in Concord. The great stack of newly cut wood in the yard somehow suggested that homelessness, that sense of touch with common life and common things, which are so characteristic of the great transcendental philosopher. It was this house in which he settled in 1836, and of which in May, 1838, he writes to Carlyle: "I occupy, or improve, as we Yankees say, two acres only of God's earth, on which is my house, my kitchen garden, my orchard of thirty young trees, my empty barn. My house is now a very good one for comfort and abounding in room." And it was from this house that in the early spring of 1842 the little son of five years old, the "deep-eyed" boy "who made dear his father's home," was carried to his grave, leaving the house so empty! "A few weeks ago," said the heartbroken father, "I counted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all."

Not five minutes' walk from the "Emerson house," as it is lovingly called, is "Hillside," the house in which the Alcott family lived and worked out the fun and the pathos of "Little Women," and which, after they had left it, became the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne. And next to this is a small brown wooden house, the "Orchard House" which the Alcotts inhabited after their return to Concord, the house from which "Meg" married "John Brook" and in which "Beth" died, and "Jo" had her first marked literary success. So Louise Alcott and her sisters grew up in the sunshine of that great and beneficent nature whom she lived to mourn, not only as "our best and greatest American," but as "our best and tenderest friend." She has told us in touching words of the morning when, as a little girl of eight years old, she was sent to inquire how the little Waldo—then suffering from scarlet fever—had passed the night, and of the troubled awe which fell on her at the sight of Emerson's grief-stricken face, as the sad words were spoken, "Child, he is dead!" We hear of her innocent audacity when, as a girl of fifteen with the reading fever on her, she presented herself in his study, asking what she should read. And all along the days of a checkered life, from those early times when the little Alcotts played with the little Emersons in their father's barn, or were taken by him on long country walks, to that sad day when, an invalid herself, Louisa Alcott's hand made a harp of yellow jonquils to lay on his grave, we see the unwearied sympathy, the beneficent converse of that life-long friendship, which had so potent an influence on her character and destiny. Naively enough she tells us how, as an enthusiastic girl, she idealized and worshipped her father's friend; how, dreaming of what the outside world would prove when she, no longer a child, should enter it, she pictured to herself the wise and noble and great-hearted men and women whom she should find there; and how, when the longed-for time came, she learned slowly and with astonishment that no

society was so good, so elevated, so intellectual, as that which had been near to her since early childhood, which she had indeed recognized as fine and admirable, though all unknowing that the world echoed and endorsed the judgment of those who knew him best.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking of Concord, says: "It has long been an intellectual centre such as no other country town of our own land, if of any other, could boast. Its groves, its streams, its houses are haunted by undying memories, and its hillside and hollows are made holy by the dust that is covered by their turf." It is to all Americans a specially interesting and important spot as being the place where the British army was first fronted and driven back, a fact which Concord will never forget. A tablet let into a granite boulder in the midst of a stone wall runs thus: "Merriam's Corner—The British troops, retreating from the old North Bridge, were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns, and driven under a hot fire to Charlestown."

Another patriotic record is a statue—the Minute Man—by a Concord artist, who seems to have solved the problem which vexed the soul of the hero of a recent novel, "How to make trousers and shirtsleeves beautiful." And more interesting than either of these is the plain granite obelisk whose completion in 1836 called forth Emerson's famous hymn:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

"The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

"On this green bank by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone,  
That memory may their deed redeem  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

"Spirit that made those heroes dare  
To die and leave their children free,  
Bid time and nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee."

Very near to this spot stands the Old Manse, which was built for Emerson's grandfather, the Rev. William Emerson, in 1765. Here his more famous grandson made his first home in Concord. The old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house stands close to the river Concord on which Thoreau spent his "Week," and overlooking the North Bridge, the scene of the fight. Here Emerson wrote his "Nature," calling forth from his contemporaries the jest in answer to the question, "Who is the author of Nature?"—"God and Ralph Waldo Emerson." And in the same room six years later Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse." In the opening chapter he speaks thus of his abode: "It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England in which, through many generations, a succession of holy occupants passed from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere." The old study with its three windows, each set with little, old-fashioned panes of glass, and each with a crack across it—cracks perhaps caused by the concussions of musketry on that famous April morning—can scarcely have sheltered spirits more finely touched or to finer issues than the poet-philosopher whose ancestral home it was, or the shy, sensitive recluse whose imaginative gift is more individual and yet more American than that of any other of his country's sons. We read with amusement how, when there was a feast of school children for which Emerson had lent his woods, Hawthorne told his friend that he would like to see the children dancing and playing could he himself be unseen, and how Emerson pointed out to him a hollow tree, in which he immediately concealed himself.

Within an easy walk is Lake Walden, inseparably connected with Thoreau's name. Calm and beautiful, surrounded by its woods, it lay in the morning sunlight, and fancy called to mind the hermit who made its shores his own, and was never less alone than when he trod its solitudes. That

strange erratic spirit, who was so evidently born out of due time, to whom civilization had so little to teach and who exulted in the wild freedom of the primeval savage, met on the banks of his beloved Concord and in the woods of Walden with a home and an environment in which he found his true self. The Nature, in which his soul revelled, here lay open to him. Emerson has told us that it was a treat to walk with Thoreau, so accurate and minute was his acquaintance with every plant and every insect that crossed his path. His too early death cut short a life that seemed replete with possibilities, and though only short and fragmentary works remain to attest his powers, yet those suffice to show us the fibre of his mind and the altitude of his character.

Amid this society during the years from 1834-1882, Emerson lived and wrote. The study, which lies to the right of the hall, is the room in which he worked, a room of modest dimensions, with one side lined from floor to ceiling with books. Well-worn, shabby books are some of these—decidedly a working library. Its window looks out toward the east, and opposite this is the fireplace, over which hangs a copy of Michael Angelo's "Three Fates," a special favorite, we are told, with Mr. Emerson. The old-fashioned round table in the middle of the room was the one at which he habitually wrote; the chair in which he always sat stands beside it, and everything is left with loving reverence as when he sat there every day. To right and left of the antique fireplace, with its brass andirons, are doors opening into the parlor, the family sitting-room. Here on each side of the fireplace stands an armchair in crimson velvet, the usual seats of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson. On the wall hangs a picture of his second daughter, a fine portrait one would think, with the expression of sweet serenity that seems characteristic of the family. And as I gaze on it I am told of the beautiful family life that lived itself out here, of the gentle natures which seemed to radiate happiness, until I realize that to Emerson belongs

the high praise that those who came nearest to him and knew him most intimately, loved him best. To the outer world he was a poet and a prophet, to them of his own household he was a saint. The talk goes back to those happy days when it was his delight, and that of his wife, two or three times a year to gather the school children and make a little feast for them, and, says my informant, "as I saw Mr. and Mrs. Emerson standing looking down with that serene happiness on the children clustering round them, it almost seemed to me as if it were the Kingdom of Heaven come on earth."

Hither came, a frequent and honored guest, the brilliant Margaret Fuller Ossoli, "Our Margaret," as Bostonians proudly called her. Here the mother and aunt, who had been the guiding spirits of Emerson's life, enriched his home with their presence and their love. Hither came young men who had found in him their highest inspiration. One need only read the eloquent words in which Mr. Moncure Conway has recorded his indebtedness to Emerson to realize the force of the attraction that drew to him the most thoughtful minds of the age. Here year by year the great piles of manuscript in the study were sifted and winnowed until only the pure grain remained, and the style had become as condensed and epigrammatic as that of Bacon's essays. And here, too, every cause of freedom, of patriotism, of humanity, found a response and an encouraging aid.

Before I left this home, the doors of which a deep love and reverence for the Master had opened to me, I was taken upstairs to see the portrait of Mrs. Emerson, and of the eldest daughter, now the only survivor of those who so long made it their home. It would be an impertinence here to speak of her were it not that Miss Emerson's gentle beneficence is no secret to any who know anything of Concord. "That house," said one to me, "radiates kindness and good will."

On the staircase is a beautiful marble bust of Emerson; the lines of hu-

mor and of sweetness round the mouth are strongly marked, while in the eyes lurks that inscrutable expression which caused the invention of the fable that when Emerson went to Egypt and gazed on the Sphinx, that monster said to him, "You're another!"

I had yet before me the walk to "Sleepy Hollow," the cemetery in which all that is mortal of the Master lies. Through lanes so still that I looked in vain for a passing wayfarer to direct me, up the slopes of a gentle hill, I passed until, on a little plateau at the summit of the hill, under a grove of the pines he loved, I found the spot I sought. Here, within a very few yards of each other, are the graves of four whose names the world will not willingly let die. Thoreau lies beneath a block of granite, one side of which bears his name. Near him are the graves of the Alcott family. Only a little stone, perhaps nine inches high and fifteen long, marks Louisa Alcott's last resting-place, and there is no inscription beyond the bare name and dates of birth and death. Just opposite to Thoreau's grave is a fenced enclosure where lie the Hawthornes, and the most famous son of the race is commemorated by a little stone about the size of the one over Louisa Alcott, bearing only the one word, "Hawthorne."

And almost opposite Louisa Alcott's grave is that of the greatest of all—the one I had in view from the time I planned my American journey. The spot is marked by a great block of rough granite, into the face of which is let a bronze tablet bearing the name "Ralph Waldo Emerson," the dates of birth and death and two lines from one of his poems, "The Problem:"

"The passive master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

No words could have been found more appropriate to describe that ear always open to higher intelligences, that Will always energized to noble striving, that believing, idealistic temper which indeed "broke its God of tradition," but kept unstained in the midst of a materialistic age and com-

munity a faith in spiritual laws and realities, in the persistence and final triumph of truth and good. That, in our feverish nineteenth century, among all the tumult and turmoil of warring parties and creeds and opinions, a man should have appeared who, with a quiet heart, could let the world go by, could take his stand indomitably on his own instincts and wait until the huge world came round to him, is both a marvel and an inspiration to those who have entered into his great legacy of thought. As I picked some of the wild grass that grows on his quiet grave I thought with grateful reverence of the enrichment that his life had been to me and to multitudes, how—a man of world-wide celebrity—he left undone no act of kindly forethought and sympathy, no lowliest charity of common life. To him may truly be applied the

words which were written of the one Englishman whom of all he most revered, and to whom some of his admirers have detected in him so great a resemblance:

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart,  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like  
the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
Thus didst thou travel on life's common  
way  
In cheerful Godliness, and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on itself did lay."

Such a soul triumphs over the material. It fashions to itself its environment and renders the commonplace sacred. The home of such a spirit becomes a temple, and of all spots which Englishmen and Americans alike hold dear and consecrated there are few that surpass in interest the little town in which lies the fair and peaceful home of Emerson.—*Temple Bar.*

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### WAYSIDE TRAFFICKERS.

BY CHARLES HILL DICK.

WHEN a man has travelled many miles through an unpopulous country, not in the comfort of a railway carriage, but by some more independent method of progress (it may be on foot or on cycle), a time comes when he begins to long for some temporary shelter where he may take a brief rest and satisfy his thirst and hunger. He who is of a stoical and valorous spirit will sometimes postpone the alleviation of his physical wants merely through a desire to experience the extreme of exhaustion; but even he will in time yield to the crying-out of the flesh, if he have any regard for the continuance of his days. But the means are not always ready to hand, and he will sometimes strive for miles with his fatigue ere he reach the desire of his heart. Meanwhile, his senses have become dulled; he has ceased to observe the delightsome aspects of the way, the sunlight sifting through the green trees, the blue sky shimmering above, the pleasant fields, the distant hills, all that had made for

his enjoyment when he started in the fresh, early morning; and he struggles on in a listless stupor that is good for neither body nor mind.

When he has arrived at some cottage by the wayside where he beholds in the window a ticket announcing "Lemonade," a grateful satisfaction wells up in his heart; he drops from his bicycle with tremulous limbs, leans it against the fence that encloses a plot of flowers, and knocks at the door for admission. It is probably opened by a motherly dame, who subjects him to a brief scrutiny while he states his wants. If he be not a churlish fellow, he will not resent this, for those who dwell in out-of-the-way places must look well to whom they admit within their doors. And, indeed, he is in no mood to be over-particular about the manner of his reception so long as he finds himself on the way to food and drink.

The cottage consists of a room on either side of the door, that on the right being the owner's dwelling-room. The

wayfarer is led into the room on the left, which bears some resemblance to a shop, inasmuch as it contains a short counter upon which stand a pair of scales and some boxes of chocolate. Cases of aerated waters, dear to the traveller's heart, are piled in the corner against the wall; the shelves, which run a few inches below the ceiling, are loaded with anything from square biscuit-boxes to packets of black-lead; the meagre window-ledge is occupied by collections of highly colored, indigestible sweetmeats, rolls of thick black tobacco, some clay pipes, and a few penny whistles. The atmosphere of the place is rendered somewhat stuffy by the presence of certain oils and bacon, but the traveller finds his appetite in no wise abated on that account. While the woman produces some rolls from a low case of drawers, he seats himself unceremoniously upon the counter and dangles his limbs in an ecstasy of ease; for to gain a sitting posture after hours of muscular tension is as refreshing as cold water to a parched tongue. When the wayfarer's strength is exhausted, his brain becomes dull, so that it is but with a halting tongue that he responds to the remarks of his interlocutor. But in another minute he has become the possessor of a glass of lemonade and some diminutive loaves left, perhaps, two days before by the baker's van from the distant county town, and, though he be the least greedy of mortals, he will cause the honest woman to open her eyes with wonder at his repeated demands, continuing until her slender stock of rolls is exhausted and biscuits are the next resort. To such a pass can the primitive requirements of his nature reduce a man.

Sometimes the student of manners may have profitable converse over such a wayside counter if he continue to rest a few moments after he has stayed his hunger; but in the greater number of cases he finds a stolid, irresponsible demeanor or else a chatterer concerned solely with amiable trifles. If this be his fate, he will hurry hence when he has paid his reckoning. Not till then, indeed, does he take note of the surroundings of his brief resting-place, for

on his arrival his senses were too jaded to care for such circumstances. The vendor of the means of life to wayfaring mortals does not select his place of trade with a view to their convenience. In fact, this occupation is usually a subsidiary means of support, attended to by his wife while he is engaged upon out-of-doors labor. Seldom does his cottage stand where four ways meet. More frequently is it to be found in a shadowed nook somewhat withdrawn from the road, where the low whitewashed wall gains distinction from the sombre color of the thatched roof and the green overhanging trees, amid which the blue smoke flies upward to the open air. Close to the wall is an array of blue cornflowers, rich-hued fox-gloves, sweet William, and bachelors' buttons, while in the plot between the cottage and the fence is a fine profusion of marigolds, sweet peas, blush-roses, and all the homely old-fashioned flowers of the cottar's garden.

The sentimentalist who travels by such pleasant places is sometimes put to a sore temptation to forswear the artificiality of town life and the affectations of the schools, and to betake himself to some such quiet abode where he might live with love and spend his days in composure and a sweet content, studying the neighboring landscape in all its minuteness and viewing the pageant of the year in one place. For to one who is constant to a single patch of country for his pleasure there is given a fuller, finer perception of the changes it suffers, not only its obvious renascence and decay, but likewise those elusive anticipations and after-suggestions which are not revealed to the casual passer-by. But the world is so much with us that back we go in spite of it all, closing our ears to Pan's pipings, and engaging once more in the dust and hurry of Babylon. Hence it comes that the wayside cottage is no more than the occasion for a pleasing fancy as we hasten toward our goal.

All morning I had been wayfaring over moors with never a dwelling in sight. From an open sky the sun shone upon the brown bent and the budding

heather, and the loudest sound was the grasshopper's whir in the grass at the roadside. Hot air hovered over the moor, the light was dazzling, and there was nothing to meet the eye on this side of the blue hills. To travel long under such conditions is less than pleasurable, and I had begun to hope earnestly for some means of slaking my thirst when, rising with a slight undulation in the road, I perceived afar off a low, slated roof seeming to lie upon the moor itself, and, as the road sloped upward and downward by little stages, the slates, shining in the sun, rose and fell from view. Presently, as I came nearer, I beheld a lonely cottage sunk in a hollow, whither one could descend from the road by steps. A sparkling array of bottles arranged on the window-sash caught my notice, and in another minute I was knocking at the door. It was such a place as Mr. Hardy might tell weird tales of; and, indeed, there is something strange about a human habitation placed amid such desolate surroundings. Should mortals be found there, one naturally expects that their destiny and relations will be correspondingly strange; and so there is a field for romance ready to hand. Nay, more, the everyday elements of life are unexpected, and the commonplace is likely to seem incongruous.

Here I was too far from highways to expect any semblance of a shop such as townsmen use. A young woman ushered me into the "living-room" of the place, which was really a kitchen with a bed in the wall. By the fireside sat an aged woman, the grandmother, I supposed, of the child she held on her knee. Moorland women-folk are the most suspicious beings of my experience, and I felt during the three or four succeeding minutes that I was there only on sufferance. The grandam, from whom one might have expected more humanity, sat with never a word on her tongue, while the younger woman moved about with, I thought, something of defiance in her air. And I am sorry to say that I had given them some slight ground for suspicion before I was quit of them, departing from

the door without paying the twopence due. The younger woman, coming forth in pursuit, found me calmly employed in making a new disposition of my luggage. Her manner was distinctly aggressive as she informed me of my unintentional offence, and it was in silence that she received the coins and the apology. Yet it remained true that I had not hurried hot-foot from the neighborhood, so that, perhaps, I was not so badly thought of.

When I had completed the arrangement of my luggage, I hastened to be clear of so churlish surroundings. The folk were not, indeed, inharmonious with their neighborhood, but I shall be loth to seek refreshment in the same quarters the next time I pass that way. Besides, it was the scene of my slip from virtue, and a man is naturally shy of the localities of his crimes.

But it is not always in the last stages of exhaustion that one alights at such wayside stopping-places. They are most pleasantly associated with halts cried on calm summer afternoons, or cool evenings when one is engaged on whimsical journeys to remote valleys, or, perhaps, in the still forenoon when one goes leisurely, yet hotly, through open country in the heat of the day. Once I had kept company with a fair stream for many miles. The road ran among trees at the foot of steep, richly wooded banks, and overhead there had been the clear sky. Toward evening I came to a small cottage at the end of a bridge. I entered, and was forthwith engaged in talk with a kindly woman, who, as she supplied my wants, exhibited a profound interest in the art of cycling. We eventually drifted into more profitable conversation, and I obtained from her a long family history for which I had been seeking vainly. Her account of it was not unmixed with shrewd comments on character. When I took my leave, she came to the door to watch my departure on my bicycle, as though I were a visitant from another planet of whom it were well to take note, or some stranger animal than that which the Mexicans thought they beheld when Spanish cavalry came upon their shores. Such humane ex-

periences befell in the days when cycling was an art practised by few.

One July evening, travelling on the high road between two cities, I came to a small dwelling on the side of the way that looked as though it had been a toll-house in the days when tolls were imposed upon the land. It was white-washed and dirty, and a card hung within the small window bore the customary advertisement. The exterior was scarcely attractive; but, knowing the fallible nature of appearances, I resolved to venture. The door was spread open by one who stood jacketless, and on my asking if I might be permitted to have lemonade, he merely turned on his heel and walked inward. I supposed that my request was too contemptible to require a verbal response from one who, I fancy, drank beer every day of his life. I ventured to follow him into a room where sat a woman with two dirty children sprawling on a threadbare strip of carpet. But what was least agreeable was the heat of the room, which, I suppose, had not been aired for a twelvemonth. The couple who dwelt here kept their aerated goods on a shelf close to the ceiling, so that when I came to drink my lemonade I was nearly sickened by the warmth of it. To such fare must the gentleman tramp occasionally descend, though, indeed, his lines usually fall in pleasanter places.

Another wayside trafficker, the strangest of all, rises in memory. This time I was almost within the shadow of a great town, but my throat was already parched, and I was disinclined to prolong the agony until I should have covered the few miles that

remained of my journey. When I crossed the threshold I thought no one was present, but in another moment I observed an old man sitting in a chair with a pair of crutches leaning against it, and somewhat doubtfully I professed my request. He directed me to a certain shelf where I might obtain what I wished, and when I gave him a silver coin from which a certain sum of change was due to me, he bade me open the till and extract the necessary amount. So, for the first time in my life, I opened a till to which I had no right. The old man explained that when his daughter, who usually had charge of the shop, had to go out, he was left to take what care of it he might. He recited to me the most pitiful story of his own misfortunes that I have heard at first-hand from any man. Yet I may not set it down here, save the end of it, that disabled as he was he lacked the few pounds of capital that would have made him independent. It was the desire of his heart to perambulate the streets in a wheeled chair, and play his fiddle for the passers-by, and by this means he expected to have been able to make a livelihood for himself. But the necessary vehicle was wanting, and it was beyond his power to remedy the defect in his fortunes. So he was obliged to sit in idleness, obedient to the will of others. There was something affecting in the sight of a man who had been a giant of strength brought to such helplessness by the accident of a moment. He seemed to me like some broken gambler without a farthing to make another bid for fortune.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

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### REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT SEPOY REVOLT.

BY S. DEWÉ WHITE.

THE remarkable outburst of fanaticism caused by a wild panic fear of being cunningly entrapped into Christianity by the compulsory use of the greased cartridges filled a hundred thousand Sepoys with the profoundest

hatred of their foreign rulers, and in consequence produced a widespread conspiracy for a simultaneous rise all over India on May 31, 1857, for an indiscriminate massacre of Europeans, which was providentially frustrated by

the premature outbreaks at Meerut and Delhi that served to put us on our guard. In May and June mutinies and appalling massacres were of constant occurrence, culminating in the Cawnpore catastrophe. I had a remarkably providential escape from being involved in that awful massacre. It happened in this way. On my arrival at Cawnpore a splendid opportunity seemed then to invite me to better my prospects as a married man, inasmuch as several of the native regiments there were in want of interpreters; and as I had passed in such high examinations as for high proficiency in Hindee, the interpreter's examination in Persian, etc., and the thousand-rupee prize examination in two languages, I very naturally thought that I therefore ought certainly to get what I had such a good claim to if I only asked for it. I consequently made personal applications to the commanding officers of those regiments in want of interpreters. But, strange as it appeared, my efforts to procure a nice addition to my lieutenant's pay were unsuccessful, and Major-General Wheeler, commanding at Cawnpore, little thinking of what he was saving me from, was the cause of this remarkable failure, by saying, when he heard of my application, "No; this officer is required to take recruits to his regiment." I was much vexed at the time at my ill success in not getting what seemed so needful to me. But how thankful I felt to the Almighty a few months afterward, when I perceived how He had mercifully saved me, with my wife and child, from being involved in the terrible Cawnpore massacre! I had been unwittingly seeking my own destruction; but God turned a great disappointment to a great deliverance! Truly God's ways are the best, and He is the wisest who with childlike simplicity recognizes this fact at all times and under all circumstances.

Agreeable to the General's requirements, I took recruits up to my regiment stationed at Agra. The two Sepoy regiments here, who had planned a scheme for a surprise massacre on Sunday, May 31, were circumvented by

a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence, and on their being disarmed, I had the satisfaction, with a party of soldiers, of safely conveying their arms into Agra Fort. My first battle in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny was the sanguinary one at Shahgunj on Sunday, July 5, the day after the mutiny of the Kotah Contingent at Agra. If we had honored the Lord's Day by postponing the attack till Monday, I believe that the disaster about to be related would not have occurred.

The enemy consisted of the 72d Regiment Native Infantry, the 7th Regiment Gwalior Contingent, the Kotah Contingent, two troops of the 1st Light Cavalry, four troops of the Mehidpore Horse, and one troop of horse artillery. Their guns were placed half on one flank, and half upon the other, and were screened by rising ground and trees. Their infantry were posted inside the village as well as behind it, and their cavalry were massed in rear of both flanks. The miniature little army, led out to the attack by Brigadier Polwhele, was composed of about five hundred men of my regiment, with Captain D'Oyley's troop of artillery, and nearly sixty mounted militia, amounting altogether to about seven hundred men, who were in good spirits and eager for the combat.

The mutineers outnumbered us by quite seven to one. Having had some experience of war in the Sutlej campaign, I was put in command of a company. We commenced operations by pounding away at the mud-walled village with our six and nine pounders, which only raised a harmless dust—indeed, the only gun that did the enemy any damage was our howitzer, that sent shells inside their position. This bungling and waste of precious time gave the enemy the victory. Polwhele's attempt to silence the enemy's artillery failed, and the mutineer gunners, having got our range, exploded two of our ammunition-wagons, blowing up our poor artillerymen, and dismounted one of the guns. Captain D'Oyley, mortally wounded by a grape-shot, exclaimed, "I am done for. Put a stone

upon my grave, and write that I died fighting my guns." Two columns of my regiment (3d Europeans) were then thrown forward, one commanded by Major G. P. Thomas, and the other, which included my company, was commanded by Colonel Fraser, of the Engineers.

The village was carried after an obstinate defence; but we suffered a very severe loss from the enemy's guns and the fire of marksmen from the house-tops, as well as from the obstinate resistance made inside the village. Much harm was done by a rifle company of the 72d Regiment Native Infantry. I saw poor Major Thomas lying mortally wounded in one of the lanes, who died afterward in hospital. The enemy, driven out of the village, took up a covered position outside. This was indeed a critical moment, and I believe that if we had improved our success by a determined charge upon the mutineers they would have given way, and we should have gained the victory. For it is said that their artillery were limbered up for flight, and Sepoys don't relish crossing bayonets with the British soldier. Of course, the risk would have been weighty, since the failure of such an onward move would have involved the loss of all our guns, and of every unmounted man besides. Anyhow, a retreat, whether wise or unwise, was ordered in consequence of the lack of artillery ammunition. But I must not forget here to mention that a gallant charge was made by our sixty mounted militia, composed of members of the Civil Service, officers of mutinied and disarmed native regiments, clerks, and some equestrians of a wandering circus from France. This mere handful of men had the boldness to charge the mutineer cavalry. Of course they were far too few to make any impression, except this—that Englishmen, when once their blood is up, are too plucky to count the numbers of their foe! They returned with the loss of their head man of the circus, Monsieur Jordan, who was killed, and six others were mortally wounded in the hand-to-hand combat.

The enemy, as might have been ex-

pected, pertinaciously harassed our retreat, which was conducted in good order toward the fort, instead of to cantonments whence we had started. Their artillery galloped ahead and pitched into us repeatedly, which was extremely annoying. Their cavalry raised a ringing cheer, indicating their purpose of charging right down upon us. The thought that then took possession of me was that it would be all up with us if they did so, because I knew that our men could not have formed square to resist cavalry. Happily the stalwart mutineer troopers had not the courage to close with us, being checked by a volley which we delivered with the old muskets then in use, which made many a horse riderless, and deterred the rest from coming to close quarters. But, notwithstanding this repulse, the rebel cavalry rode after us to within a mile of the fort; and they once more charged and were repelled as before.

Finally, at the close of the day, the beaten army reached the fort in safety. Heartrending was the scene as we entered the gate, where wives were anxiously waiting to ask for their husbands, many of whom they met carried in doolies, dead or mortally wounded. I felt myself quite exhausted, having had nothing to eat or drink since breakfast, and this after marching so many miles under a broiling sun. Our loss was very severe, my regiment having lost a hundred men in killed and wounded, and the total loss of the whole force under that heading amounted to about a hundred and fifty. Besides Major Thomas, of my regiment, already mentioned as being mortally wounded, two other officers of the 3d Europeans, Lieutenants Pond and Fellows, were also wounded. Several other officers of the force were wounded, some mortally. Great was the dismay of our people inside the fort when the terrible reality of our defeat became known to them; their hearts, indeed, failed them.

The same evening our houses in cantonments and the civil lines were set on fire by the budmashes, when a vast conflagration, raging over a space of

five or six miles, presented a most melancholy spectacle to the inmates of Agra Fort. There was also a great uproar in the city, and a horrible massacre, outside the fort, of Mr. Hubbard, Professor of Literature, Agra College, Major Jacobs, and thirty other men, women, and children (principally Eurasians), who had declined to avail themselves of the fort's protection, relying doubtless on the expectation of our defeating the mutineers. One of those inhumanely murdered, Major Jacobs, defended himself with desperate valor till at last he fell overpowered by numbers.

The day after the battle of Shahgunj a party of volunteers went out, who, having buried the dead, brought back our dismounted gun that had been left behind in our defeat. Disorder, however, was rampant outside the fort for a day or two, and the King of Delhi was proclaimed in the city. Plundering went on unchecked for the time. I have reason to remember this, since I lost all my tents, as well as other necessary articles of clothing, which was a serious loss to me in the low state of my finances. At first few servants made their appearance, and we had to draw our own water from the well inside the fort, and for some days we were dependent on the commissariat for our butcher's meat, which was unprocurable in the ordinary way. The fort was divided into what was called blocks, alphabetically arranged, with the abodes therein duly numbered, by which means every one's address became as it were registered. The Agra civilians occupied quarters in the palace gardens, which were about the best in the fort. Many of the officers lived in tents pitched on a large green. Brigadier Polwhele and Colonel Fraser of the Engineers lived in a tiled barrack, situated on an elevation. There were also some other houses, inhabited by officers and their families, in one of which Lady Outram resided. Extensive apartments were assigned to a lot of priests, monks, and nuns, with their schoolgirls, and a bishop or archbishop at their head. The Protestant chaplain had comfortable quarters, and

Mr. French and the other missionaries dwelt in the palace gardens. The soldiers, of course, lived in their barracks. I and my wife and child had to share a horrid close storeroom with poor Mrs. Hawkins and her three children. Our dwelling was without any kind of aperture to let in a breath of air, except, of course, the entrance folding-door, which had to be closed at night every time it rained, which was frequently the case, in order that I might get some shelter from the pattering rain by placing my bed close up to the closely-shut door, as, of course, common decency forbade the impropriety of my sleeping inside, and even then half of my bed used regularly to get wet, so that it was a great wonder and a remarkable mercy that I escaped getting rheumatic fever. It was worse still for the ladies and children inside, as they must have been half stifled with the intense heat. Mrs. Hawkins, the widow of Major Hawkins, was particularly to be pitied, as she was weighed down with a terrible grief; she had been confined on the day preceding the mutiny at Gwalior, and had seen her husband and her two children killed by the Sepoys. But, howsoever undesirable my quarters were, there were, no doubt, many others lower down in the social scale who might have regarded them as an elysium in comparison to theirs, as every available spot was crammed with thatched sheds and suchlike inelegant shelters.

Our wounded in hospital were devotedly ministered to by our Protestant ladies. I went among the poor men to try to cheer them with my sympathy, and I well remember one case that particularly arrested my attention and excited my admiration; it was that of one of our poor artillerymen, who had been blown up by the explosion of a tumbril on July 5, and who now exhibited a marvellous example of manly fortitude while suffering much agony. A few days after we had been driven by the mutineers into Agra Fort we had an outbreak of cholera. Captain Burlton was taken ill on Sunday, July 12, and though the doctors did all they could to save him, yet all

their efforts were unavailing, and the disease proved fatal. About a week afterward Captain Prendergast, 44th N.I., was stricken with the dreadful malady, and after terrible suffering during the day the poor fellow died in the night. Such awfully sudden deaths are most powerful sermons, forcing the careless to acknowledge the wisdom of being prepared for the momentous and final settlement of their eternal existence.

I must not also forget to notice that we had in the fort two newspaper-printing establishments, belonging to the *Delhi Gazette* and its rival paper, the *Mofusilite*. From these periodicals I derived my information of those stirring events of the outside world which I at once recorded in my diary. Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, organized an intelligence department, of which Mr. William Muir had the chief direction; \* and one source of entertainment was the arrival of special passengers from Delhi and other places with news. They were paid as much as forty or fifty pounds for taking a message, for it was at the imminent risk of their lives. But what won't a native do for money? They used to conceal their despatches in their hair, shoes, hookahs, etc. Mr. Colvin used to despatch letters written in Hebrew, Greek, and cipher to Colonel Greathed and the government at Calcutta, vainly imploring aid against the expected attack of the Gwalior Contingent. And here I may observe that the native Christians, hitherto so unjustly depreciated by most Anglo-Indians, now rose in public esteem, as being reliable and one with us. The fourth day of our residence in the fort witnessed a successive arrival of messengers with gloomy tidings, the third courier bringing in the heartrending news of the Cawnpore Ghaut massacre.

Our position at Agra was quite isolated, being closed in on every side,

\* Now (1896) Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., I.L.D. He was Lieut.-Governor North-West Provinces, 1868-74, and member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, and he afterward became a member of the Secretary of State's Council for India, a post held by him till 1885.

and it really seemed exceedingly doubtful whether we could possibly hold on with a country all round seething with revolt till English troops could march 800 miles from Calcutta to our aid! For it must be considered that not only had more than 100,000 of well-disciplined native soldiers to be conquered, but we had also to contend with a widespread civil insurrection in revolted provinces containing a population of about fifty millions, with the Punjab ready to unfurl the banner of revolt to regain their independence, while Rajpootana, Holkar, and the Nizam were watching on tiptoe the progress of events. Moreover, the loyalty of the great Mahratta Chief Scindia was very questionable, despite the current belief at Agra of the invaluable nature of his services, as there is good reason to believe the praise bestowed on the Gwalior Muharaja to have been quite undeserved.

Now if Scindia had placed himself in June at the head of the Durbar troops and the mutinied Gwalior Contingent, and had marched against Agra (the seat of the Government of the Northwest Provinces), then that important city would, humanly speaking, have fallen, and the siege of Delhi have been raised. And it is hard to see under such circumstances how the Delhi field force could have escaped annihilation. The terrible result of all this would have been our loss of India, the reconquering whereof would have been an almost, if not quite, impossible achievement, even if we could have sent 80,000 of our best soldiers from England. From these dire reverses, that might have happened, we were providentially saved by the salutary influence exercised on the Muharaja by his wise Prime Minister, Dinkur Rao, to whom were entirely due the valuable services nominally rendered to us by the Gwalior Muharaja.

We recovered our spirits in August and were ready to retrieve the disaster of Sussia. Colonel Cotton was now commanding \* at Agra in room of

\* He had been on staff employ all his life, and knew nothing of regimental matters, and was of so hot and impetuous a temper

Brigadier Polwhele, who had been removed from the command. The despatch of the Supreme Government for his removal was addressed to Mr. Colvin, who, it is stated, sent for the General, and received him in the presence of other officers, when he abruptly handed him the despatch, which the General took with a smile, little anticipating its humiliating contents. Having read it he turned very pale and appeared as if about to faint; but recovering himself, he with much dignity rose, returned the letter to the Lieutenant-Governor, bowed, and left the room. A force under the command \* of Major Montgomerie was now sent to Alygurh against Ghousa Khan, who had proclaimed himself Soobadar of the King of Delhi. This miniature army consisted of three companies of my regiment, a hundred and fifty strong, with four officers, two 9-pounders, and a 24-pounder howitzer, manned by about thirty European artillerymen, and thirty militia. We left Agra late on the evening of August 20. I commanded a party of my regiment composing the advance-guard, mounted on elephants. The only appliance for keeping our seat was by holding on to the rope bound round the huge quadruped. The instructions which I received were short and simple. I was, in case of coming in contact with the enemy, to dismount my men and form them up to resist any attack that might be made till the main body should come up. The night, which passed without any encounter, was the most miserable one that I have ever spent, for soon after starting I was attacked with ophthalmia. I kept my seat on the elephant as long as I could, but at last I felt it so very difficult to hold on by the rope with the pain I was in, that I dismounted and marched on foot at the head of the advance-party on elephants.

And oh! the agony I endured every time I strained my eyes in the darkness to keep clear of the elephants! The wretched long night, however, passed

that he earned the sobriquet of "Gun Cotton."

\* Thornhill's "Indian Mutiny," p. 235.

at last, and next day it was proposed to send me back to Agra, but against this I earnestly protested, fearing that I should be murdered on the way. So with one eye like a ball of fire, I was allowed to stay and get on as best I might. Having been joined by a troop of sixty or seventy native horsemen raised by Thakoor Govind Singh, we attacked the enemy in the vicinity of Alygurh on August 24. I commanded a company in this action, though my eyes were painful and I could not see very well. Ghousa Khan's army was said to be about four thousand men, but without any exaggeration the rebels may be reckoned as outnumbering us by ten to one.

They were composed of undisciplined, armed insurgents, and a detachment of the 3d Cavalry that had mutinied at Meerut. The battle raged furiously for some time. I shall now just record what met my limited vision, which was a body of fifty or sixty Ghazees sweeping right down on my company. On they dashed, sword in hand, inflamed by religious fanaticism and rendered insensible to fear by having freely partaken of the soothing bhang. On they rushed just like so many mad dogs. I had only about thirty men with me to the front, and one of these rashly ran out a considerable distance in advance, apparently desirous of distinguishing himself by driving them back by his single-handed prowess; but the poor fellow paid dearly for his undisciplined act of valor, for he was cut to pieces in a few moments by the sharp swords of the Ghazees, and this seemed to strike my men with horror.

We now formed up near a gun, which fired with much precision and exhilarating effect, so that in conjunction with our musketry fire, the rebels were driven back. I believe the two other companies of my regiment maintained a successful fight with the enemy; but suffering from ophthalmia as I was, I could not see what they did.

Our loss was thirty killed and wounded. Mr. Tandy, one of the managers of the Agra Bank, and Ensign Marsh, 16th N.I., were killed.

The last man hit on our side was a gunner, who was shot in the stomach at the close of the engagement. I am afraid the poor man suffered much before he expired, since I could not help hearing his distressing groans of agony through a good part of the night. The enemy, it is stated, left 300 men dead on the field, and their total loss in killed and wounded was computed to amount to 1200, which was more than four times the number of the victorious force, that consisted of only 280 fighting men! Still, if the truth may be told without giving offence, this adventurous action, though to a certain extent successful on account of the great damage inflicted upon the foe, yet must, in another aspect, be regarded as an indecisive one, because we retreated the same day toward Agra.

I was sent on in advance with the sick and wounded. I must now mention an important event that happened—namely, the death of our poor dispirited, worn-out Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. John Colvin, who, after the defeat of our troops on July 5, sank into a desponding condition. Dreading our compulsory retirement into the fort, he had exclaimed: “The wrath of God is upon us if we retire into the fort.” He was very patient and resigned, weary of the world, and willing to quit it, which he did at last on September 9, and was buried in the Armory Square. Our dying chief was ministered to by the Rev. Valpy French,\* a brave man whose heroic interference on behalf of the native Christians procured their admission into the fort. From this good man we gather that Mr. Colvin died relying for his salvation on Christ’s atonement.

Yes, the Atonement, though controverted by many professing Christians of the present day, is yet a vital, essential, and central tenet of Christianity, which is indispensable to the attainment of our salvation. For there can be no right and saving belief in Christ

as our Saviour, except we believe in His complete expiation of man’s sin upon the Cross by the sacrifice of Himself in order to satisfy the claims of Divine justice against the transgressor!

“ Yes, the Redeemer left His Throne,  
His radiant Throne on high,  
Surprising mercy! love unknown,  
To suffer, bleed, and die.  
He took the dying traitor’s place,  
And suffered in his stead;  
For man, O miracle of grace!  
For man the Saviour bled.”

But to proceed with my story. The grand news, the longed-for consummation of our anxious longings, that filled us with the most intense delight and overflowing satisfaction, was the intelligence that reached us at Agra on or about September 20, 1857, of the capture by storm of that imperial city by Brigadier-General Wilson, in command of the Delhi Field Force. This produced in us at Agra the liveliest emotions of joy and hopeful expectation. The rebels had staked their best hopes of success on Delhi, and had lost. Our improved condition was shown by the local money market transactions, as the money-changers now resumed their wonted practice of giving sixteen instead of eighteen annas for the rupee, which they had previously given under the conviction that the British Government would be overthrown, and would result in the deterioration of the copper currency. This was cheering, as it was encouraging to perceive that sharp Hindoo business men evinced practically their belief in the stability of our rule, and that in the only way that admitted of no doubt in their sincerity! Our hearts were soon afterward further cheered by hearing of the first relief of Lucknow (September 25, 1857) by Havelock and Outram. But to return once more to Agra. Revelling in our new sense of security, some were light-hearted enough to think of wiving, and about the end of September Captain Poud of my regiment, who had recently obtained his promotion, led the sister of another officer to the hymeneal altar. The ceremony, which was quite a gay affair, being attended by officers in full dress and ladies gayly attired, was performed

\* He became Bishop of Lahore in 1877. And after ten years’ work Dr. French resigned his high position, and, resuming work afterward as a simple missionary, he died in 1891 at Muscat, in Arabia.

in Agra Fort. But as it was impossible for the bride and bridegroom to spend their honeymoon at beautiful Simla or charming Missoorie, the wedding-trip had to be indefinitely postponed!

On October 6 we heard that a large force was approaching Agra, consisting of some ten thousand rebels with thirteen guns, who were marching in our direction from Dholepore. They consisted of the Mhow mutineers (that is, the 23d Regiment N.I. and 1st Light Cavalry), the Indore rebels, and a considerable force of fugitive Sepoys from Delhi, under Prince Ferozshah, and they now determined to attack us, expecting only to have to cope with the 3d Europeans, a troop of artillery, and the Agra militia. They were disappointed, however, by the unexpected presence of Colonel Greathed's column, who, having overtaken and defeated a body of fugitive mutineers at Bolundshuhur, and having cut up a large body of rebels at Alygurh, came now to our relief on the morning of October 10 by long forced marches, the men having walked forty-two miles in thirty hours. This was in consequence of an express sent to him by Colonel Fraser, the Chief Commissioner, urging him to come to our help. For Mr. Muir, by Colonel Fraser's direction, on the 8th instant had sent out an express to Colonel Greathed urging him to "the speediest movement to Agra in his power." The writer acquainted Greathed that the enemy that day were encamped some eighteen miles off, and that they had unanimously declared their intention of attacking the fort.

Next day, October 9, a despatch from Colonel Fraser went off by the mail-cart, with a letter from Mr. Muir, urging upon Greathed the necessity of coming on rapidly, and informing him that the mutineers had given out that they wished to fire their first shots at the fort on Sunday (October 11) "for luck's sake," the Sunday being, I suppose, considered lucky, since it was on a Sunday that the Neemuch mutineers defeated us at Shahgunj. Another letter, 9 P.M. of the same day, was sent off by Mr. Muir in the hope of catching

up the mail-cart, which informed Colonel Greathed that our reconnoitring party had been driven in by the enemy, which the writer said all looked as if they meant to come on, and concluded his despatch with the words, "Come on quickly." \*

The succoring force was encamped on the Agra parade ground. Weary and exhausted after their exertions, Greathed's men were for the most part lying on the ground thoroughly worn out with fatigue, and enjoying a rest in total unconsciousness of the presence of the enemy, who were at this very time quite close to them, though screened from their view by the high standing crops. The military authorities were responsible for the critical surprise that ensued. Thinking the danger to be past, they supinely neglected in their fancied security to make an early reconnaissance in the morning of the 10th. In this their conduct was highly reprehensible, considering what happened on the previous day, and the need there existed for safeguarding the Agra Field Battery which lay outside the fort. Colonel Greathed was, though in a less degree, culpable in neglecting to throw out pickets after he had been previously informed by the head of the Intelligence Department of the apprehended arrival of the enemy at Agra on this day (October 10). But, from all that I have been able to learn, I regard it as certain that Greathed, who complained of being misled by false intelligence, was really lulled into a state of delusive security by the receipt of information on the morning of the 10th that the enemy had fallen back. Mr. Raikes states that "On the morning of the 10th the magistrate and other officials assured Colonel Greathed that the enemy had fallen back." † Unless he had received such an assurance it is utterly incredible that such an efficient officer as Colonel Greathed should have neglected the commonest precautions against a numerous foe, who, as he had been informed the day before, were

\* See "Letters," Intelligence Department, quoted by kind permission of Sir W. Muir.

† Raikes' "Notes," p. 73.

then threatening Agra! In fact, he must have been informed, on what he regarded as good authority, that the enemy had beaten a retreat, as a contrary supposition is antagonistic to common sense, unless we suppose that officer to have been positively incompetent—which he certainly was not. But I must now revert to the decisive action that ensued. Presently the sound of heavy guns was heard and information came in of the attack on the British camp. A little before the cannon's opening roar four men disguised as musicians and beating tom-toms approached the advance guard of the 9th Lancers. Whereupon Sergeant Crews, the non-commissioned officer in charge, went up to them and ordered them away, when one of the scoundrels drew a concealed tulwar, and struck poor Crews a blow that killed him. Sergeant Hartigan, who happened to be standing by, immediately rushed up and slew the treacherous rascal with his own weapon, which the sergeant wrenched out of the ruffian's hand. Hartigan also wounded a second rebel of this forlorn hope; but he received a severe sword-cut on the head in accomplishing this act of bravery. The other two insidious tricksters were soon disposed of by the guard, which had turned out. Very soon afterwards, a little before 11 A.M., round-shot came pouring into camp. The British were completely taken by surprise; but it was only momentary. Nothing tries good troops so much as an unexpected attack like this, which was enough to have caused a panic. But our brave soldiers, though taken unawares and off their guard, soon showed the good stuff they were made of.

That admirable regiment the 9th Lancers were soon in the saddle, and one squadron of that regiment gallantly charged the rebel cavalry, who were cutting down our gunners, and drove them back in disorder. But this success was achieved at the cost of the loss of the officer commanding the squadron, Captain French, who was killed, and Lieutenant Jones, his subaltern, who was dangerously wounded. The rest of the troops having formed up

now went at them heartily, and the enemy then in their turn, too, experienced a very unpleasant surprise at finding themselves so fiercely attacked and roughly handled by such a strong force of Europeans and Sikhs with so many guns. Pearson's battery gave them a severe shock, which was improved by a well-timed charge of Watson \* and Probyn,† and a second charge of that crack regiment, H. M. 9th Lancers, with two squadrons of Hodson's horse. This was more than the enemy could stand: therefore, all further efforts at resistance being out of the question, the only thing that was left them to do was to run. The unwelcome sight of the Lancers especially inspired the Delhi mutineers with a very natural dread of that gallant regiment that had so greatly distinguished itself at Delhi. So now the rebels were heard crying out: "Fly, brothers: there are the Lancers from Delhi."

It then soon became a *sauve qui peut* affair with the enemy, who retreated in haste and disorder along the Gwalior road. After Greathed had conducted the pursuit for three miles, then Colonel Cotton came up with my regiment, the 3d Europeans, and assumed the command of Colonel Greathed's column as senior officer. The infantry pursued the foe for two miles farther, and the cavalry and artillery continued the chase as far as the Kalee Nuddee, a rivulet about ten miles from Agra. But though the pursuit was so hot and long, yet the bulk of the rebels escaped; for the strenuous effort to save life was in this, as in other instances, greater than the eagerness to destroy it, which in this case was abated by the weariness of the pursuers. The enemy lost, however, all their guns, thirteen in number, their standing camp, and at least 500 men in killed alone. When the battle was over four mutineers were tried, and blown away from the cannon's mouth. This was a very sickening sight. But it was a case of war to the

\* Now (1897) General Sir John Watson, K.C.B. and V.C.

† Now (1897) General Sir D. M. Probyn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and V.C. Comptroller and Treasurer Prince of Wales's Household.

knife between us and the fiendish murderers of our poor women and children. It was a time of intense excitement, and I felt no compassion for them, because I considered that they only got what they deserved, and it was necessary to strike terror into the hearts of these fiendish wretches. One of these mutineers, when it was his turn to be fastened to the gun, exclaimed, "In one moment I shall be in Paradise." Surely the cool assurance of this fanatical miscreant about to be smashed to atoms conveys a rebuke to those sincere Christians who dread death, considering that they are bound to believe it will be all right with them in the eternal world if they are only trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls!

At the trial of these Sepoys, one of them being asked why they killed our women and children replied, "When you kill a snake you kill its young." The inculcation of this principle is to be found in the fourth story of the Persian poet Saadi's "Gulistan" where the wholesale destruction of the wicked is commended on the grounds that it is not the act of a wise man to kill a snake and spare its offspring; and remarks Saadi, after warning his readers to have nothing to do with the wicked:

"Akibut goorug zaduh goorug shuwud,  
Gurchih ba admee buzoorug shuwud."

(Eventually a wolf's cub will be a wolf,  
Although it has been reared with a man.)

And lastly in the same chapter occurs this couplet:

"Nekoe ba budan kurdun chunanust  
Kih bud kurdan bujae nek murdun."

(To do good to the bad is the same  
As doing evil to the good.)

The teaching of this Mahomedan moralist is completely pulverized by the teaching and example of our adorable Redeemer; who so loved the wicked that He died to make a complete atonement for their sins and so save them from their merited punishment!

Greathed's loss in the battle at Agra was sixty-seven killed and wounded. The latter were carried into the Motee

Musjid (Pearl Mosque), a Mahomedan temple inside the fort. Within this marble building rough wooden bedsteads were quickly arranged, and the mattresses, pillows, and quilts made by kind ladies were made use of. Mrs. Raikes and many other ladies tended the poor sufferers by night and day.

"O Woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made:  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou!"

Lieutenant Jones of H. M. 9th Lancers was hacked all over, and had twenty-one wounds, many of them singly being enough to have killed him.

He bore his sufferings without complaining, though they were intense. Jones subsequently recovered, though with the loss of an eye. The soldiers felt deeply all this kindness, and in the second week of December, having become convalescent, they gave a grand fête to their lady nurses in the beautiful gardens of the Taj. It was a very gay scene. There were floral decorations, and the table was spread with all the dainties that could be procured for the entertainment. Almost every one looked happy and cheerful, and the ladies went from one soldier to another saying kind words and congratulating them on their recovery. This display of sympathy went to the hearts of the rough veterans, who thanked their compassionate benefactresses, that had waited on them in their sickness. The column halted at Agra three days following the battle. Colonel Greathed expressed his intention of sending in a formal complaint to the supreme Government regarding the false intelligence that had nearly led to the destruction of his army; but it was intimated to him that if he did so he himself would be called upon to explain why he had neglected to throw out pickets and adopt the other usual precautions. So after much recrimination it was prudently allowed to drop.

I must hasten now to bring this narrative to a timely close, lest it should exceed the dimensions of a magazine article. Let it suffice that in 1858 I

was attached to a column acting in co-operation with Sir H. Rose, the consummate commander of the Central Indian Force. I did not, however, see much fighting, but I suffered much from the intense heat, which was 120° in our mess-tent, getting something short of a sunstroke. On one occasion my commanding officer being apprehensive of a night attack did me the honor of entrusting me with the responsible duty of ascertaining whether the enemy had any such designs. This I satisfactorily performed, after experiencing much difficulty while groping about on all-fours in the rugged ravines of the river. And I had a very narrow escape one day of being shot in my bed. It was at early dawn, just as I awoke, when a ball from one of the enemy's rifles went whizzing close over my body, embedding itself in the earth a few yards from me. I afterward served during the cold weather campaign of 1858-59, under that gallant officer, Brigadier Showers, engaged in hunting down Tantia, one of the ablest rebel leaders, who was roaming about with a following of several thousand followers. Once I, with a few soldiers on an elephant, got separated from the force, and having quite lost our way we were in a decidedly perilous predicament, being in danger any moment of falling into the midst of Tantia Topee's desperadoes, who would assuredly have made short work with us if this had happened. My anxiety, however, was removed in due time by God's mercy in bringing me safely back to Shower's column. During this short campaign I was really half-starved for want of time and opportunity for getting and eating food, and the constant marching night and day was most harassing, and the strain was so great that at last I was on the point of completely giving way, but I did not, and at last we overtook the enemy and polished off a lot of them.

I scarcely think we shall ever again have another great Sepoy revolt, though great care is needed to be watchful and

check any symptoms of discontent and unrest among our Indian soldiers, and I consider it unwise to employ them in fighting our battles in Africa, on account of its tendency to lessen our prestige by fostering the notion of our inability to do without them, and so making them think that the balance of power is in their hands. Then, remembering the cause of the great Sepoy revolt, we must be very careful not to wound their caste and religious prejudices by any kind of Government interference. Moreover, I do believe that the most serious danger that threatens our rule in India arises, not from Russia, but from the reckless over-taxation of the country on account of unwise trans-Indian wars (wherein our unrepresented Indian subjects have neither interest nor concern), unfair home charges, and other items that ought in all common honesty to be defrayed from the home Exchequer. This peril assumes very serious proportions when we consider how our poverty-stricken Indian subjects, desolated periodically with most awful famines (like, for instance, that of 1896-97), have to pay the interest of an enormous national debt which is now six times the amount of what it was forty-five years ago under the economical *régime* of the Honorable East India Company. The Hindoos and Mussulmans will, as fatalists, submit to a great deal, but, if goaded to desperation by famines like the last, and by taxation felt to be intolerable, will, I apprehend, make a great effort by a general insurrection to shake off our yoke—a national movement that in all human probability would prove successful, especially if they could get the native army to side with them by representing that their religion was in some secret way being interfered with, that our *ikbal* was on the wane, and by offering them increased rank and pay. Thus through our unwise policy we might have to bewail the loss of the brightest jewel in the British Crown.—*Westminster Review*.

## A PAPER WAR.

BY CHARLES K. MOORE.

THE length and breadth of the land might be searched in vain for a Potts of the *Etanswill Gazette* or a Slurk of the *Etanswill Independent*, and equally fruitless would be the quest for penmen like Captain Shandon of the *Dawn* or Dr. Boyne of the *Day*, who "were the best friends in the world in spite of their newspaper controversies," but who revelled in the concoction of smashing articles about each other—"it was such easy writing and required no reading up of a subject." Indeed, it is to be feared that "the taste for eloquence is going out," as Morgan remarked to Mick Doolan in the "Back Kitchen," where the two honest fellows were consuming their kidneys and stout at the same table with Pendennis and Warrington. Even in the Sister Island, where leaders are still built in the flamboyant style, and where the comparative mood is unknown and everything is written in the superlative, the most impassionate editorial is a mild and harmless production compared with the fierce bludgeon work of the old days. Potts and Slurk, Shandon and Boyne, and all their ruffling race are dead—peace be to their ashes—their controversies are forgotten, the broadsheets in which they wrote are yellow with age, and fortunate is their lot if some of them have escaped the butterman and the trunkmaker to find a dusty and undisturbed repose in the cellar of some great library.

But the successors of these men live and inherit the traditions of the craft, and now and again, spite of softer manners and the conventions of modern life, the old spirit breaks out.

The bitterest newspaper war of recent times occurred in Pittsburgh between the *Morning Courier* and the *Advertiser*, and its stirring incidents are still recalled in the wigwam of the Barbarian Club. Its true history, however, has not yet been written. It was peculiar, in that it was confined to one department—the reportorial.

The *Courier* and *Advertiser* represented different shades of politics, but in the leading columns the editors, and then only when it was absolutely necessary, always referred to each other in studiously courteous terms; each paper had pretty much the same telegraphic service and correspondents, so that the sub-editors had but the normal amount of worry over "misses"; and it was, as I have said, between the two reporting staffs that the strife raged.

As regards the number and quality of the men, the *Courier* and the *Advertiser* were equally matched. Only in one matter were the *Advertiser* men our superiors, and that was in the paltry detail of dress. They affected tall hats, frock coats, and cigars, while our staff went about in lounge jackets and bowlers, and smoked pipes.

The trouble came about in this way. The *Advertiser* was not only always abreast of us in local news, but sometimes beat us. Never by any chance did we get ahead of them. Now this was not natural. When there are two newspapers in the same town, it stands to reason that to-day one of them will get exclusive news, and that to-morrow the other will be to the front with a fresh item. But that was just what did not happen at Pittsburgh. The *Advertiser* never missed anything.

Our fellows were put upon their mettle and worked early and late. We haunted the police office and the police courts, the infirmary and the docks, the fire station and the municipal chambers. We stood sentry at the door of private meetings—municipal, political, and social—and buttonholed the people as they came out. We put in many a weary hour tramping the streets, making inquiries, and waiting about in likely places. A number of officials of all kinds had been in our pay and we added to their number. But all to no avail. Our rivals took life easily, and still they never missed anything.

One night, or rather morning,

for it was long past midnight, Tom Powrie and I sat smoking in the reporters' room. I ought to have been in bed, for it was Tom's turn of late duty, but we had been talking about the way in which the *Advertiser* was hustling us in the matter of local news and, all unnoticed, the time slipped past.

"It's a weary world," said Powrie disconsolately. "Who would be a chronicler of small beer, a wretched newsmonger? What a fool I was to become a reporter in the hope that it would be an introduction to a literary life. What's shorthand but mechanical drudgery, and our best work but verbal bricklaying? I'm a mechanic, my boy; that's what I am, and don't you forget it. And to be beaten in this sort of work by the poor creatures down at the *Tiser*. I could weep, only cursing is more in my line. And there's the chief fretting himself into his grave. I wish we were in New York, where the fellows are allowed to invent news. I could beat the *Tiser* fellows at that. Suppose we try it. Hey?"

"Nonsense, you would only get yourself into a row; the chief wouldn't see the joke."

"Suppose not," he said reluctantly, as if the idea had pleased him.

"But it's scarcely fair of the chief whenever anything goes wrong with the locals to blame either you or me. What about the other boys? What about himself?"

"We must take it as a compliment, and say that it is because we are the responsible men on the staff. But it's hard to see it that way."

There was a gentle tap at the door, and Powrie shouted, "Come in!" As there was no response we both turned in our chairs, and a familiar sight met our eyes. A stiff hat with a glazed top—the policemen wore chimney-pots in those days—appeared round the edge of the door.

"Come in, man; come in. All's serene."

A 45 slowly and cautiously followed his hat into the room, bringing with him a strong smell of oil and hot tin from his bull's-eye. With an air of

secrecy, he whispered in a voice hoarse with the night air—

"There's been a big accident"—every accident or fire was a big one with A 45—"and I can give you all the particulars."

It turned out to be a paltry affair. A drunken cabman had fallen off his box and broken his leg—only a six-line par. A 45 pocketed the half-crown which Powrie proffered, and disappeared with the same affectation of mystery.

"Useful man, that," I remarked.

"Ay," he replied, and puffed away at his pipe for some minutes. "Tell you what, Kerr; the way in which our news gets into the *Tiser* smacks of theft. It's a police business."

"Why," I cried with amazement, "has A 45 put that into your head? That man has got no more brains than a hen, and is fitted for nothing better than tramping about the streets at night trying doors and windows."

Things went on much as usual for some days, and then the *Advertiser* published some news about our own political party which had been communicated to us officially and, as we were certain, exclusively. The chief was very angry.

"Depend upon it," he said, "there's some leakage here, and I'll find it out."

All the reporters indignantly denied that the fault lay with our room.

"He find it out," muttered Tom Powrie; "he doesn't know enough to get out of the rain."

At this moment the editor walked in, and the chief repeated to him what he had said about the leakage.

"I am perfectly sure," said the editor, "that no gentleman here would do such a dishonorable, I will not say so dishonest, an act as to communicate our exclusive news to the *Advertiser*."

Tom Powrie, acting as our spokesman, said, "Thank you, sir; you may rely upon our loyalty." We all murmured assent, and he continued, "Will you kindly give Mr. Kerr and myself power to investigate this matter?"

"Certainly," replied the editor. "You may use your discretion."

When we were alone I attacked Tom Powrie.

"What did you mean by associating my name with yours in this detective work?"

"Now, don't agitate yourself, old man. It sends the blood to your brain in too large quantities, and you may hurt yourself. I knew that neither the editor nor the chief would give me power to make inquiries. They look upon me as a harum scarum individual, so I wanted the name of a highly respectable member of society like yourself to back my bill. See? I'll do all the work and you'll get half the glory if I succeed, so don't worrit yourself into a fever."

"What are you going to do?"

"Don't know. Mouch around a bit. That's my lay."

For some days Powrie was up early and late, and took every one's "victim turn"—the reporters had to wait in rotation until two o'clock in the morning in case there should be a murder, fire, or accident to chronicle. Powrie's colleagues could not understand this unusual generosity, and he obtained some temporary popularity. Now and then he gave me hints as to what he was doing. He had first taken Mr. Boa, our foreman printer, into his confidence, but very soon it was made plain that the news did not creep out through the composing-room. Powrie was somewhat disappointed, for news has frequently been stolen from printing-offices. He admitted to me that he was at a standstill, and confessed that he was thoroughly sorry he had promised to unravel the mystery.

"Won't the chief chuckle over my failure?" he said, with a rueful face.

"Yes; and at mine, too," I replied, "for didn't you back your bill with my name, and now it will be dishonored, 'No effects' scrawled across it?"

"Awfully sorry, old chap. Didn't think of that. I've no character to lose, but you have."

"Cheer up, Powrie; you're going into the country for a nice trip to-morrow"—it was a new circular tour which the East and West Junction

Railway Company wished to have noticed in the *Courier*—"and when you come back you will be as full of enthusiasm as ever."

My prophecy came true. Next night Powrie took me into a corner, and, after making sure that no one was within hearing, drew two copies of the *Advertiser* out of his pocket. Shaking them in my face he said in tragic tones, ludicrously out of keeping with his beaming face:

"I've got it."

"Evidently, and got it bad."

"Hush, let us disseminate our joy," and he dissembled by dancing the opening steps of the sailor's hornpipe.

"Look here," I said, taking him by the coat, "what is it?"

"Counsellor of my youth, friend of my manhood, your character is saved. And my character—well, it stands where it did, below par."

"Stop it, Powrie; and speak level."

"Stand and deliver is it! Well, stand and deliver it is. Listen—no more shall the *Tiser* batten on the exclusive news of the *Courier*."

"Fact?"

"Fact. But hush. Do you want to get home to-night?"

"Yes; naturally."

"Tush. Will ye not keep a vigil with me? Not for one night, till morn with rosy fingers tips the dawn?" Then dropping the melodramatic mood, he laid his head to one side reflectively, and said, "Do you know, Kerr, although I have tipped all sorts and conditions of people I have never tipped the dawn. But I will say this for her, she has often blushed for me."

"What on earth has come over you? Come off your high stilts."

"Well, look here, I have looked at the engagement diary and you are not initialled for any early meeting tomorrow. So watch with me to-night, sweet chuck; watch with me to-night."

Nothing further was to be got out of Powrie, so I promised to wait with him and "see the paper to bed."

Later on I caught him talking earnestly with Mr. Boa on the stairs, the subject being a "proof" which Mr. Boa

held in his hand; but, as Powrie would have put it, they dispersed on my approach.

It was a long wait for me that night, and as Powrie kept out of the way I spent most of the time in the sub-editor's room, helping them with the late telegrams, and when everything had been sent up to the printers we discussed the affairs of the universe, "slipped from politics to puns, and passed from Mahomet to Moses," as is the custom of newspaper men all the world over at the hour of slack water. At last down the speaking-tube from the composing-room there came the cry, "Last page making up!" which was answered with, "No more copy!" The day's work was done, and with the exception of the man told off for the "city edition," the subs prepared to go home.

Tom Powrie now appeared. His manner was quieter and his face was pale, but his mouth was still full of high-falutin' nonsense.

"The great, the eventful hour has come, big with the fate of Cato"—and of the *Tiser*. Come!"

We went down the back stairs and stepped into a store-room.

"Get on," I said, "this place stinks of oily waste, and gas, and printer's ink."

"No, no, this is the place."

Originally the *Courier* office had been a tenement of residential flats, and it had been cut and carved to suit the requirements of a newspaper till it was a wonder the walls held together. Fortunately it was an old house, and had been erected at a time when masons were masons and not bricklayers, and built for eternity and not for time. The store-room in which we stood was a curious place. It looked as if it had been knocked together out of odd joists and planks eked out with barrel staves. It lay between two flats, half in the publishing office and half in the machine-room, and we could command a view of each through the holes in the roughly nailed-together walls.

I first took a look at the despatch-room. A number of men and boys were chatting in groups, and several

long tables were neatly laid out with addressed wrappers. I knew that in a few minutes the appearance of the place would be changed. When the *Couriers* came up the lift damp from the press all would be hurry and bustle, and to the uninstructed onlooker there would be a disorderly mob folding papers, carrying parcels, and shouting instructions. But in reality there would be no confusion, rather the extreme of order, every one doing his own share in a carefully mapped-out scheme and working against time. As yet, however, all was quiet, and I could hear the rattle of harness in the street outside, where light carts were waiting to dash off with the newly-printed papers to catch the first post and the first train.

A couple of policemen were hanging about, but there was nothing unusual in that. They are privileged persons, and in the early hours of the morning may be seen in every newspaper office in the kingdom. There they can always get their flask of tea or coffee warmed and eat their supper in warmth and comfort—and small blame to them. A 45 was present, of course, for the *Courier* was on his beat.

"There he is," said Powrie, and I was astonished to find that my reckless comrade was trembling. "But look at the machine-room; the last form is coming."

A rattle in the lift, and the great page came dawn from the composing-room with a bang. The men were ready, and it was slipped on to the machine. This was in the old days, be it remembered, when cylinders and stereotyping were unknown, and all printing was done off the flat.

"All ready?" cried the foreman with his hand on the lever.

"Ay, ay," came from the boys who fed the paper, and the machine started.

Then my eye was caught by the figure of Mr. Boa, who was standing on the stairs with a galley of type on his arm. Perhaps a dozen papers had been printed when he suddenly dashed down the steps and cried "Stop!" I knew what it meant. Mr. Boa had "stop-press news"—news which had come in

late but which had to be inserted. But why should he have waited on the stairs until the machine started when he knew that every moment was precious? We might lose the post—the greatest misfortune that can happen to a newspaper. I could not understand it, and turned to Powrie, but he laid a restraining hand on my arm.

Following his eyes, I looked into the despatch-room. The dozen papers that had been thrown off were there, but the manager of that department said, "There's no use sending these away," and carelessly threw them on to a side counter.

A 45 turned, and, as no doubt he had done any morning these years past, lifted one of them up. He had barely looked at it, however, when, cocking his head to one side, he said, "That'll be the sergeant's whistle," and walked out of the door.

Tom Powrie gave a sigh of relief, and whispered, "Come away!"

The machine had again started, and I suggested that as we had waited so long we might get a paper before we went home, but he would not hear of it. So, buttoning our top-coats we walked off by the back stair. On the way we met Mr. Boa.

"O K?" inquired Mr. Powrie.

"Right you are," returned Mr. Boa with a smile.

I was burning with curiosity to know what this all meant, but Powrie talked of everything but what must have been uppermost in his mind as well as in my own.

"Out with it, Tom," I cried at last.

"I won't. If I'm wrong, you know nothing; but if I am right, and I am pretty sure that I am right, you are to look preternaturally knowing to-morrow."

That was all I could get out of Powrie, but when we shook hands he said he would look me up in the forenoon and we would walk to the office together. He called for me, as he had promised, and as we were quietly strolling along I stopped in horror in front of a news agent's shop. An *Advertiser* bill of contents was prominently displayed bearing in large type—

**TERRIBLE  
COAL-PIT DISASTER  
AT  
MEGGATCAIRN.  
150 MINERS ENTOMBED.**

"Look at that, Tom; we're done again!"

"Ay," he returned quietly; "I've seen the bill before."

"When?"

"At six o'clock this morning. I sat up to see it."

I looked at the bill and then at Tom. I felt as if my bones were water and my head was wool.

"Come away, old man," he cried with a shout of laughter. "Comfort ye, comfort ye. No; not a word, for we are close to the office and I'll have to tell the story there. Only, remember what I told you. Everything has gone right, so your cue is to seem to know everything and to look preternaturally wise. They will never believe me, I know, they think me too flighty; so you must give me the loan of your name and your reputation for a little longer."

The editor and the chief were in earnest consultation when we entered the reporter's room. The editor at once broke out—

"Glad you've come so early. Just sent messengers for you. Off you go to Meggatcairn. There's been a big colliery explosion. We're a day behind the fair, for the *Advertiser* has got it already; but, thank goodness, it's only a short account."

"No occasion whatever to go to Meggatcairn," said Tom, coolly hanging up his hat.

"But, but—" cried the editor, turning fiercely upon him.

"There has been no explosion."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I wrote the account for the *Advertiser* myself."

The editor was speechless with astonishment. As for the chief, he dropped into the nearest chair a poor flabby piece of humanity.

"No occasion to be alarmed," said Powrie, with quiet confidence. "Mr.

Kerr and myself have been up all night making arrangements for that explosion. The *Advertiser* is selling by thousands—tens of thousands—machine been going all the morning. But the more papers they sell the better. The *Courier* will have a larger sale tomorrow."

"Do you mean to say that there has been no explosion?"

"There has been no explosion at Meggatecairn; but there'll be a big explosion at the *Advertiser* to-night."

"Come into my room and let us hear all about it," said the editor, and when we had entered his sanctum he turned to Tom and said, "Well?" Nothing loth, Tom at once began his story, but, as he was in the presence of his superiors, his language was less racy than usual.

"You will remember, sir, that you gave Mr. Kerr and myself power to investigate this matter"—Tom directed a warning glance at me when he mentioned my name—"and I may say that we proceeded by a process of exhaustion. We did not believe that the fault lay with the reporters—although some people seemed to think so—but we thought it right to submit both the sub-editors and reporters to some tests, with the result that we felt certain that the leakage did not occur in these two rooms. Proceeding still by the process of exhaustion"—at the repetition of this phrase, of which Tom seemed particularly proud, the editor grimly smiled—"we attacked the printing-office; but as we could not very well appear there, we approached Mr. Boa and he assisted us in every possible way. After a fortnight's careful watching, however, it was evident that the thief was not to be found in that department. Well, we were at our wits' end. Yesterday, however, I was told off to do the new circular tour, and when I started early in the morning I bought both the *Courier* and the *Advertiser* to read in the train. I was glad to see that our par about the starting of a new branch of the Sweet William League was not in the *Advertiser*. Last night, however, I had occasion to consult the office file copy of the *Advertiser*, and to my

surprise I saw there a paragraph about the Sweet William League, a paragraph which had certainly not been in the *Advertiser* I bought at the station. Now, do you see," cried Tom, in his excitement forgetting that he was speaking to the stern and all-powerful head of the staff, "it was a thousand guineas to a hayseed that the theft had taken place between the country and town editions. The par wasn't in the country edition of the *Tiser*, but it was in its town edition."

The editor and the chief were all attention, and I began to see daylight. It may be explained that about three o'clock in the morning (the hour is different in various newspapers, owing to local circumstances) a first edition is printed to catch the early trains and posts to remote districts; and that about six o'clock a second edition, containing later telegrams and extracts from the London newspapers, is printed for the immediate vicinity. This is called the second or town edition. The theft, therefore, as Powrie said, had taken place between the two editions. Greatly pleased at the interest which his story excited, Powrie continued:

"I had previously spoken to the managers of the machine-room and the despatch-room, but they declared that no papers went amiss. The papers were all counted, and there were no strangers present at that hour of the morning. But I had seen the policeman about the place, and although A 45 was in our pay I have always disliked the man. So I laid a little trap. Last night I wrote out the account of that pit disaster at Meggatecairn, and Mr. Boa set it up himself and saw it imposed in the form. Only twelve copies of the *Courier* containing the bogus news were struck off, eleven of them are in our possession, and Mr. Kerr and I saw A 45 pocket the twelfth. That's how the *Advertiser* got the account of the pit disaster—ay, and how they have got much of our special news in the past."

Powrie tried, and ignominiously failed, to look like a modest hero.

"Splendid," cried the editor; "I congratulate you, Mr. Powrie."

"But why Meggatecairn?" asked the puzzled chief. "Now I come to think of it, there isn't a pit within miles of the place."

"Just to make them look more foolish when the truth comes out. I went to the *Advertiser* early this morning—or rather I went to the neighborhood of the office—and took my landlady's son with me to make inquiries. It seems that between four and five o'clock messengers were sent round the staff of the *Advertiser*, and they all went off in two-horse cabs to Meggatecairn. When they find that there is no accident there, I suppose they will explore the neighborhood and telegraph in all directions. Shouldn't wonder if they are still scouring the country. Oh, Meggatecairn is a capital place. Although it is only a short distance from town there are three wretched railway junctions before you reach it."

The editor lay back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Then, you know, all the evening papers will copy the *Advertiser* account, and papers all over the country will be sending men to Meggatecairn to do special descriptions of the disaster.

When they discover how they have been sold won't they turn and rend that wretched rag of an *Advertiser*. For you'll expose them, won't you, sir?"

After a hearty burst of merriment the editor said—

"Yes, Mr. Powrie, we will expose them. I think you had better go home and get a good sleep. And then in the evening you will write an account of the affair for to-morrow's *Courier*. On second thoughts I think I will do the punishing myself."

When we left the room Tom whispered, "Won't the old man lay it on? The strokes of his whip are so nice and clean, and he can bring the blood every time."

For some weeks the *Advertiser* was the best laughed-at newspaper in the country. When, after the lapse of time, its men tried to put on their old air of high-sniffishness, Tom would call out to me—

"What was the number of your last page?"

And I would reply—

"A 45."

Then there would be silence.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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## THE DAYS THAT WERE.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

WHILES in the early winter eve  
We pass amid the gathering night  
Some homestead that we had to leave  
Years past ; and see its candles bright  
Shine in the room beside the door  
Where we were merry years agone  
But now must never enter more,  
As still the dark road drives us on.  
E'en so the world of men may turn  
At even of some hurried day  
And see the ancient glimmer burn  
Across the waste that hath no way ;  
Then with that faint light in its eyes  
A while I bid it linger near  
And nurse in wavering memories  
The bitter-sweet of days that were.

## CUBA FOR THE CUBANS.

BY ANTONIO GONZALO PEREZ.

EVEN after her defeat Spain will prove a cruel enemy to Cuba. Not content with having oppressed the unfortunate island for four long centuries by every means that the corrupt mind of a decadent nation could devise, not satisfied with a policy of robbery and extermination, as soon as the Cubans took up arms against her tyrannous rule, she began to spread abroad all kinds of falsehoods with regard to the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the inhabitants of the "Queen of the Caribbean Seas." Everywhere were they misrepresented by the mother-country. From the moment that the colony revolted, agents of the Spanish Government and the whole of the Spanish press lost no opportunity of propagating a series of mendacious and damaging statements.

They asserted that the revolutionary movement was set on foot by men of no standing and mainly followed by the ignorant colored population; whereas it is, or should be, well known that our leaders have always been men of position and high intelligence; also that every section of Cuban society was represented in the Cuban ranks, it being a curious but remarkable fact that even the sons of Spanish officials, born on the island, invariably imbibed revolutionary ideas and participated in the struggle for freedom, rejecting with scorn the appellation of Spaniard. The Cubans have been constantly referred to as semi-savages, an inferior race, composed for the most part of negroes and mulattoes, which unwarranted, misleading, and malicious statement, almost universally accepted in England, has not hitherto been met with the indignant denial that it deserves. The object of these calumnies was to discredit the revolutionaries in the eyes of the civilized world, thus depriving them of the sympathy and moral support, not to speak of the material aid, of every foreign Government. This dishonest policy succeeded in drowning

the just complaints of the Cubans in a sea of blood at home, in a sea of indifference abroad. For it is extraordinary to what extent credence has been given to these reports. Spain, whenever pressed by the more liberal opinion of European and American countries to grant reforms to Cuba in accordance with the spirit of the times, has always refused, on the ground that the inhabitants were not prepared for such radical changes. That this declaration was but an excuse—or rather a libel—in order that she might retain the most irritating monopolies and continue unchecked in her career of crime, was proved when the patriots, by sheer force of arms, at the beginning of this eventful year, obliged her to grant Cuba the autonomy so long deferred. In the vain hope of keeping up a phantom of sovereignty, Spain at length yielded, but too late—the stern logic of facts thus compelling her to admit the falseness of her previous accusations. Once more, in spite of the adage, did the sword prove a mightier agent than the pen in the redress of wrongs, reaffirming at the same time the principle that a people who can fight and die for the freedom of their country deserve that freedom, and contain within themselves all the elements necessary for the formation of an independent Government.

It is significant that just at the moment when this question enters the realm of practical politics it should become the fashion to decry the Cubans, to deny their valor, and depreciate their culture. That such allegations should proceed from Spanish sources is not surprising, but that they should emanate from the very quarters whence they might be least expected gives food for thought. The great fault of my unhappy country, in the present as in the past, is its extraordinary beauty and fertility, which have excited the cupidity of every nation having interests in these regions.

Cuba may be compared to a rich and beautiful heiress whose hand is sought by many admirers. Realizing that she is unwilling to yield to their several importunities, or to listen to the suit of any one of them, as a base revenge they begin to discredit her, hoping by this means to drive her to the public market of ignominy and thus possess the coveted prey.

At this critical moment in our history it becomes the duty of every Cuban to seek to destroy calumnies to which circulation has been given through the ignorance of some correspondents and the bad faith of others. We are not a world-power, therefore we cannot afford to ignore them. We are but a small nation struggling into existence, not ashamed of our past and confident of our future, asking only for justice and for an impartial consideration of our claims by the honorable citizens of every land. Especially would we make appeal to that Anglo-Saxon race with whose destinies have been intertwined our own, and with whom, were our complete independence assured, we would be well content to maintain the friendliest relations.

To hold the theory that Cuban culture and civilization are inferior to Spanish is impossible, except to the grossly ignorant or prejudiced. In most respects they are vastly superior. On account of her unique situation and her consequent large commercial relations with the outer world, Cuba, although laboring under great disabilities, quite early in the century began to receive all the blessings of modern civilization. Spain, on the contrary, situated in a corner of Europe, isolated by custom and tradition and by difficulty of approach, densely ignorant and fanatically religious, lay quite outside the current of progress. She is still saturated with the superstitions of the Middle Ages, which is equivalent to saying she is about five or six centuries behind the times. Therefore, it is not extraordinary that the Colony preceded the mother-country in the construction of railways and telegraphs, those valuable agents in the conveyance of modern

ideas. Moreover, it is evident that these will be more rapidly assimilated in a young country than in an old one, for the reason that in the latter, the spirit of resistance to all innovation will be more likely to retard the advent of liberal principles. It is also an admitted fact that the inhabitants of an island are always more enterprising and more given to travel than those of a continent. This love of travel, and the comparison of ideas and customs in different lands which necessarily results, is ever a great impetus to real progress, especially when indulged in by the cultured classes, as could easily be illustrated by numerous examples in all times.

The special products of Cuba, namely, sugar-cane and tobacco, have played also an important rôle in the development of Cuban culture, this being the more noticeable since the capture of Havana by the English in the latter part of the last century. This notable event had very beneficial effects as regards the commercial history of the Island. Simultaneously with the hoisting of the British flag at Morro Castle all barriers against foreign trade were removed, and ships from every quarter of the globe, hitherto excluded by Spain, began to visit Cuban ports. The occupation of the English unfortunately lasted only one year, but it was sufficient to give a great impetus to the commercial, industrial, and intellectual life of the Island.

The natural riches of the Colony rapidly attained a wonderful development, thanks to the importation of European capital and to the influx of industrious immigrants from all parts of the world. With them were imported more advanced ideas of progress and freedom, thus still further broadening the intellectual horizon of the Cubans. The influence of these new settlers could not but be felt. Their intermarriages with Cubans, all descendants of Europeans (mostly, however, of Spanish origin—the Indian race had been entirely exterminated by the Spanish as long since as the last quarter of the fifteenth century), brought forth a mixed popula-

tion of a very different type, of very different ideas and aspirations, from those of their ancestors.

The growing prosperity of their island contributed not a little to develop in the Cubans the habit of visiting foreign lands, and since early in this century they are to be found in all the principal countries of Europe, studying at the most famous universities, and seeking intellectual intercourse with writers, philosophers, and scientists of high standing, France, England, and Germany being the countries most favored. These annual visits to the centres of modern civilization could not fail to stimulate greatly the arts and sciences, and especially literature, as was apparent during the period of 1840-68, which period, so rich in Europe, produced also in Cuba men like Saco, Varelo, Luz y Caballero, Regnoso, and Poey; Milaines, Placido, Heredia; Luaces and Palma; Espadero, White, Albertiny, Jimenez, and many others, who gilded with the first days of intellectual glory the Pearl of the Antilles and enriched it in all branches of human knowledge.

The list of Cubans of universal reputation living abroad at the present time is a large one. Although the wrongs of the oppressed and the aspiration toward liberty may inspire the most burning prose and the most beautiful poems, yet an enslaved country will never offer a good field for the expansion of genius or the development of energies. Consequently, we find many Cubans of note scattered over the world. Paris claims the Heredias (Nicolas and José), both of whom enjoy the highest honors that can be attained in the separate fields of politics and art, the former having been Minister of Public Works under M. Freycinet, the latter being one of the Immortals, a member of the Académie Française, and one of the best French poets of the day. Two other Cubans, MM. Albañon and Albertiny, are leading physicians in the Paris hospitals, the former having obtained his position and the *médaille d'honneur* in public competition.

In the great Republic of North America, the Cuban, Mr. Menocal, held the

high and official position of chief engineer of the Nicaragua Canal Works. In Spain, Señor Labra is one of the most distinguished leaders of the Republican party in Parliament, and one of the most prominent members of the Institute of International Rights at Brussels. Señor Portuando is a Brigadier-General of Engineers in the Spanish army; and Señor Albarguza was Minister for the Colonies in January, 1895.

The Cubans holding leading positions in public life in the different Republics of South America can be counted by the hundred, not to speak of those devoted to science, art, and literature. Whenever Cubans have received the slightest encouragement, or, indeed, only a mere opportunity, they have proved themselves especially fitted for self-government. In the same island of Cuba, in spite of all the restrictions imposed by the Spanish Government, every beneficial reform introduced into the Administration during the period 1840 to 1868, when the Ten Years' War broke out, was due to such Cubans as the Count of Villanueva, the Marquis of Pinillos, Dr. Romay, and others, who will always be gratefully remembered in Cuba by their compatriots. The remarkable official reports, or "Memorias," of "La Real Sociedad Económica de los Amigos del País" (Royal Economical Society of the Friends of the Country), "La Real Camara del Comercio" (Royal Chamber of Commerce), the "Junta de Fomento," etc., are and must remain eloquent proofs in favor of their demands for an independent Government. The most absolute refutation of the false statements made against them by their enemies in that respect is that everything in Cuba which in any way stands for progress and culture is due to the labor of such Cuban corporations, in spite of incessant persecution and of the harassing restrictions imposed upon their most prominent members by the Captains-General. Another illustration of the capacity of the Cubans for self-government can be found in the administration of the mayors elected by the people during the years 1879-94:

as Gonzalo de Mendoza in Havana, Ocejo in Guines, Zanethy in Matanzas, Marcos Garcia in St. Spiritus, and others, whose honesty and ability in the management of public affairs, notwithstanding their limited powers, well deserved the praise and approbation of their constituents. As a reward, all that awaited them was their deposition from office, and in some cases actual imprisonment by the Spanish Government.

The fact of the population of Cuba being a mixed one cannot be logically used as a *bonâ-fide* argument against her independence. No more mixed population is to be found under the sun than that of the United States, to which all races and countries have contributed more or less, so that out of her 90,000,000, 9,000,000 are foreign-born, 23,000,000 the descendants of foreign parents, and about 8,000,000 negroes, leaving out of account the Chinese and Indian population. Nevertheless, they have proved in practice their capacity for self-government. Neither is the existence of a certain proportion of the colored race an argument against Cuban independence—firstly, because they do not constitute the dominant race; secondly, because there exists remarkable harmony between the colored people and the Cubans, who have never entertained for them the dislike so generally felt in the United States; and thirdly, because, comparatively speaking, Cuba does not contain more negroes than South Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and other Southern States. Furthermore, the standard of culture and civilization in Cuba, far from being inferior even to that of the Great Republic, as so often averred during the late war, is in many respects absolutely superior, the number of highly educated and extensively travelled individuals forming a larger proportion to the population than in the United States, where so much of the energy of the people is still expended in the race for wealth and the material development of the country. As has been already shown, Cubans of the wealthy and professional classes enjoy all the advan-

tages of the most refined culture and most advanced thought.

According to the official census of 1892, the population of the State of Alabama, for example, was about 1,500,000, of which more than 600,000 were negroes; and a similar state of things exists in all of the before-mentioned States. The population of Cuba, according to the official census of 1892 (from which must be now deducted the large number of starved "reconcentrados" and those lost in battle), numbered more than 1,600,000, of whom only 400,000 belonged to the colored race, negroes and mulattoes, so that the conclusions drawn by certain newspaper correspondents (English and American) as to inferiority of race should apply equally to many States of North America.

Those who accuse the Cubans of incapacity for self-government on the ground of their belonging to the Latin race show either great ignorance of history or a strange poverty of argument. The powerful Roman Empire, built up by the old Latins, furnishes us with one of the best examples of a triumphant democracy, and no people was better qualified for a republican form of government. Their code of laws forms the framework of modern law in many nations of the highest rank; their colonizing spirit, their military discipline, their customs and their language, as well as the monuments of their remarkable civilization, are still the subjects of serious study among us. The French Republic is on its trial. While presenting many weak points, no one will deny that, taking into account the peculiarities of the French character, it has succeeded as well as any previous form of government in France. If the Republic fail in that country, it will be due rather to the profound corruption of the bureaucratic system than to any failure of Republican principles. Switzerland, although a small country, is not without offering valuable suggestions to the student of history and of races. It must be remembered that at least one-half of her population is of French (that is, Latin) origin, and that this half manifests the same in-

domitable spirit of independence that characterizes the whole of this most incorruptible of republics. Porfirio Diaz has succeeded in establishing a very stable Government in Mexico. Moreover, the large North American Republic itself is a living proof that the so-called Anglo-Saxon race is not the only nor even the best qualified for a democratic form of government. As a matter of fact, her population is far from being made up of Anglo-Saxons, as some writers have carelessly assumed. And if a nation like the United States, composed of so many different races, of so many different elements, a great proportion being drawn from the very lowest and most ignorant classes in Europe, has known how to assimilate them and produce a very fair type of citizen, very capable of self-government, why should Cuba, freed from all baneful influences, equally exempt from tradition and old prejudices, prove an exception just because she happens to possess a relatively small negro population and to be situated a few degrees nearer the equator than is Florida? Finally, no trial has been made, therefore it is idle to prophesy as to results. It may be confidently expected that a people which has fought half a century for freedom will have something to say respecting its future destinies.

To deny the capacity of the Cubans for self-government before they have been put to the test is neither logical, honest, nor in accordance with moral principles. The charges of cruelty and cowardice brought against the Cubans by correspondents in the pay of Trusts and Corporations do not even deserve the honor of a serious refutation. They are but libels, inspired by the enemies of Cuban independence, in order to discredit her in the eyes of European nations. No more humane, hospitable, and charitable people exist on the surface of the globe. Their humanitarian and charitable sentiments have been successfully put to the proof thousands of times, and have been everywhere proclaimed. During their long and unequal struggle to free themselves from the Spanish yoke the courage and military qualities exhibited by the Cubans

have been recognized by eye-witnesses, even including their enemies, the Spaniards. Military writers like Colonels Campo and Gonzalez, and Generals of so high a reputation as Jorellar, Concha, and Martinez Campos of the Spanish army, in their official reports to the Government have paid a high tribute to the Cuban soldier. The Cuban troops, without arms and ammunition, with neither pay nor sufficient food, successfully resisted for years and years the most formidable army that any nation ever sent to punish a revolted colony.

During the seven years that the American War of Independence lasted the entire force that England sent over to fight Washington's recruits scarcely reached 80,000 men, while Spain during the present war despatched to Cuba a powerful army of more than 200,000 men, which, with the volunteers, reached the colossal figure of more than 300,000 well-equipped and well-armed men, not to speak of a fleet of more than fifty war-ships surrounding the Island and watching the coasts. To have opposed such a powerful combination with any degree of success, it was necessary for the Cubans to have manifested excellent soldierly qualities—above all, great discipline, courage, and a power of endurance never equalled in any previous struggle for independence on the part of a colony. And the heroism of the contest will be the more admired if we bear in mind that the Cubans have never counted upon the protection of any nation, and never received help such as the American Colonies received from France in her contest with England. On the contrary, up to the loss of the war-ship Maine, the whole world, the great Republic included, remained an indifferent spectator of this terrible and unequal struggle for liberty, without even according the patriots the moral support of a recognition of belligerency.

The accusations of cruelty have no foundation whatever. Since early in the century the Cuban progressive party have engaged in a very energetic propaganda, as energetic as the iron rule of the Captain-General would al-

low, in favor of the emancipation of the negroes. In this connection, the works of the Count of Poyos Dulces and Saco deserve special mention, the latter having written his "History of the Institution of Slavery in Cuba" in the year 1851, a book notable not only on account of its humanitarian tendencies, but also of its literary merits.

The first act of the Revolutionary Government in the Ten Years' War (1868-78) was to declare free all slaves on the Island. During their long struggle for freedom, lasting intermittently from 1850 until to-day—that is to say, nearly half a century—the Cubans have always respected the lives of prisoners, notwithstanding the fact that the Spaniards did not reciprocate this generosity, never sparing the life of a single prisoner taken in battle or otherwise, by force or by fraud, nor even that of a defenceless "*pacifico*" who crossed their path. Illustrations of the civilized method of warfare carried on by the patriots can be cited by the thousand.

During the Revolution of 1868 the Cubans either raided or captured the cities of Bayamo, Victoria de las Tunas, Holguin, Sta. Clara, St. Spiritus, not to speak of numerous towns and villages, and never in one instance did they take the life of a Spaniard, whether volunteer or civilian, in spite of the abominable crimes committed by the former against women, children, and the aged. In the battles of Las Guasimas, Palo Prieto, El Salado, and many others in which the Spanish forces were routed, all the prisoners of war were released by the Cubans. And, in the present war, General Calixto Garcia, at the capture of Victoria de las Tunas, took more than 700 prisoners, who were released after they had been fed and the wounded and sick cared for. In the battle of Mal Tiempo, Santa Clara province, the Cuban general Rego released all the Spanish prisoners of war at the nearest town, on a receipt to this effect being given him by the Spanish authorities. All those taken prisoners by General Aranguren, when he captured a train between Havana and Guanabacoa (1897) were immedi-

ately released. Examples of this kind are a practical refutation of the charges of cruelty lately made, and the best and most undeniable proof of the superior humanity of the Cubans when dealing with their enemies by whom they were never spared the most fiendish torture or the foulest treachery. Furthermore, the patriots have always respected the private property of the Spaniards, and when the necessities of warfare compelled them, as in 1897, to order the cessation of the grinding of the sugar-cane on the estates, or other measures of a similar character, in order to deprive the enemy of means to carry on the war, no discrimination was made between Cuban and Spaniard. All were treated alike, for no revengeful spirit ever actuated the laws and decrees adopted by the Cuban Provisional Government or the General-in-Chief of the revolutionary forces.

The history of the Cuban war does not present any example of atrocities committed by the patriots comparable in any way to the terrible scenes which took place at Scullabogue, prompted by the Irish revolutionaries of 1798, or those committed by the American patriots on the evacuation of New Orleans by the British troops.

The fact of many Cubans having remained in the cities without seeming to take an active part in the revolution does not reflect in any way upon the population as a whole, nor tend to disprove their interest in their country, nor their passionate desire for emancipation. In the first place, no colony has ever been known to rise *en masse* against its oppressors. In the second place, the immense majority of the Cubans living in the cities held by the Spaniards have rendered valuable assistance to the cause of independence by forming Juntas to direct and spread the revolutionary propaganda, collecting money wherewith to purchase arms, ammunition, and to equip expeditions, likewise conveying to the field important information relative to the movements of the Spanish army.

In the American War of Independence the people from many cities, New York included, remained at home, ap-

December,

parently siding with England, the mother-country, and never once during the war were the patriots under the command of Washington enabled to enter any of these cities. Nevertheless, no one has ever accused the American people of being opposed to the independence of their country.

I repeat, without fear of contradiction, that no colony in the world ever fought so long, so desperately, or so bravely, in the face of such difficulties, as did Cuba, without aid, without even a sign of encouragement from other nations. Consequently, at the present moment, the only position that can be fairly held by those who deny the fitness of the Cubans for self-government is to suspend judgment until the "Pearl of the Antilles" has been given an opportunity to prove or disprove their unsupported assertions. As to the intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs and the policy of annexation advocated by some, I cannot do better than append the recent utterances of the Hon. J. G. Carlisle, Ex-Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, which represent the best thought and feeling of America:

"Our national honor is pledged, and ought to be sacredly preserved, no matter what view other nations may take of the subject. . . . Whether Cuba shall be

free and independent and shall have a stable government are questions of great importance to the people of that island, and of considerable importance to us; but the question of greatest importance to the people of the United States is whether they shall allow a war prosecuted ostensibly for the independence of a foreign people to be made the pretext or the occasion for changing the very essence of our national character, and for converting their own Government into a great war-making, tax-consuming, land-grabbing, and office-distributing machine. No graver question than this will probably ever be presented for the consideration of the American people, for upon its decision depends the preservation or destruction of the vital principle of our Federative Republic of equal States. If we are to close and seal up the records of the past and begin a new history, it ought not to be said hereafter that it was done without a protest from the friends of Democratic-Republican government, or without a full knowledge of the probable consequences.

"There is absolutely no evidence worthy of consideration to show that a majority of the inhabitants of Hawaii or Cuba, or any other island proposed to be conquered or annexed, desire to be attached to the United States, while their character, habits, and past histories strongly conduce to prove that they greatly prefer to remain as they are, or establish independent governments of their own. Better a thousand times that monarchical Spain should continue to rule a people against their will than that the United States should usurp her place and hold them in subjection in the name of liberty and humanity."

—*Contemporary Review.*

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### A HEATHEN CHINEE.

BY EDWARD A. IRVING.

PHUNG AH NYAN, the subject of this sketch, has the happiest knack of turning commonplaces with a great air of originality, as when he says, for instance, "We Chinese are of two kinds. One kind bad men, and one kind good men." This is quite true; and Yong Ah Kim (literally Glory Golden, a name too good for its owner) must be classed among the bad men, as we have both reason to agree. Still, I have to thank him, since through his delinquencies I became acquainted with the family of the Phungs, who are of the good kind beyond all question.

I took Glory Golden with me from the Straits to China some years ago. He went as my domestic servant, nothing more; but as we approached that part of the Canton province which had given him birth, he thought fit to magnify his office, and to announce at the many inns at which we halted on our way that I was a Devil of the first magnitude, in fact, a "Foreign Mandarin;" which expression sounds to Chinese ears almost as grotesque as "Lobengula's Premier" would to ours." He himself posed as my confidential adviser, cheaply paid at a hundred dollars a month.

In consequence I was charged double missionary rates by innkeepers and porters, and missionary rates are reckoned at twice the market price.

But when we reached our destination at Muddy River he found himself unable to keep up this illusion: the people heard me call him "boy" (he said) and order him hither and thither; he was "losing face," and desired to retire into private life and read for a literary examination. So he withdrew himself from my presence, taking with him the privy purse and, worse still, my postage-stamps. No redress for breaches of contract or trust are obtainable for Englishmen in the friendly country of China, and I could only submit in silence. But as things turned out, other entries were to be made in time on both sides of the account of Glory Golden with myself.

Thus things stood when there arrived my newly engaged teacher Phung Ah Man, which is Phung the Late-born; and he suggested that I should employ his elder brother, with such words of recommendation as these: "Carry water, buy provisions, polish the horse, any sort of thing he can do." Accordingly I set out one day to find the house of Phung and discover this prodigy, moved partly by curiosity to hear of an elder brother who would do the rough work, while the cadet was reading for a degree.

The house of Phung lies buried in a dingle at the foot of the fir-clad hill that divides the Stone Fan Valley from the watershed of Muddy Brook. The road runs, in the uncompromising manner of Chinese roads, straight and steep down the hillside, and turns off abruptly across the drying-floor which lies between the Phung homestead and the fish-pond. And I made my acquaintance with the Phungs in this most undignified way. Glad to get off the cobble-stones, and grown "beany" on a luxurious diet of rice and beanstalks, my pony was not to be controlled, and swung round the corner onto the farm precincts at a pace that might almost have been called a trot. The drying-floor was covered with sheaves of rice, playing among which was a little naked

girl of immature age when the human infant, differing from the infant horse, is characterized by the extraordinary shortness of its legs. She, with circumspect and staggering gait, and an awful solemnity in her round black eyes, was engaged in persecuting one of those passive kittens that appear to be the complement of Chinese babyhood, when the phenomenon described above appeared before her. Naturally she shrieked and collapsed. Then to me also appeared a prodigy. For from the house a young woman rushed out with flaming cheeks, her dishevelled hair loose over her blue smock, running on stout sunburned legs of which a good hand's-breadth was visible below her knickerbockers of gray homespun. She seized the child and shook it vigorously—why does your outraged mother shake her innocent offspring?—and, straddling like Apollyon across the path, greeted me with a tirade in which "horse-bells," "get down," "strike dead," and my forefathers recurred at frequent intervals. It was in vain to apologize for the absence of the warning horse-bells. She still barred the way, and it seemed as if my only course was retrograde.

Meanwhile the rest of the household, forty or fifty strong, had turned out to see the fun, the women critically attentive, and the men wearing the amused yet sheepish air of schoolboys who are observing the castigation of another's person. An old man leaning with both hands on his stick hobbled out for a minute; but though I appealed to him as Reverend Uncle, he went back again without speaking: his patriarchal experience had not taught him how to quiet an angry woman.

I had had about enough of it, when onto the drying-floor from the other end there strolled a man leading a pink buffalo by a rope. After tying it up with deliberation he came forward and pushed his way through the little crowd. No sooner had the woman caught his eye, than, turning the current of her volubility on him, she reiterated for the dozenth time her version of my evil deeds; but her husband seemed to cut her very short, assuming with a nice

discrimination of the probabilities that his wife was in the wrong, as, shoving her aside with a shoulder of extra size, he raised toward me one of the flattest and roundest faces I have ever seen even in China, and reassured me with a grin: "No fear. No fear. Just woman's talk only!" He invited me indoors to take tea and tobacco, when following on the usual inquiries as to each other's honorable patronymics and respected proper names, it turned out that he was no other than the Phung Ah Nyan I had come in search of. So I engaged him there and then.

When I say there and then I am exaggerating. Nothing in China is ever done there and then, but I left a letter which his brother, the Late-born, had given me, and finished my ride; and returning, was told by the patriarch above mentioned that my conditions were accepted, and sure enough there was Ah Nyan Elder Brother sitting at the doorway by the threshing-floor, with his worldly goods tied into two convenient bundles, and his carrying-stick across his knees, in a state of elaborate preparation, from his freshly shaved and glistening crown to the new straw sandals on his feet. And hardly had I arrived when by general acclamation a start was insisted on. Ah Nyan grinned impartially on the little crowd, and put his shoulder to the carrying-stick. "Go carefully," cried they. "No ceremony," we replied, as we hurried off, horse and man, at a sharp trot.

In a minute we had turned the corner, and were breasting the steep road through the wood, all slippery with the cobbles and pine-needles. Here, as we slowed down, I learned the reason of the hurry. It was not the distance to be covered: our road was only three or four miles by Chinese computation (three miles down-hill, but four miles up!). It was his wife's younger brother. He, an ill-conditioned fellow it appeared, was expected home that afternoon, and it was anticipated that he would "refuse consent" unless I offered him an equally good billet. When I asked how he could do that to his elder brother-in-law, Ah Nyan shifted his ground and said he would have

"scolded." I found out by degrees that this dread of a row was one of his leading characteristics.

During the war with Japan I had the opportunity of seeing some Chinese troops embarking for Formosa, and greatly admired the soldierly compactness of their kit; for they carried neither arms nor baggage other than a fan and a slice of water-melon. At the little teahouse which comes so kindly into view at the top of the long up-grade, I had the curiosity to examine my new servant's possessions, and see what equipment for his new life was considered necessary by him. At one end of the stick there was a bundle of oiled yellow paper, enveloping a change of the coarse blue coat and trousers that are the common wear of the Chinese peasant of either sex: *item*, two live fowls strung up by the heels, a present from the patriarch to the writer. At the other end was a round wicker basket, which, being unpadlocked, was found to contain a long coat of blue satin with a waistcoat of maroon, trousers of white *crêpe*, a skull cap with red button, some paper editions of the classics, a round silk fan with lacquered handle, embroidered shoes, and a water-tobacco-pipe, of polished tin. I could not forbear from wondering how a burden-bearer should go so nicely appointed, but I might have spared the sarcasm. Ah Nyan explained very simply that the contents of the wicker basket were for his younger brother, the teacher.

The tiny cottage I lived in consisted of a centre hall or atrium, opening upon a compluvium called in the vernacular the Heavenly Well, upon which opened also my bedroom and the kitchen, that were little more than walled-in passages, one on each side of the centre hall. It is not a comfortable house, for a rainstorm beating in through the Heavenly Well takes possession of it all except a six-foot strip to leeward; and with the glass at 96° in the shade the thin black tiles prove an indifferent protection from the sun, but for eavesdropping it seemed specially designed. Ah Man, the Late-born, was cooking the fowl in the kitchen when we arrived:

he had condescended to this menial office while I was going for his brother. Ah Man was a small edition of his brother, better-looking, a Chinaman would say; but he had acquired with his books the supercilious droop of the eyelid and the air of insolent courtesy which educated Chinese affect.

I took my chair in the Heavenly Well, and left the brothers to the rapture of their meeting. I gather they did not fall into each other's arms, as Ah Man was stirring the chicken in the frying-pan and the sizzling continued unbroken. "Well," said Ah Man, and "Well," said Ah Nyan.

"Drink tea."

"I drink tea."

"How late you are."

"Not ten parts late."

"My things have you brought?

. . . Where is the key? . . . Coat of four hems, where is it? Forgotten? What a marvellous child of man!" (Here followed a most uncatholic oath.) . . . "Money did *he* give you? Well! I will keep it. I am in great difficulties. Distilled spirits, ah! yellow tobacco, ah! Shoes and socks to wear, ah!—nothing have I got."

I began to understand how it was that Ah Man had acquired his brother's birthright, leaving the plough-tail to him.

I think no one who has lived east of Suez will deny that certain characteristics have been attached by general consent like labels to the different races who serve our needs. Thus a Malay servant is lazy, a Tamil dirty, a Japanese untrustworthy, and the Chinese, though admittedly the highest development, are dishonest as a class, and of the genus Inhuman. Mine has been the rather unusual experience of making a Chinese "boy" out of the raw material, for I was the first European that Ah Nyan had ever spoken to; and lest I seem to idealize, I beg my reader not to judge my description by the standard of the Chinese servants of Singapore or Hong Kong. Even these, to my thinking, are more frequently condemned than understood. I admit they make a fair ten per cent. on their

bazaar account, justifying themselves on the ground that as they can strike a better bargain than their masters the difference is their fair perquisite by virtue of their superior skill. As for inhumanity, do footmen at table parade their emotions in any country? Your "boy" is trained to make no sign whether he holds you in dislike or in mild affection, hardly mingled with contempt, and you are astonished when you take him unawares, playing frankly with the "little Devil-son," your heir. You violate his code of etiquette at every other word, but he raises no objections. He smiles inwardly when he dusts the bit of old china in your drawing-room—it is not his business to tell you it is a spittoon. He smiles blandly when you sail for home, and blandly smiles when you return. When he has earned a competency he retires to the home of his ancestors, coated with no deeper veneer of civilization than is represented by a clock and a cane-chair; having first sold the certificate of character in which you are good enough to say that Number Three (you have never heard his surname) has served you for fifteen years. He takes an interest in his work, and is a good plain cook. Inhuman you call him—and the day he comes to table with a white ribbon in his pigtail it does not occur to you to sympathize with him on the death of his father.

But Ah Nyan, as I say, was hampered by no traditions, good or bad. Everything was to learn with him. "No matter," he would say cheerfully as his long sleeve sopped up my soup, "a worn-out coat." He was painfully anxious of acquiring his art; though at first its technicalities seemed almost too much for him. Why should tinned salmon take precedence of pork chops, but when curried gave them the *pas*? was a conundrum I found difficult to answer. Nor was he content to attribute the phenomena to "barbarous ways," but insisted on a more definite explanation. Even the soul-satisfying word Ceremony would hardly content him. Therein he seemed to differ from the great majority of his countrymen, who are curious as children, as the say-

ing is, and whose desire for information, like a child's, is easily satisfied. "Do you plough the fields? Do you eat rice? Have you surnames? Then much the same as us," with the patronizing intonation of one praising the tricks of a monkey. And then your questioner goes back to his conversation about pigs and cents. But Ah Nyan received or rejected new ideas with a vehemence which showed that his brains, like the ponies of his country, only wanted fodder to enliven them.

One afternoon I was sitting in the hall explaining to Ah Man, my teacher, that the earth moves round the sun: he was believing it to save the trouble of argument, and indulging in short yawns beneath the table on the pretence of putting on his shoe. Ah Nyan was in the kitchen having his bath; that is, he was sitting before a little basin of boiling water and dabbing himself with a cloth dipped therein, listening intently to our conversation. But when I was observing that the moon was smaller than the sun, his angry countenance, in a furze-bush of tangled black hair, together with a huge parboiled shoulder, appeared round the corner, and an angry voice said, "Lies, lies!" Ah Man was naturally furious at the liberty, and at the reopening of the question; and never again did Ah Nyan venture to break in on our literary debates, though returning from the town of a morning he used to find an excuse for laying down his marketing of pork and fruit, in a pathetic hope of being included in the conversation.

But after supper was the time of his mental exercise. Then I used to retire to the passage on the left of the centre hall, which was in theory made mosquito-proof by nets to the door and window. In practice, owing perhaps to certain pardonable artifices on my part, thirty or forty mosquitoes always managed to get in, and Ah Nyan had to hunt them round the room with his mosquito-lamp, that looked like a bull's-eye lantern lacking the glass. On this pretence he would wander up and down the little room, casting a bright O of light and quick misshapen shadows on the plaster walls: now and again the

light would be darkened, as the mouth of the lantern was clapped down upon some mosquito as it settled, while I lay fanning myself in the wet darkness. It was in these hours that I came to get some understanding of Ah Nyan's ways of thought.

Living at Heaven's Hall, next door to me, was a Catholic missionary, to whose flock Ah Man the Late-born belonged; visible from my windows was the great white Jesus Hall of the Basel Mission; the only other foreigners within fifty miles were the Americans, who lived at the Hall of Glad Tidings in the District City. Whenever I called on these gentlemen I took Ah Nyan with me, and he was hospitably entertained by members of their congregations, who (proselytes and proselytizing) were each very willing to make a convert of him, and gave him unequalled opportunities of studying the "Western Dogma" under all its aspects. Each side had its attractions for him. There was the negative attraction of Ah Man; he was of the curiously humble type of convert which says, "The men of China are the full ten parts wicked, stupid, ignorant," and he was actively supported by the priest's gardener, who took a grim pleasure in assuring Ah Nyan of the frightful torments in store for him unconverted in a better world. On the other hand, the German missionaries, with their reasoned sermons and deep knowledge of the classics, attracted him directly; and they might have succeeded had not his imagination been again deflected by the electro-plate and the gold watches of the Baptist mission, and by the bright fearsome surgical instruments of their doctor. Then Ah Man the papist would draw him back again with vehement denunciations of such "false schismatical doctrines." At one time Ah Nyan went so far as to erect a little plaster image of Ma-Li-A (as he calls the Virgin Mary) with smouldering incense-sticks before it; but after a few days the little flame went out, and one night he announced to me with much fervor, "External doctrines, internal doctrines, Heaven's will, love of my ancestors, everything I

disbelieve." As a matter of fact, he had begun to identify his interests very closely with mine, and had I been prepared to assume the responsibility of director to his conscience he would probably have accepted my direction without questioning. But I did give him the sympathetic ear, and was rewarded by degrees with the confession of his beliefs and doubts. Like those of most of his countrymen who can read and write, they vacillated between blank scepticism and superstition born of nervousness. But his code of ethics was a very high one. Truly, as he says, "Within the four seas all are brothers." Nevertheless, it sounded strangely familiar to hear, "Man's sight—before his eyes: Heaven's sight—far and wide;" "The master's planning is with men: the master's fulfilment is with Heaven," in the mouth of an untravelled Chinese peasant.

But about this time his mind became filled with a new idea. My stay in China seemed to me like going back in the world's history five hundred years. It was now drawing to an end; and I decided to offer Ah Nyan a seat with me on the magic carpet, which was to take us at a bound out of the middle ages into the nineteenth century. He was delighted, but veiled his emotion in his now well-known way by turning his back to hide his smile. "I should never venture," he said, meaning he feared the responsibility, but was willing to try if I was.

We slept at his father's house on the night before we set out. Our departure was a repetition of the day on which we first became acquainted. His father, the patriarch, with the thin gray beard and mustaches, stood at the doorway, and Ah Nyan dropped for a moment on one knee before him. Perhaps he had taken his farewells of his wife in private: as we left he dismissed her with a share in the general grin he bestowed on his relations; but toward his small daughter he unbended so far as to print a grave kiss on the shaven crown of her head. "A female infant child," he said, as if in explanation. Ah Nyan's mother, who was a thick big woman very like himself, shouted at him most

loud and earnestly, "Now, Ah Nyan, get rich and come back soon!" and burst out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Before we had gone a hundred yards Ah Man came running after us and drew his brother aside, as I thought, to say a last farewell. "When she has littered you can kill her," I heard Ah Nyan say as they parted. They were talking about the pig.

Poling down river to the treaty port, I let my fancy dwell upon Ah Nyan, how he would be wonder-stricken by the new sights and sensations. Were I inventing as I went along I could make up whole pages about his delight and astonishment; but, as a matter of fact, it was not so. Judging by fuller experience, I believe that what I then took for stupid indifference was a sort of numbness possessing his senses for a good week after his initiatory surprise. We had come round the last bend into the broad harbor of Swatow. I had pointed out the red steamers at anchor and the white Consulate and Customs Houses; but whether he misjudged his distances I do not know: certainly he displayed no more surprise than if they had been red jackets hung out to dry by a cluster of his own white cottages, and he returned behind the awning to his cookery. Before long he was startled by, and looked out to see what caused, the click-clack of oars in rowlocks, and the consul's gig—white paint, sailors in uniform, and the flag of all flags at the taffrail—swept toward us. That he could understand. It was clean and strangely rowed, but a rowboat for all that. Then to this dweller in a highland of little homes and little rivers, where little boats bring little gains to circumscribed horizon-bounded men, there were revealed and dissolved in turn scenes insubstantial as those of Prospero's pageant—a boat like a great mountain moving, the distances of open rolling sea, the intricate hubbub of the Hong Kong roadstead, the paved streets alive and minatory with wheeled traffic—hitherto a wheel for him had meant a spinning-wheel—the hotel as high as a pagoda. The lift was a flying room, and the bed-sheets a wonder not less than the others, but greater, being com-

prehensible. For this alone he had words; and after half an hour's absence I found him as I had left him, mechanically switching the electric light off and on.

How Ah Nyan took ship with me to the Malay tin-fields, where he was introduced to railway trains, elephants, and the black and sticky natives of Southern India, coming by degrees to regard them all with equal indifference, would make a story too long to tell. He worked with me for two years, during which time our knowledge of each other increased. On my part I found his virtues and failings singularly unlike those usually attributed to his race—for one thing, he was absolutely honest. At one time he bought the household supplies, an arrangement which caused him great unhappiness and ended abruptly. Loss of capital, loss of capital, was the burden of his complaint. As I took the account of his daily purchases day by day, I was a good deal puzzled to see how this could be, but closer investigation opened my eyes considerably. He was in the habit of trying experiments on me with various Chinese foods and condiments: some were nice, some intolerably nasty. The latter, feeling they were no success, and unwilling to enter into a further discussion of their demerits, he omitted, as I found, from his accounts; and in the same way if he bought a dozen eggs and two were bad, he was only charging me for ten. "As you did not eat them, I certainly could not charge for them," was his explanation; but that did not prevent him being extremely puzzled to account for the deficit in his cash balances. He used to sit for hours and hours with his account book before him, flicking the beads up and down the wires of his calculating board, and adding, I daresay, cents and fowls and days of the moon together to a sum total of utter bewilderment. It was curious with all that to see how little his belief in his own powers as an accountant was diminished. He had once been apprenticed to a pork butcher, whose books he kept, and to this he always refers in proof of his financial talents. Indeed, in his own estimation he is a

very sharp blade. "We Chinese are extremely cunning," he says; "of Chinese customs your Excellency knows nothing at all: *I* know the Chinese heart full ten parts well." Unfortunately this knowledge has not hitherto enabled him to save money. At one time by dint of keeping back his wages I had accumulated about five pounds for him, when he horrified me by insisting on investing it in a treasure of a tin mine, and laughed the notion of being cheated down the breeze. He lost his money; but his own nebulous explanation satisfied himself so well that the faith he has in his astuteness was in no degree diminished. So failing to grow rich, he contrived, as he says, to live across the day, like most of us who come to the East to make a fortune. And so when three or four times a year the unofficial postman went back to the Stone Fan district, Ah Nyan had usually a letter for his father ready to take, and a remittance of a few dollars to save it from the reproach of being a "hollow" letter.

When I left for England I took care to find a good employ for Ah Nyan, and when I came back again my first inquiry was for him. But he had vanished, and it seemed that his was to be one of the stories in real life which lack both beginning and end. Our meeting was the merest chance. A man balancing a dozen feet of timber on his shoulder, with more than usual indifference to the public safety, suddenly swung round and blocked the street with an impromptu toll-bar against my carriage. "Wait a minute," said the toll-man, turning an unmoved countenance on my remonstrances, and I saw it was Ah Nyan. He made no attempt to conceal his pleased astonishment, but executed three profound obeisances, beam and all, to the further disorganization of the traffic. But before I tell what had befallen him during my absence, I must go back in my story to Glory Golden.

I have said that my former servant, Glory Golden, had left my service in China to read for his degree. Whether he tired of that, or his relations tired of him, I do not know. At any rate,

shortly after my return to the tin-fields, he reappeared there, and, ignoring our differences over the stolen purse, had the effrontery to suggest that I should dismiss Ah Nyan (whom he described to be Useless head and useless foot) and take him on again; at which I must confess I was so indignant that, having sent away the household on one pretext and another, I considered myself justified in pointing out that the limitations of Red-haired justice cut both ways, and if theft could not be proved except by witnesses, neither could a common assault, illustrating my argument with the pliant tendril of the indigenous rattan. Some months afterward Glory was found in possession of stolen property, part of which was identified as Ah Nyan's own, upon whose evidence he was convicted and imprisoned. All of which is relevant to my story, in so far as it proves that Glory Golden in his subsequent dealings with Ah Nyan was actuated alike by jealousy and hope of revenge.

In "Maga" for November, 1897, I wrote describing just such another as Glory Golden: "After working out a sentence or two, he becomes more familiar with our methods. He scrapes an acquaintance with the law of evidence; and when he quarrels, lays an information against his enemy, whose liberty he and his friends are prepared to swear away on any plausible charge from murder to chicken stealing. If a conviction is obtained—so much for Red-haired justice! If the case breaks down, no worse harm can befall the bearers of false witness than a possible 'loss of countenance.'" I was in England at the time I wrote the above, not consciously inspired by the spirit of prophecy, but I was foreshadowing a disaster then coming upon Ah Nyan; for this is what he told me. Shortly after I had left for England, Glory Golden had come to him, and professing reconciliation, had confided to him that at a certain place he knew of unlicensed fossickers for tin had made a secret store. This he proposed that they should quietly remove, take to the police station, and claim a reward. I had occasionally employed Ah Nyan to

keep a watch on such tin poachers, and he readily fell into the trap. At the same time Glory Golden forewarned the owners of the tin (who, it appeared, were legally entitled to it) that a plot was in progress to rob them. Consequently Ah Nyan was caught red-handed as it seemed. Now were the tables turned: Glory was giving evidence against *him*: he had no one who could give support to his protestations: the evidence may well have seemed convincing to any one ignorant of the characters of witness and accused. He got three months' rigorous imprisonment.

All this he told me of his own accord when he might have held his tongue, in placid tones, without any expressions of ill-will against the bench or the police, regarding it as a matter of destiny. He waxed quite enthusiastic over the jailer—a very straight man. It was he who—if Ah Nyan is to be believed—saw at a glance that here was no commonplace offender, unloosed his fetters, released him from the ignoble task of stone-breaking, and raised him, and set him up as chief cook of all the prison. The exactness of the accounts he had to render in this office must have been rather trying to him, but he was not without his reward. "Now," concluded Ah Nyan, "I know the English heart full ten parts well. *Tit, tit, tot, tot*, very nice and very exact, in order to give satisfaction." Ah Nyan is not logical enough to extend his theory of destiny to cover Glory Golden's transgressions: however, that gentleman had discreetly disappeared. Ah Nyan looks forward to their reunion in China, where, he says, the house of Phung is exceeding grim and fierce. In the meantime it will be a satisfaction to him to know that Glory Golden's name is stained with dishonor wherever the English tongue is read. To be scolded by name in a printed book would seem to Ah Nyan the harbinger of impending miseries. As for the truth of his story I felt so assured of it that I re-engaged him on the spot, to discharge the combined duties of butler and parlor-maid.

It is said that, as a rule, bachelors' servants do not take kindly to service

under a "Mem." Ah Nyan is the exception. The small refinements of our civilization appeal strongly to some part of his nature, which must have lain in a state of hibernation during the first twenty-five years of his life. When I consider what his own home was like, and the homes of all his neighbors, walls of sun-baked clay, unfinished or plastered with a coat of whitewash, where the seats were rough benches, and the only attempt at ornament a few tawdry scrolls by the ancestral tablet, I wonder to see him arranging flowers for the dinner table with some comprehension of what colors harmonize and what do not. When complimented he says, "No! I stuck them in as they came," but looks pleased nevertheless. Ah Nyan is never so happy as when hammer and nails are in his hand—and string. He will gladly let dinner go half an hour late while he fixes hooks in the wall to keep a Gladstone bag above high cockroach level; and my almeirah is a perfect spider's web of miniature clothes lines, on which he hangs my neckties. So I conclude he takes a great interest in his work, although it is not always tempered with discretion, as when in the early days of our acquaintance he polished the barrels of my gun with sand-paper till all the browning was gone and they shone like silver. It is well for him that he can take an interest in his work, for his life outside it must be very monotonous. At least I think so, acknowledging how hard it is to put one's self into touch with a mind so differently educated. But I watch him when he is not looking: from my veranda I listen to scraps of conversation between him and the cook and the water carrier; and I try to look at life through his spectacles. Gluttony, Gambling, Licentiousness, and Vanity: these are the four venial sins. "None of these I do," says Ah Nyan, with Chinese priggishness, but truly. He does not even smoke tobacco, apparently from motives of economy. His one relaxation appears to be to sleep.

He has a small room in the servants' quarters which I pass occasionally. His bed and mosquito net are neatly

laid in one corner: an inverted packing-box for table and a rickety chair complete the furniture. On the table are arranged his writing materials, his writing-brush, his ink-dish, a gimcrack German penknife, and an impossible note book with a piece of looking-glass let into the cover. On the walls are pasted a number of red labels with three characters on each: these are the visiting cards of his friends, mostly of Phungs, his fellow-clansmen, many of whom are settled in the neighborhood. Ah Nyan is very proud of the wide circle of his acquaintance.

And this brings me to a factor in his character which buoys him up through many troubles. Servant to a sojourner in a strange land, absent from his home and family, and with no prospect of soon rejoining them, Phung Ah Nyan seems in a higher degree than most of us at the mercy of the winds of heaven, to be blown unresisting through change and mischance. But luckily he is rooted in the sense of his own importance. You can see it and hear it in his walk, how he treads full on the flat of his foot with a step that is far from noiseless even as he goes barefooted. I am told that when he follows me to office he shoulders my despatch-box with quite an air of determination, as though it should be through no fault of his if the State secrets therein contained fail to reach their destination. He announces his departure by appearing in the drawing-room and saying solemnly in Malay, "Mem, I want to go to office," as though desirous of handing over charge of the house, in the expectation that it will be properly guarded in his absence; and then stalks off in his big sun-hat as if half the cares of the universe were resting on his broad shoulders. The sun-hat, by the way, is now what it never used to be, and that is clean: a result which followed on his solemnly asking whether it would be a "breach of law" for Chinese to pipe-clay theirs like Red-hair men.

The vacant cubicle in the servants' quarters is fitted up as a shrine to Kwan Ya. It faces east across the valley to where the Split Mountain raises its sharp peak out of the blue range.

The shrine itself is a picture of Kwan Ya guarded by attendant henchmen, all axe and whiskers, and before it is a little pot full of smouldering sticks of incense. Ah Nyan says the cook and water-man made this, and disclaims all interest in it; but he compromises his attitude of indifference by saying, "The attributes of wind and water certainly are excellent." A former occupant of his room has pasted up a writing, "Heaven send great riches." "I leave it there," says Ah Nyan. Riches seem very desirable to him just now, and he can afford to throw away no chances.

Sometimes in his more hopeful moods Ah Nyan paints me rosy pictures of what will happen when he has saved five hundred dollars: he will bring out his wife and family, or he will make a lucky investment, and going home with a pocketful of money, will add new acres upon acres to the family estate. At other times, generally on receipt of a letter from home, he is extremely depressed. "What good am I doing here?" he asks, and quotes with gusto the hackneyed saying:

"Mine the burnt-offering, thine the gain:  
Ox ploughs rice-fields, horse eats grain."

I do not think I can end better than by giving a translation of Ah Nyan's latest letter from his father:

"My son Ah Nyan, hear these news. Since last year the Centre Hearth has had no letter from thee. Dullard, the two, thy father and mother, are still alive. Their heart is troubled remembering thee day and night, ignorant if their Dullard's body is well or ill. Tenth moon last year, the boy Heaven's Breath journeying to the Straits made inquiry for thee. Where thou livest he found not, thy face he met not. This word he brought back: It was said that thou for breach of the Foreign Realm's law wert sitting in hard labor, but he knew not whether true or false. The Centre Hearth hearing this was troubled at heart and very heavy. 'The barbarous islands have their rulers.' Breaking laws is angering Heaven. Angering Heaven, how expect prosperity? But true or false I do not know. Dullard, write and send a letter, ten thousand times I implore, ten thousand times I implore.

"Dullard, thy brother Late-Born is gone to Long Field Mart since ninth moon last

year to open shop. General goods he sells, ocean goods he sells. The family subscribed capital, dollars three hundred and twelve. Yet the profits are small, they are small. The day this letter reaches thee send a little money to help the business.

"Dullard, thy father and mother are old. As the sun sinking to the western hill are they. In Ah Nyan and in Ah Man their myriad hopes are fixed. Add a little to our ancestral grandeur! Add a little to thy father's happiness! Be a glory to thy forefathers! Enjoy in all things a peace of dazzling radiance!

"As for the Hearth, great and small, old and young, it is at peace: there is nought to add. Paper is short, words are long. Let Ah Nyan read my words and my heart will be glad. And this I beg ten thousand times, ten thousand times: Make no long tarrying in the foreign kingdom.

"Written in the reign of Kwong Si, the twenty-fourth year, the year styled Vu Shut. The Dullard's father, Phung Kwet Khyun sends it."

As a postscript is written:

"Last year Tsew the letter-carrier returned to China bringing thy letter and seven dollars<sup>s</sup> of full weight. These the Centre Hearth duly received."

When Ah Nyan received this appeal the eternal question of dollars became more insistent than ever. His fancy reverted to the undiscovered tin-mine; but my imagination became filled with another idea. I explained to him that in the Great Yin country there exists a class of noble men who are willing to purchase the histories of the adventurous for the benefit of a sympathizing British public. I volunteered to become his biographer. This idea appealed to his sense of importance, and appeared eminently feasible to him. He lent me his letter to translate, and further presented me with some disjointed notes descriptive of that favorite subject of his, the Chinese Heart. I have referred to these in the forefront of my article.

So if this ever appears in print, the reader will know that it has helped an honest man toward the competency without which he is too proud to return to his father's family and share their rice in the ancestral home.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## FASHODA AND THE UPPER NILE.

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

NEITHER the British Government nor the British people can hope to escape the penalty of their own weakness. The Fashoda dilemma in the very hour of supreme success is the bitter drop in the draught of triumph supplied by the military genius of General Kitchener. Yet posterity will never doubt that it was placed there by our own acts, and that it represents some part of the retribution due for the irreparable betrayal of Gordon and for the cowardly and reckless evacuation of the Soudan. Gordon foresaw and prophesied it all. There is "the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under greater difficulties if you wish to maintain peace in and to retain Egypt." In another passage he speaks of that effort costing millions of money and thousands of lives in the future if the policy of evacuation is persisted in. But of all his utterances that recorded as far back as 1878 to this effect was the most prophetic. "Our English Government lives on a hand-to-mouth policy. They are very ignorant of these lands (that is, the Soudan south to the equator and westward over Darfur and Bahr Gazelle), yet some day or other they, or some other Government, will have to know them." The day has arrived, and apparently the French Government knows them as well as the British.

It will be well to record at the threshold of an unbiased consideration of this important question how fully those predictions have been realized. In the first place, twelve millions sterling were expended on Lord Wolseley's failure to save Gordon, and then we abandoned the Soudan. Notwithstanding that ignominious withdrawal, events made it clear that "the Soudan could not be divorced from Egypt," and after five years preparations began to be made to recover it. In nine years' preparation and the three campaigns of Dongola, Atbara, and Omdurman another twelve millions have been expended.

To organize the whole of the old Egyptian provinces, excluding the Bahr Gazelle and the Equatorial region, will require at least another twelve millions. These figures will show that Gordon did not underestimate the cost of our want of purpose in 1884. Still we have smashed the Mahdist power, and the control of the Nile has reverted to the Khedive.

But our want of purpose was not confined to the year 1885 and the period of absolute inaction that followed. It continued long after the resumption of active operations, and even when Lord Salisbury described the plans of the Government in 1897 they were limited to the task of avenging General Gordon and destroying the barbarous power of the Khalifa—in other words, to the occupation of Khartoum and Omdurman. The intention eventually to resume control over the dependent provinces was, however, revealed in the Anglo-Congolese Convention of 1894, by which the British Government leased the whole of the Bahr Gazelle province, including Fashoda, to the Congo State, thus claiming the right to dispose of that territory as part of the old Egyptian possessions. But although it claimed the right it did not assert it, for it was publicly known that France at once protested against the Convention, and not merely diminished in the most high-handed fashion "the Bahr Gazelle, including Fashoda," to the *enclave* of Lado, but wrested from the Congo State the valuable and costly stations it had founded in the Semio region north of the Mbomu. This step, taken in broad daylight and not, as Sir Charles Dilke suggests, in the dark or as a got-up affair, very much discounted the effect of Sir Edward Grey's language in March, 1895—some months after the Franco-Congolese Convention modifying that with England—when he characterized the advance of a French expedition toward the Nile as "an unfriendly act." Sir Edward Grey's

words were no equivalent for France's acts; and as it was known throughout 1896 and 1897 that Liotard and Marchand were practically certain to reach the Nile and thus give effect to the claim France had put forward to the Bahr Gazelle in 1894, it follows that the omission to make the most strenuous and emphatic protest against M. Hanotaux's reply to Sir Edward Grey in the French Senate in April, 1895, and to warn France that such a step would be treated as a *casus belli*, weakened our case and gave the French good reason to believe that we would recoil before the *prise de possession* which had answered so well in Siam and West Africa.

The point that it is most necessary to make clear in approaching this question with a view to its satisfactory and speedy solution is that our own weakness, vacillation, and trust in the chapter of accidents have damaged our case, and, so far as argument goes, given our antagonist a chance to which neither her sacrifices nor her motives entitle her. We are fettered by our short-sighted policy in 1884-5, by the policy of evacuation and scuttle which was favored not only by the Gladstone Administration, but by Lord Salisbury's great Proconsul Lord Cromer, and by the timidity which led the Conservative Government to think that public opinion would only support the gradual and piecemeal recovery of the old Soudan. On the other hand, France has not only been encouraged to go on by our hesitation, but has been led by concessions on our part in every controversy to believe that the British Government, and Lord Salisbury in particular, would never fight an issue to the bitter end and by an appeal to the sword. The Quai d'Orsay may well be excused for believing that the Minister who could not hold his own on the Mekong, who overlooked the Waima outrage so completely as to forget to claim the personal indemnities admitted to be due, and who had not a word to say against M. Gerard's encroachments in China and the retention of two of the most important provinces of Siam, would never make Marchand's presence

at Fashoda a cause of quarrel. Our so-called statesmen have ever been the clog on the wheel of British progress. In two centuries three names alone are associated with the effective assertion of British power, and we have neither Pitts nor a Palmerston to-day. Even in the miserable Soudan muddle the Egyptian Pashas of Cairo, of whom never a civil word is written, showed in 1884-5 a truer statesmanship than our most distinguished representatives. When the latter sacrificed their private convictions to swim with the stream by supporting the Government programme of evacuation, the Pashas refused to subscribe their names to any policy based on the withdrawal from or surrender of the Soudan, and several among them even declined the post of its Governor-General on learning that they were to give effect to such a decision. Time has shown that they were right, and that the collective wisdom of Downing Street in agreement with Lord Cromer for that period was wrong.

The recollection of these facts will perhaps temper the heated decision that Marchand must be turned out of Fashoda without delay or discussion, and that England must proceed to maim France with the result of leaving her in a crippled condition to be further maimed and perhaps destroyed by Germany, while at the same time France must succeed in sufficiently maiming England to make her less able to hold her own in Asia against Russia. The common sense of the nation will revolt against so precipitate a decision, and will soon refuse to see any proof of statesmanship in a violent settlement of the Fashoda difficulty when a brief reflection will show that our own weakness in the past largely contributed to its creation. It is no depreciation of the importance of our interests on the Upper Nile to say that they are not worth a precipitate and headlong quarrel with France, a neighboring country with which we have for eighty years been laboriously building up a better relationship, and whose continued existence is a safeguard and not a menace for our highest interests. No one can accuse

me, who can show an unbroken record of public writings in season and out of season in favor of the retention and recovery of the Soudan, of minimizing the value of our interests on the Upper Nile, but if they can be secured and regularized without a war with France every one is the gainer. We may have to support them by force of arms; but to destroy the chances of a diplomatic success by throwing the sword into the scales is unworthy of our position and dignity.

While there is still time it may be hoped that both Governments and, more important, both peoples will listen to some arguments based not on passion, but on reason. The British have, in the first place, to recollect that their own weakness in the past is largely responsible for Marchand's presence at Fashoda and for the French intrusion into the Bahr Gazelle. On the other hand, the French must also listen to some home truths. The steps taken by their agent or representative were not merely an unfriendly act because Sir Edward Grey with Lord Rosebery's authority thus described them, but because they were guided by an absolutely hostile intention. Marchand was to reach the Nile not merely to raise the tricolor thereon, but to join hands with an Abyssinian army, led by French officers as well as the generals of the Negus, and thus form an effective barrier in the path of the Anglo-Egyptians. The plan did not come off. The Abyssinians did not play their part, but we must recollect that if the French remained at Fashoda there would be the probability of their attempting to do so on some future occasion. The intention of the French in this expedition could not have been more anti-British than it was, but although Marchand reached the Nile the main project has failed. But the French must not expect us to feel grateful for their little adventure in behalf of civilization. Having failed in the purpose, and the purpose itself being revealed, the French have to ask themselves the question whether there is any practical utility in leaving eight of their officers

with a contingent of 120 black men in a place notoriously unhealthy and completely isolated. That is a question they will have no difficulty in answering themselves if they are allowed the time for reflection, and find no cause for interpreting our remonstrances as threats.

The French are always open to persuasion if they are approached on the more chivalrous side of their character, and if arguments taken from the storehouse of sentiment rather than reason are employed. They will deny our right to lay down the law, and they are far more likely to go to war for a phrase than we are; but on the other hand, they will not attempt to deny that our sacrifices of men and money, the martyrdom of Gordon, who was always urging us to "make up with France in Egypt," and the efforts we have made under Gordon, Baker, and others for the suppression of the slave trade in this very region, give us a claim far superior to any they possess, which the weakness of our representatives during several years diminished but could not destroy, and against which even the daring march of Marchand cannot provide any equivalent title. I say if the French are allowed to weigh these arguments they will see themselves that the fact that their officer reached Fashoda two months before Lord Kitchener does not furnish a sufficient ground for their retaining possession of that place in face of the return of the old Egyptian masters of that territory. The sandy plains of the Soudan are stained with some of the best blood of England; against that claim the French have no set-off. The name and the achievements of Gordon alone supply title-deeds to the provinces he won over to civilization, and in which he put down the slave chase with the hand of a master.

These arguments will carry conviction to the French conscience, and if the proverbial golden bridge is built for the honorable retirement of a proud and sensitive nation, the Fashoda incident will pass away without that rupture of the *entente cordiale* with our

neighbors which we value, and which we should see broken with permanent regret.

At the same time, France cannot retain Fashoda, nor can she be allowed to possess any portion of the Bahr Gazelle contiguous to the Nile. The question is how this retirement can be effected in a graceful manner without the least appearance of constraint or compulsion on either side. There is absolutely only one way of arriving at this desirable conclusion, and that is by reviving the Anglo-Congolese Convention of May, 1894, by which the Bahr Gazelle was leased to King Leopold. France cannot have that province, or, to be accurate, the greater part of it, but she will very likely fight for the honor of her flag, sooner than retreat. On the other hand, she would beyond doubt readily avail herself of a third course—that the province in dispute should pass into the hands of the Belgians. England must and will have what may be called the superior control of this part of the Upper Nile, but she certainly does not want to go to war with France. Although less inclined than the French to accept a compromise at this moment, it is difficult to see how the British Government can have any objection to revive the lease it granted four years ago to the sovereign of the Congo State if that arrangement will satisfy French opinion and enable the Quai d'Orsay to meet us half-way. The attenuation of that lease by the French Government without any reference to us was a far more flagrant act of unfriendliness than Marchand's presence at Fashoda, yet its settlement was allowed to stand over. The time has now come to settle them both. England cannot allow a formal arrangement such as that signed by Lord Rosebery's Government with King Leopold to be summarily modified and practically set aside. She is the more induced to take up that line of policy in this matter because in doing so she will also find the cure for the malady in the existing relations of two great States.

But at this point of the question Sir Charles Dilke steps in and says, If you

do this King Leopold will secure our most valuable province of the Soudan. The opinion of Sir Charles Dilke is entitled to great weight in matters of foreign policy, but it is not clear that he is prepared to make the presence of the French at Fashoda or in the Bahr Gazelle a *casus belli*. If not, the fertility of that province is a question quite beside the immediate issue; and if the only two main points are to avert war and to yet keep the French away from the Nile, and above all to intercept any possible line of communication with Abyssinia, then the fact, to use Sir Charles Dilke's phrase, of King Leopold's taking the oyster, even if true, would not weaken the merit of an arrangement which was concluded for major considerations. But is the Bahr Gazelle the oyster of the Soudan? General Gordon always spoke of Darfur as the granary of the Soudan, and mineral deposits are far more likely to be found in Sennaar and generally on the Abyssinian frontier than in the Bahr Gazelle. The potentialities of the whole of the Soudan are great, but their realization will take time and a heavy expenditure of capital. The task will be lightened if some small part of it can be entrusted to other hands, and, of course, provided that we can feel sure of their proving safe. I suppose it is not necessary to occupy space in proving that we have no peril to dread from the Belgians. They are not set on an aggrandizing policy with the military aid of truculent Abyssinian chiefs, and in Central Africa they are tied to the principle of free trade and a maximum tariff of ten per cent. They are, moreover, a people whose numbers and whose exceptional position in Europe enable us to say without any insult that they would prove inoffensive neighbors.

There is another point of importance. The territory of the Bahr Gazelle was not given but leased to the King of the Belgians. The lease was to remain in full vigor during the reign of King Leopold II., and at the expiration of his Majesty's reign it was to continue in force over a contracted area so long as the Congo State remained independent or a Belgian colony under the

King's successors. It was consequently not to be an indefeasible possession, and France's right of pre-emption over the Congo State will not apply to it. The arrangement was also not altogether one-sided. The Congo State leased in return to Great Britain a strip of territory twenty-five kilometres broad from Tanganyika to Lake Albert Edward. This claim has never possessed any value because Germany protested against it. An impartial observer will probably conclude from the energy with which both France and Germany protested against this Convention of Lord Rosebery's Government, that it was an excellent arrangement. Its value, however, at the present moment is that it furnishes the means of a friendly and pacific deal with France. As the Congo State, owing to the German protest, was unable to furnish the equivalent specified in the third article of the Convention, it would only be reasonable that some other concession should

be inserted in the terms of the new lease. Unlike more powerful and less scrupulous neighbors, the State is quite prepared to negotiate on the actual merits of the case and the practical necessities of the situation. It can also be relied on to carry out the promises it makes and to fulfil the conditions imposed upon it. If the French had not come to the Nile at all, the Anglo-Congolese Convention of May, 1894, would naturally have been revived in some form or other; but the presence of Marchand at Fashoda, and the critical situation between England and France, have made the whole question one of capital importance. If the French give way the future arrangement with the Congo State on the Nile will no doubt pursue a normal course; but if they will not give way, then the alternative I have sketched may be the means of averting a serious and regrettable strife.—*Contemporary Review*.

## ADVENTURERS AT THE KLONDIKE.

BY T. C. DOWN.

It must not be forgotten that the glowing accounts of the miners who come out from the Yukon with their pile of gold, which is the product of infinite labor, or with the comfortable draft which represents the sale of a claim to somebody who afterward figures as a vendor in a prospectus submitted to the confiding British public, only refer to the successful ones; while the reports in the blue books of the enormous wealth of the Upper Yukon are the magnificent generalizations obtained by the estimate of Government officers from the sum of the facts already known, and from forecasts based on analogy. Success is all that is represented: the long years of grind and semi-starvation endured up and down the Yukon by many of those who have struck it rich at last, the record of the crowds who pan out no more than the same amount of application would

do where life affords more satisfaction, or barely make a "grub-stake," or come to an untimely end, or perhaps perish before they even reach the goal—all these do not appear, and yet it is among these that the great mass of the gold seekers will be found. One or two per cent. of the vast crowds will strike it rich, but every one of those who set their face in that direction hopes to be among that percentage, and so the work of pioneering and gold mining goes on.

Considering that the element of luck enters so very largely into the possibilities of success at the gold fields, the veriest greenhorn standing just as good a chance of turning up a good "prospect" as the most knowing old hand, it is most interesting to be able to follow the doings of a particular handful of men in this utterly exceptional species of adventure, and with one and another we can get a pretty fair picture of the

whole turn-out, and of the variety of modes of occupation open to men who mean business. It is true that men do not go out to Yukon to compile diaries, in order to furnish us with the exact details of their travesty of existence which we may read at ease in an arm-chair, they go out to work like horses and live like boors, but at intervals they will send home a few letters when the chance offers, mostly by the good offices of a friend who is returning for some reason. A pile of letters is not a desirable addition when a man is coming out as "light" as possible from Dawson City after the river is closed, at the risk of his life or permanent injury from the frightful weather of winter; and the value of the service may be appreciated when we hear that a special messenger was to start from Vancouver with a limited mail at the charge of \$3 for each letter under half an ounce, when on arrival at Dawson all the letters were to be placed in the post-office. As to the official mails which were taken in by the mounted police from the coast in the beginning of the winter, about 1000 lbs. weight of letters lay stacked up at Little Salmon River, over one hundred miles south of Fort Selkirk, at which point the police were obliged to leave them for the whole season, and they did not reach Dawson until the spring. It will thus be seen that the prospect of regular communication throughout the year with Yukon is still remote.

Fortunately I have been able to trace the doings of several parties of adventurers from Manitoba who went north in the spring of 1897. The majority of these arrived at Dawson City in the following July, though a few from the Prairie Province had reached there somewhat earlier, and dropped in for some good things.

It is important to remember that an adventurer should never trench on the nest-egg which he has laid by to take him home again, in case he has hard luck, and that, therefore, while he is not actually prospecting, he should endeavor to make money by any means that offer. Such is the invariable practice of Canadians.

A small party of three left Winnipeg on April 15, and reached Dawson on June 17. One of these was a member of a good old Red River family, whose brother followed later—Bannerman by name, if it matters. On their way to the coast, they met a miner who offered them a "lay" on Claim 23 above Discovery on the Bonanza, thinking that men would be scarce. Five men are generally required to work a claim, and at the time these three reached Dawson City, there were only about eight hundred people there. The bargain was, that they were to get half the proceeds for putting up a cabin and working the claim for the winter. On this claim the width of the pay-streak was from 60 to 80 feet, and the depth underground from 18 to 25. It was turning out rich, the wife of the owner having picked up in less than two days \$600 in large nuggets. One evening the three men tried their luck with the gold-pan, and found in every pan from four to six bits of pure gold. This may be a criterion of the whole drift, or, on the other hand, they may have the bad luck to strike a poor place on the claim.

During the summer they worked for wages at sluicing, getting \$16.50 each for eleven hours' work, but they suffered considerably from the attacks of flies and mosquitoes, while the dead were almost as bad as the living, filling the air with a stench. Bannerman secured a location for himself on Dominion Creek, many of the claims on which were turning out well, it being an easy matter to get a few thousand dollars for the sale of a part interest in a claim. Deaths were frequent, two men being killed in one week, one by a tree falling on him, and the other through suffocation by gas on a bench claim. Even in July, though men were coming in every day, large numbers were leaving by the river boats down the Yukon, unable to stand the hardships they had to endure.

A second of these three partners located what he considered a good thing on another creek. Then, when they had put up the cabin on the Bonanza claim, and got things into working order for the

winter, he decided to come out and make the necessary arrangements for the proper carrying on of their work in the future. He left Dawson in the end of September, poled 300 miles up stream to Fort Selkirk, and then walked over the mountains to the coast by the Dalton Trail, reaching Winnipeg in December. This necessitated a new arrangement for working the lay through the winter, and it ended in four of the adventurers taking hold of it. In the end of November they were shovelling out dirt that went 85 cents to the pan. Such an amount is nothing phenomenal, but even on this basis they stood to make from 5000 to 10,000 dollars apiece for their winter's work.

Another young fellow who also reached the Klondike in June, was a son of the Sheriff of Manitoba, and he at once obtained a berth as clerk at one of the great trading houses, at a salary of \$150 per month, with board. Of these there are two in Dawson City, the Alaska Company and the North American Company, which practically monopolize the whole trade of the Klondike, the others being mere one-horse concerns. A clerk in a western store (*clerk*, they say) is what we call a shop assistant, and puts his hand to everything, not merely sitting on a stool and entering up accounts; such an individual would be called a book-keeper.

It may be objected that this is not gold mining. Quite so; but it was an excellent offer, with good pay, and a very pleasant prospect of avoiding starvation, with acres of bacon and loads of provisions all round you in a great warehouse, while with outsiders the gold might be plentiful enough, but food a vanishing quantity as far as those who had no lien on it were concerned. And as I heard the Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories remark on one occasion, when the subject of conversation was the vagaries of a certain Justice of the Peace, who was likewise a baker, a player on the organ (as they call the humble harmonium), a schoolmaster, and a preacher: "A man must do all sorts of things for a living in this country." Moreover, trading is a certain way of coining money at miners'

camps, whereas gold prospecting is chance work, and many a young fellow has made a successful start on less than a clear salary of \$150 a month. And if any other apology is needed, then I would suggest that the surest way of making money is to be able to put your hand to something of a special nature, while the rest of the crowd are mostly intent on a pursuit that is common to the mass of them.

Next comes a party of six, who reached the Klondike ahead of the main party in a couple of boats, the one steered by an ex-Alderman of Winnipeg, and the other by an Archdeacon of the Church of England. These had all arranged to maintain a partnership, but the first thing they did on the day after their arrival was to dissolve the partnership, as they found that all the claims on the rich creeks had been long before staked out, and that it would be difficult for the six of them to get work at one spot. They divided their provisions, but stayed all together until they could get them stored in a safe place, each man having a twelve months' supply. By this time, the middle of July, the population had doubled, but money was plentiful, and every man carried some dust in his gold-bag, it being perfectly easy for any one who wanted to, to earn \$15 a day, whether at cutting and hauling wood, building, packing to the mines, sluicing, carrying water from the river, or washing dishes. Indeed, there was such a quantity of goods to be packed for the rich mine owners, that packers had work ahead for weeks, so that a poor man had to stay in the town or carry his own outfit, or else wait till more horses were brought in.

The ex-Alderman went into the real estate business, which means trafficking in mines and town lots on commission, and also secured a claim on Eureka Creek in the Indian River district, south of the Klondike.

The Archdeacon, alas! (tell it not in Gath) appeared to forget all about his missionary work, and making to himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, located a claim on Hunker Creek, a stream to the east of the Gold

Bottom, where gold was first discovered, and a good way up the Klondike. Years ago, in the student days, I used to attend church down at South Kensington, and at one time, on successive Sunday mornings, the Vicar gave us a series of three sermons to the refrain of "Demas hath forsaken me." He used to read the whole of the preceding text, but his scorn of Demas was beautiful to hear. And, according to John Bunyan, this gentleman afterward went into mining operations. I do not wish to suggest anything, and merely cite this as an odd instance of the association of ideas. Let us hope that the venerable Archdeacon is going to devote the proceeds of his toil to the good of the Church in those God-forsaken regions.

When the main party reached their destination in July, 1897, Dawson City, which lies on a great moss-flat by the river, was a place consisting mainly of some hundreds of tents straggling along about a mile and a half in the mud, and at the lower end was the steamboat landing. The filth and stench which assailed you as you walked along the main street were positively poisonous, for there can be no drainage, since a little below the surface the eternal frost begins. And yet upon this "festering mass of putrid muskeg" (to quote a well-known engineer's words) people were rushing up all kinds of buildings. If any attempt were made to drain the place, the ice and frozen matter would melt and run off, and then the buildings would settle and become injured. In these circumstances it is perfectly clear that all the filth and refuse must remain on the surface and breed disease, and this was the cause of the outbreak of typhoid fever in the hot weather.

The first matter which demands urgent attention upon arrival here is the stowage of provisions, and for this purpose a *cache* has to be made, which is a sort of stage put up on four posts eight or ten feet high, driven into the ground, so that your supplies may be out of the way of the ravenous dogs that prowl about and devour or destroy everything they can get at. Digging

with a pick through frozen ground and then fixing your posts is not an easy matter, but probably by pouring water into the holes a solid mass of ice would form again at night, which would hold the posts firmly in place. The next thing is to secure work or take a trip out to the diggings. A young doctor, who had nearly lost his life in the rapids below Lake Lindeman, hung out his shingle (the substitute for the brass plate of civilization) and at once went into practice. He was then the only Canadian doctor in the town. He afterward went into partnership with the Police Surgeon and did well, dividing his time between his medical work and going on an occasional stampede into the country. The Police Surgeon, by the by, had been fortunate enough to secure Claim 53 below on the Bonanza at the commencement of the excitement.

One young fellow, McFadyen, actually started by setting up as a lawyer, though being from Manitoba he could not possibly have had any right to practise in the Territories, whether he knew anything of law or not. That, however, would be a matter of no consequence, for there was a tailor who struck out in the same line in the early times on the prairies, and ultimately made good his title to be admitted as an "Advocate." It only represents the audacity and self-confidence of the average Canadian, and it is owing to this happy-go-lucky style of putting his hand to anything that he will push his way where an Englishman would be helpless. The work of a hedge-lawyer, however, in a place where a miner can scratch a transfer of his rights on the inside of the cover of a tomato-can, and take it down to the Commissioner to be registered, did not prove remunerative. Accordingly, he and another Mac. went into the inevitable real estate business, for your Canadian is in his element at a "deal." The firm was so successful that they actually negotiated one transaction which brought them in \$30,000 as commission.

"Chestnut!" the reader will remark, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility. I knew a young barrister in

Winnipeg who netted several thousands merely by carrying through the sale of a large block of prairie land to a rich friend in the East, and when all the lawyers rushed to Regina, the new capital of the Territories, he was enabled to live in clover, when others had to be satisfied with an old newspaper for a table-cloth. He stayed them all out, and is now a Q.C.

But the new arrivals did not neglect their main object. McFadyen secured a claim as well as half-interests in other claims. His partner was fortunate enough to locate on Hunker Creek, which now has a great reputation. One day, with some others he went up the Klondike bear hunting. They left their canoe when paddling was no longer practicable, picked their way a long distance up-stream, and at last had the luck to shoot a bear. To get him to where they left their boat they had to make a raft to run him down. The rest of the tale consists of the fact that the raft went to pieces, and they lost the bear, and two rifles into the bargain. On Indian River bear and moose tracks are frequently seen, and occasionally the Indians will secure one of the latter and bring it in. Moose venison, I may say, is delicious eating, but as to bear meat I cannot speak from experience, for I was never reduced to the abject state of hunger necessary to make me tackle it. I understand it is fat, and has something of a porky flavor.

Mackintosh and Conway, two of the most energetic of the whole party, lost no time in tramping out to the diggings, the nearest of which are about fifteen miles from the town. "The trail is over the worst kind of ground that it is possible to imagine—through musk-eggs, and over hills and rocks that would puzzle a rat," sometimes the prospector being up to his shins in moss, clambering over a fallen tree, or bending his back to get under one that is only half-fallen, the sharpest of stones and boulders scattered in every direction, lying, in fact, as they have lain ever since the last upheaval of a remote antiquity. Over ground like this men can only carry forty or fifty pounds, though they would be able to

pack 100 or 150 on a trail of ordinary decency; and so it will be seen that everything is in favor of the rich claim owners who can afford to pay heavily for labor. They explored the Bonanza and Eldorado, got their first glimpse of mining, and handled a nugget four inches long and three wide, the largest found up to that time, and said to be worth \$583; but they were not wanted there just then. At first they seemed to be rather depressed at the prospect, which reminds one of that of a hungry man having to look on at a dinner in which he can take no part; but they soon buckled to work, so as to make money instead of living on their capital.

Mackintosh started working on a building, for which he got \$10 a day—fair pay for a novice; several of the others took a hand at cabin building for miners who could afford to pay for it, and the whole of them found employment of some sort or other.

Conway and a couple of others went up-stream twelve miles, cut down twenty logs, rafted them back in three days, and made \$35 apiece. This was his first experience at logging, and he found it pretty hard work. Next time they brought down a raft of fifteen logs each, were away four days, and were paid \$48 apiece. Riding a raft down the stream is described as great fun, for the Klondike is of the nature of a mountain torrent, and the current is variable. In some places the stream is very swift, and your raft is sent against the bank with a force which upsets the equilibrium. At other places the water is shallow, and there you would get "hung up," and have to wade in and work it off, which is not an easy operation. Some of them stuck to this for a time, but the other two, when the weather turned too cold for stopping in a tent, set to work to build themselves a town house, a useful sort of foothold if they happened to pay a visit to Dawson City in winter during their work at the mines. This mansion or cabin is described as follows: "It is not very stilyish or large, but will answer the purpose all right: 10x12 log, moss in between the logs; for roof, small logs cov-

ered with moss and about a foot of dirt on top of the moss; they say it makes quite a warm cabin." When he came to bank it up, that is, throwing a broad heap of earth several feet deep all round the outside walls at the bottom to help keep the cold out, the earth being got by digging a trench, he found that he could only get to a depth of 14 inches below the surface, and then struck the frozen ground as hard as steel, into which the shovel would not go an eighth of an inch. This will show the sort of thing the miners have to fight against, when the frost has not gone further out of the ground even in the exposed flats on which Dawson City stands. When you have made a good substantial bank you throw water all over it, which soaks through, and the whole soon freezes into a solid mass, and so remains till spring.

By this time it was the middle of September, when the mornings began to get foggy and the ducks came south, bringing out every one with his gun to get a change of food by way of luxury.

McLellan, a strapping young fellow, who seems to be a universal favorite, formerly belonged to the police in Winnipeg, a fine body of men, who can compare with the City of London or the Dublin police. He took up the building business, and frequently made his \$15 a day at work much pleasanter than mining, besides disposing of several cabins at good figures. In November he built a more substantial one, which fetched \$2000, and was then considering the project of putting up a large building suitable for an hotel. Although he had done so well, however, he was very chary of encouraging others to go there. In a letter of October 31 he advises all who contemplate going to Yukon to stop and ponder before throwing up good situations and leaving comfortable homes for the rough living and hazy prospects of a miner's life in far away gold fields. He thinks there are a lot of claims on the rich creeks (Eldorado, Bonanza, and Hunker) that will not pay the rate of wages current there. "My advice," he concludes, "to all is to bring lots of grub and warm

clothing, and withal plenty of money to get home with in case fortune does not breathe favorably on you." At the time of writing many parties were selling out and leaving for the coast, getting \$1.25 to \$1.75 per pound all round for their provisions. Flour was the scarcest article in Dawson, and fetched \$80 to \$90 for a bag of 50 pounds. Moccasins were \$12 a pair, and poor at that, the price in civilization being two dollars. Building timber at the forks of Eldorado and Bonanza was \$350 per thousand feet, which will partly account for the extravagant cost of buildings. As far as I remember, \$30 is a top price for the best lumber outside, and that certainly does not find its way into the Territories. Coal-oil (the American name for petroleum) was \$400 for ten gallons, and candles a dollar apiece; woollen socks \$3 a pair, and a newspaper \$5 to \$10 according to the date of issue.

It must not be supposed that our adventurers had spent the whole of their time in mere manual labor for wages, to the neglect of the chief source of attraction. On the contrary, they seem to have seized every favorable opportunity of going off on a stampede, and in many cases with as gratifying results as could be expected. A stampede happens in this fashion: a prospector has been out and found a place on a creek which he thinks will turn out well, returns to town, and tells his friends in confidence to get out at once and secure claims. These naturally confide in somebody else; others in the crowd see them making off and join in, without knowing in the least where they are going; the result being a stampede of some hundreds of men rushing off with provisions snatched together for a few days' supply, when they ought to have taken enough to last them, perhaps, a couple of weeks.

The consequence is that though a man may join in many expeditions of this sort he may not have the luck to be able to stake a claim, since the creeks are small, and soon taken up. I heard of one man, an old miner of twenty-five years' experience, who made in all ten of these stampedes, and never profited

by one of them. He wound up by getting into a location on one of the Bonanza claims, after which he went ahead.

One of the party, in an interesting letter from French Gulch (which he carefully explained was written on a plate inside his tent, on account of the rain outside), describes how he was fortunate enough to be in with the first and stake a good claim on Sulphur Creek, a tributary of Indian River. He happened to come across a man who was one of the discoverers of gold on this creek, and had been in Winnipeg eight years before—on such thin threads does fortune hang. This man was good enough to advise him to take a run out and gave him a map of the trail. "Trail," by the way, is perhaps a deceptive word to old-country men, for it really may signify nothing more than the general direction in which somebody has gone before you. Four of our party accordingly went out and reached the spot in time for every one of them to stake a claim, though not one of the four could boast of a *Mac* to his name; the writer himself, indeed, came in with the best, and secured a claim which was next to the one on which the gold was found in paying quantities. Probably the distance from the town had a great deal to do with their stroke of luck, for Sulphur Creek is forty miles from Dawson. On their way back they met the crowds which had set off as soon as the news leaked out, but they were then on the right side of the hedge, for the creek had been staked from top to bottom, a length of sixteen miles. Soon afterward claims on this creek were selling for \$5000, and not a sod turned on them. The distance, however, would prevent him from working his claim until the coming summer, for he would have to take out his provisions on the snow in the spring, it being impossible to carry supplies on your back for forty miles and do any work prospecting, for you would practically be doing nothing but carrying "grub" all the time; and the carriage of 100 pounds for forty miles costs \$100. This explains the difficulty, for any but one who is well off to

start with, of prospecting in the remote creeks away from navigable waters, and at a long distance from the base of supplies.

French Gulch, where the letter I am now referring to was written, is not so far away, being only twenty-five miles from Dawson City. It is in the tract of known rich country, being a small creek running into Eldorado, the richest creek in the world, as they say. Two others of the party, not so far mentioned, had located claims on this gulch, and were now sinking a shaft to see what they could discover. The writer, after his luck on the Sulphur, had come out here, and fixed on a vacant spot next to one of these, which he was now engaged in "holding down," that is, stopping upon it in person to keep off newcomers, until he could see what sort of luck his friends had. By this means he would avoid recording a claim that might be worthless, the regulations allowing an entry for one claim only in each separate district. French Gulch is in the Klondike district, while Sulphur Creek is in that of Indian River.

Several of them narrate facts of the same description as the startling tales already told of the riches found on the two principal creeks, which they could ascertain for themselves on their way from French Gulch, or while engaged in building at various times for other miners. A small gulch comes in on No. 2 below on the Bonanza, where there are about three remarkably rich claims. Two men took out \$10,000 from one of these claims in eight days by merely digging down to bedrock, but as this particular writer says, "there are so few of these claims." He himself located No. 7 on Meadow Creek, a stream running into the Sulphur, where he found coarse gold at the surface, but the real value of all of these ventures will, of course, not be known until after the drifting and the wash-up of the spring and early summer of this year. Besides this, he located on Hunker Creek, where a great many of the rest also got claims, which is considered very fortunate. MacLellan staked on French Gulch, and in fact

most of them got a foothold somewhere or other. Mackintosh and Cowan, already mentioned, staked on Eureka Creek, and in these two claims, and the one on Meadow Creek, the three owners arranged to have a common interest.

Although these different parties from Manitoba had done much better than we should suppose possible, considering that we are strictly following the adventures of the various men composing particular sets of individuals, yet there is not one of them who positively and unequivocally advises any one to follow their example. The fashion in which they give expression to their advice depends upon each man's idiosyncrasy. The writer from French Gulch takes on a caustic turn, and observes that "A fellow gets all he wants of camp life coming to this country. To a man who thinks he can stand anything and do anything, and who has a good opinion of himself in general, I would give the advice to come here by the first boat, and he will find that he cannot do everything as he thought." One of them began to get rather sick of it, thinking the work would be too hard, and made up his mind to get out, but whether he did so or not I have never heard, as he had also located a claim in this same gulch. Of him the writer merely observes: "He is not far wrong, as picking and shovelling is hard work, and packing 60 to 70 pounds on your back twenty-five miles in a day over a rough road is harder yet. I am at fighting weight now, 162 as against 189 when I left home."

At Buffalo Hump we knew a young fellow who had been ploughed for the army, and went West to earn his living. He was then a "section-hand," one of a gang under a foreman, who has charge of a certain number of miles of railway track to keep it in order. The work is nothing but navvy's work, paid for at about a dollar and a half a day. He used an Irish name on the section, and his own English one when he came in for a cup of tea. We asked him once how he contrived to endure the incessant labor with pick and shovel the whole day long. He said it was back-breaking work at first, but you

learned to get used to it. Bacon and beans three times a day without change is also fairly tiresome, but when a stampede lasts longer than is expected, and provisions give out, berries and roots are the only resource, and that is, perhaps, rather worse.

It will be readily seen how great are the advantages all round when a number of friends join together and go to the diggings, independently even of any question of partnership. In the quick communication of valuable news to one another; the assistance possible in the working of their claims, where otherwise the payment of wages to strangers might be a ruinous item which would cause all profits to vanish; and not least, the extra comfort and saving of labor in their cabin and living arrangements, the advantages are quite obvious; and if a shortage of food stares them in the face, a certain number can go out for fresh supplies, leaving their own share to make up the deficiencies of the rest.

Toward the end of September wages fell from \$15 to \$10 a day, but this was owing to the large number of incompetent men whose work was not worth their day's pay, and it seems that good men were still able to command the higher figure.

There are many other modes of making money at Dawson besides those I have enumerated, but all are equally laborious. A Scandinavian, of whom there are large numbers in Manitoba, started from Winnipeg in August with seventeen head of cattle and one assistant, a Frenchman. The cattle were driven over the Dalton Trail, which leads from the Chilcat Pass to the Lewes River, the Frenchman leading an ox in front. Not much difficulty was experienced except at the summit, where the rarity of the air made the cattle uneasy. When they reached the Five Fingers Rapids, the cattle could not be driven any farther, so a raft was built with about forty logs, in which holes were bored and rawhide thongs used to hold them together. It was then the beginning of October, with snow on the ground, and ice beginning to form at the water's edge. The cat-

tle were killed and put on the raft, and soon were covered with ice through the spray from the river. In the end of the month he reached Dawson City, and disposed of the beef at \$1.25 per pound.

But I will not weary the reader with further details, though there are one or two things still worth mentioning. More than one of the adventurers advise any one going to the diggings to take nets for salmon fishing, as the fish were very numerous in June, July, and

August, and brought 25 cents per pound. And another states that books of any kind are most expensive, a good miners' book being very much wanted. So that if any one chose to load himself down with a sackful, he would doubtless be able to make a handsome profit at the very outset.

Such things, of course, should be obtained at Victoria or Vancouver the last thing before leaving for the North.

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## COAL, TRADE, AND THE EMPIRE.

BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

COAL rules the destinies of nations. A country may have the most powerful navy in the world, but if it be without coal it will be in the position of a man with a pipe and matches and no tobacco, and every lover of the weed knows by experience the hopelessness of such a situation when far from any haunt of man. Coal is the source of our commercial prosperity and the secret of our naval supremacy. In a dim fashion this truth has long been recognized by Great Britain more than any other country. Now Germany, Russia, and the United States have awakened to the fact. Germany has seized Kiauchau, and Russia has Taliewan and Port Arthur. Whatever views may be entertained to-day of the uses for which these ports have been taken, there is little doubt that they will become, and that soon, naval bases—fortified points from which in time of hostilities warships will be able to replenish their stores of coal, ammunition, and general supplies. One lesson that the war between Spain and the United States has emphasized is the importance of coaling stations, and already our American cousins are looking round for suitable strategical positions so as to be prepared for the future; they have seen that the movements of the Spanish fleet in protecting the colonies of that unfortunate country were hampered for want of coal. What food is to a human being coal is to a warship, and the sur-

prise is that Russia, France, and Germany have not many years ago made strenuous efforts, well-nigh to the point of the bayonet, to supply the deficiency which has existed so long, and which the events of the past few years have merely thrown out into bolder relief.

In these days a navy without coal would be as useless for defensive and offensive operations as coal without warships to protect it would be for commercial purposes. Coal is the first requisite of empire, as the navy promises to become the strongest link binding together in one great English-speaking commonwealth the populations of the ten million square miles of scattered territory over which the Union Jack floats. Our output of coal is 195,000,000 tons a year, and it shows no likelihood of decreasing, while in China there have just been brought under British control regions in which it is calculated that there is sufficient excellent burning coal to supply the whole world for thousands of years. We now have the requisite of empire, trade, and sea power in the East as well as in the West, and this fact is a bright augury for the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, since next to ourselves the United States are the largest coal producers in the world. While it is true that France and Germany bring 28,000,000 and 45,000,000 tons respectively to the surface every year, Great Britain and the United States already mine

about three times as much coal as all the other Great Powers combined, and there remain the virgin coal and iron fields of China which lie ready for development by British capital. Americans sometimes humorously tell us that the old country is played out, but the truth is that if British pluck, brain, and muscle have not deteriorated, the essential element of continued and increasing prosperity is still in our hands.

In recent years commercial men and politicians alike have adopted the proverb, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, and we are spending about £45,000,000 a year on the army and navy to assure peace and consequent prosperity. It is merely a matter of peace insurance. The nation pays the premiums every year as a provident man pays a company an annual sum to insure his life or provide a capital sum at a given age when working days are past. And the insurance capital of the British Empire and India are the million officers and men of the regular and auxiliary land forces; the navy of 106,000 officers and men, and the 450 warships, on which, by continual self-sacrifice, we have spent over a hundred million sterling; and, lastly, our coaling stations scattered over the face of the oceans, like buoys in any of our harbors.

We have more coaling stations than any other Power, but have we enough? It is not a new question. Sixteen years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to answer it, and as a result we have to-day more coaling stations and they are better supplied and more securely protected, than in the past. Since 1895 Parliament has been committed to a gigantic scheme, costing about eight millions sterling, for strengthening our naval bases at home and abroad. This is quite apart from the three and a half million pounds which is being spent at Portsmouth and Devonport in dock-yard extension. This is an important scheme for strengthening our position as a sea power, but it does not provide any new bases. So the question is still: Have we enough naval bases?

Although we have more protected naval stations than any other Power, we have not as many as is popularly

supposed. In the Mediterranean there are Malta and Gibraltar; in the East Indies and China are Trincomalee (Ceylon) and Hong Kong; in Oceania, Sydney; in America and the West Indies, Esquimalt, Halifax, Bermuda, and Kingston (Jamaica); in Africa, Simon's Town and Ascension. These are the regular fortified naval stations of the British fleet. A naval station to be effective must not only have stores of coal, ammunition, and general supplies, it must provide good docking accommodation. How far would these stations be of service if a battleship of the size of the Majestic, 413 feet long by 75 feet broad, with a displacement of 14,950 tons, met with a mishap in action that necessitated the vessel being docked in order to be made again efficient? There are three suitable docks at Malta, two at Hong Kong, and one each at Sydney, Simon's Town (Cape Colony), Halifax, and Esquimalt; in short, there are docks of this great size in the Mediterranean, in Chinese waters, in Australia and South Africa, and two in North America. This is satisfactory. Moreover, we are building two docks at Gibraltar that could accommodate two Majestics, and there is reason to believe that the Admiralty will come to an arrangement with the Auckland authorities whereby the navy will have at its service the new Calliope Dock, measuring 525 feet long, and thenceforward Auckland will become the fortified base of New Zealand. Whether Durban will be transformed into a protected naval station will depend upon the success or otherwise of the measures now being taken to remove the bar that is said by the authorities to render the port unsuitable for the use of warships. In view of the French ascendancy in Madagascar and the difficulties at Delagoa Bay, such a base would be of great value. To these stations we may soon be able to add Wei-hai-Wei. It may be developed into a second Hong Kong, or the Government may be content with a more modest scheme. Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, St. Lucia, Sierra Leone, Karachi, St. Helena, Zanzibar, Aden, Melbourne, and Mauritius are

lesser coaling stations, but Aden, Sierra Leone, St. Helena, and St. Lucia have no docks.

The most efficient test of our coaling stations is to trace the principal trade routes. In time of peace the trade route to the East is by the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, with Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden as naval bases. In the event of war with any Mediterranean Power, Great Britain would probably block the Suez Canal, as the Americans tried to block Santiago by sinking the Merrimac. Europe and the East would thus be isolated except by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Failing this expedient, and especially in case of war in the Far East, Aden, strongly fortified, would be the port from which British warships would operate to prevent ships, which had succeeded in getting through the canal and in navigating the Red Sea in safety, from escaping into the Arabian Sea and thus reaching the scene of war. Aden, therefore, is a naval station of the first importance. It would bottle up any ships of an enemy in the Red Sea, as Gibraltar would to the eastward any that were in the Mediterranean.

Nowadays every one admits that when Lord Beaconsfield secured predominating influence over the Suez Canal he made one of the soundest imperial investments. How is the position of Great Britain affected by the repeated and inexplicable rumors that Russia has secured a port in the Red Sea? The improbability of the "deal" has been so repeatedly demonstrated that there is reason to fear it may be true. Raheita, the island mentioned in this connection, is so close to the British island of Perim as to decrease greatly its value as a telegraph and coaling station and as a place of anchorage, while the importance of Aden as the garrisoned and fortified sentinel of the eastern entrance to the Red Sea cannot be unaffected.

It is generally admitted that in time of war the route round the Cape would have to be taken by merchant vessels, and it would also probably be selected for the transport of troops and supplies,

as being less exposed to attack. Is this route sufficiently well provided with naval bases as centres for the operations of patrolling cruisers and as coaling stations for our warships generally? In time of peace the intermediate coaling stations to the Cape are Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madeira, St. Vincent, and Sierra Leone. Lisbon, Madeira, and St. Vincent are in foreign territory, and would almost certainly be closed to British ships in time of war. Therefore there would be no coaling base between Gibraltar and Sierra Leone, a distance of over 2000 miles, and our cable station at Madeira and the cables that are landed there would be open to attack. Between Gibraltar and Sierra Leone, moreover, is the French coaling station of St. Louis. These 2000 miles require to be split up by a base, and in war time we should need a place to which to shift our cables from Madeira, since, next to coal, cables are of great importance in naval warfare. No proper patrol of the route can be maintained if this long length of the West African coast is neglected. Every consideration, commercial and naval, recommends some point, preferably an island, being acquired as a base from which commerce and war supplies could be effectively protected. It may be urged that in war time the Admiralty would send steam colliers with any warship, operating on this portion of the coast. But we have no colliers such as America has used so effectively, and if we had they could not satisfy all the conditions in warfare that a naval fortified base would supply.

In the Atlantic we are well equipped. Bermuda is "the porter's lodge" to the United States; it is only 280 miles from North Carolina. It commands the east coast of America in a remarkable manner, and is strongly fortified, and would be most difficult of successful attack. Further north is Halifax, and above San Francisco Esquimalt, while our West Indian trade is protected by St. Lucia and Jamaica. But in these days the possibility of war between the United States and Great Britain has been thrust back by both peoples beyond the pale of practical politics.

In Australasian waters, even with the addition of Auckland, our bases are unevenly distributed, though numerous and on the whole fairly adequately defended. Lord Brassey is familiar with Oceania, and he has stated that the combined expenditure of the several Governments may literally be reckoned by millions, and he accepts the general defence by volunteers by land and by naval brigades and coast warships of various types, supported by the local British squadron, as satisfactory. This, however, only affects South Australasia, and there remains the northern portion of the continent without a dock or naval port of any description. In view of recent developments in China, the Philippine Islands, and Siam, and the energetic buckling on of her armor by Japan (paid for out of the Chinese indemnity), the question may be raised whether a well-defended, though not necessarily very expensive, naval and coaling station on the north coast of the Australian continent would not prove of the greatest service in case of emergency. It has been necessary for the several Australasian Governments to expend large sums on their southern, western, and eastern shores; would it not be worth the trifling expenditure involved to fit out a small base on the north? Thursday Island, one of the smallest of the Torres Straits group, could be utilized for this purpose. It possesses at Port Kennedy an excellent harbor, which is capable of defence at no very great expense. That the Queensland Government would co-operate with the Imperial authorities in converting Port Kennedy into a moderately fortified naval station and coaling base, there is little reason to doubt. The colonists of Australasia have watched with anxious interest the recent occurrences in China and the North Pacific, and any movement that would strengthen their position would receive hearty support.

Sir Walter Raleigh once stated: "He who commands the sea controls trade and commerce, he who controls trade and commerce commands the wealth and riches of the world, and he who controls wealth controls the world."

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LXVIII., No. 6.

These words, written at the very birth of Greater Britain, are as true to-day as in Queen Elizabeth's reign; in fact, they are more true, since our trade is greater, and many of the distant children of the mother country have grown to the stature of nations and are more tempting than in the past to a jealous Power. If we intend to hold our trade and bind all the scattered portions of the Empire together, a strong navy must have the support which only fortified coaling stations can give. Successive Governments have done surprisingly well in the past, and there are only two weak spots in the chief ocean routes of our commerce. Another station on the west coast of Africa and the fortification of Port Kennedy, Thursday Island, would complete the links in the great Imperial chain that our forefathers began and it remains for us to-day to complete. We have much to lose. According to the assessments of the local authorities, the property in England is worth £160,000,000—a colossal sum. Against these figures set the fact that the wealth of this country which is every year borne over the seas is valued at £1,100,460,000, or seven times as great as our wealth on land, and something of the responsibilities of defending our gigantic trade will be understood. In addition to this trade, there is the Empire itself and our kith and kin across the seas.

Our trade has been likened to the early emigrants who had to cross the great American prairies before the advent of railways. Warlike Indians made the journeys dangerous; the parties were continually interfered with, and often captured or destroyed. But these difficulties were surmounted. Military posts and garrisons were established along the routes over the prairies, and emigrants passed from post to post and garrison to garrison in safety. The emigrants and their goods are like our trade, threatened on every hand as it passes over the seas, greater and wilder than any prairie; and in place of garrisons and military forts we have dotted the seas with fortified coaling stations in charge of British troops, and the wastes of ocean between these points of

security and energy are continually patrolled by the ships of the Channel and the eight foreign squadrons, while the bases are further linked together by the electric cables, which all meet at the Admiralty and the War Office like the reins of a coach and six in the hands of the driver. The coach is the Empire, the horses are the coaling stations, the warships, and the colonies, and the driver is represented by the Government headquarters in London. All is

order and quiet in these offices, and it is difficult to believe that this is the centre of all the nerves of the Empire. In our colonizing, our trade, and our defence we have imitators to-day, and it behoves us to see that there is no link in the Imperial chain that is too weak to bear the strain of war. On the strength of the weakest link depends the continuance of peace and commercial prosperity.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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### THE GUARDS OF RIGHT.

THE skies are dark, the mist is dense,  
We cannot see our way;  
A pressure that is chill, intense,  
Has hidden all our day!  
We know the foe is somewhere near  
Beneath this blinding blight  
Of doubt, uncertainty, not fear—  
*Stand fast, O Guards of Right!*

Dimly the sun has kissed the East,  
Dimly has kissed the West!  
We're bidden to the fateful feast,  
Where War shall mate with Rest,  
A cry comes forth from out yon gloom  
That should be dove-like, white,  
“Sheathe swords! suppress the cannon boom!”  
*Stand fast, O Guards of Right!*

The promises of broken faith  
On Sands of Time are strown,  
We bought those promises with Death.  
What sowed them? Blood! our own!  
Across the seas on every strand  
The bones of men bleach white,  
The Sign-posts of our Mother-land!  
*Stand fast, O Guards of Right!*

Stand fast! nor heed the whining cry  
Of curs, who fear the foe,  
Of women, who would fain deny  
That God had made them so!  
Stand fast! for all that Britain's worth!  
Stand fast! amid this night!  
*You hold the Peace of all the earth!*  
*Stand fast, O Guards of Right!*

—Punch.

## AFTER CORN HARVEST.

BY ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

A STRONG wind from the southeast; long clouds, between whose light fringes the sun peeps from a firmament of clear cobalt to blaze upon the southern horizon a bar of gold; a thick mist in the west, out of which the rooks come to their field labors as from behind a gray veil—these are the signs of the early morning, given in promise of a fine day. Toward noon the mist rolls away. The breeze follows the mist. A silence comes over the woodlands—that grief-stricken silence which broods upon the dying year, and which, from the sounds that at intervals break in upon the still hours, is rendered more profound. Russet and yellow leaves strew the fields and lie in heaps along the hedgerows. Still they fall, with a gentle but crisp touch, brushing the undergrowth in their spinning, downward flight.

Hushed are the thousand songs of summer. Hushed is the hum of insect life that filled the long days. Only the robin is now heard in the wood clearing, and what he trills is often interrupted, as if in the remembrance of his loneliness he suddenly forgot the music of his requiem. Only the last feeble bee drones aimlessly past. The grasshopper that unexpectedly chirrups in the sunlight is the ancient one of his family. The frail ephemeral fluttering up from the grass-top is a lonely loiterer loath to bid good-bye to the once radiant world.

There are wonderful tints in the woods—aureolin and crimson upon the bracken, golden and blood-red upon the brambles. The heart-shaped leaves of the withering bindweed—trails of orange and lemon yellow—hang over the hawthorns. Bare and white are the bines of the pink convolvulus.

But all the flowers have not yet faded. In the meadows the last blooms of the hawkbit, ragweed, yarrow, scabious, valerian, and knapweed may still be seen among clusters of cup-shaped capsules and downy seed-heads. In the hedges the red berries still cling to the

mountain ash and hawthorn and wild rose, to offer food for the silent birds when winter shall be clothed in white.

The salmon are now in the upper reaches of the river, for it is the spawning season, and every gravelly shallow is tenanted by a busy pair. The trout have left the rippling streams—where flies, hatched out in the whirlpools and drowned in the rapids, were formerly an abundant repast—and are now in the deep pools where the water is quiet and the temperature more equable. At this season birds forsake the hedgerows for the open stubbles and turnip fields, there to glean scattered grains or pick up pupæ hidden near the grass roots. Family cares forgotten, the hare wanders further afield than when the corn was standing. But she returns to her “form” in the early morning, and lies on the top of the sunny bank throughout the day, her scut toward the wind and her ears turned back to catch the slightest alarm. The poacher soon grows acquainted with her regular habits, and learns her “run” from her footprints in the soft mud by the ditch or from a bit of fur in the gap. A day with the beagles, too, is a source of income for him. Then he carefully marks the hare’s course, making a note of the gaps through which the hunted creature passes, and of the direction of the wind. If the hounds fail in their quest he secretly rejoices in her almost certain capture at his hands a few nights hence.

One of the best friends I ever possessed was well versed in the poacher’s craft. In his early life he had subsisted on the spoils of the field; more recently, however, he had settled down into regular employment and chapel-going respectability. But a strange, uncontrollable longing would ever and anon come to him. Then, a prey to that indefinable feeling of vagabondage which clings to the particular side of nature which the poacher looks upon, but nevertheless anxious to avoid a

breach of the law, he would come to my study, and over a jug of ale discuss plans for a lesson in the ways of night and night-prowlers. So the following afternoon saw us in the heart of the country, prepared to practise, up to a certain point, the poacher's wiles on those lands over which I myself, or a friend in the secret, held the sporting rights. Soon I became conversant with the paths usually trodden by unprincipled thieves, and from what I saw I gathered quite enough to convince me that the poacher has never yet revealed his ways to a book-reading public. Fortunate, indeed, for the average sportsman is his silence!

Old Evan's friendship for me dates back to such a day with the beagles as I have already mentioned. Immediately the fussy little hounds had "found" among the ferns at the top of Corrwg woods, and just as I was buttoning my coat for the long run I had promised myself as a welcome exercise, I felt a hand on my shoulders and, turning, saw the famous poacher retreating toward the copse, and beckoning me to follow.

"Come with me, sir. We'll see the hare a precious deal more than them as goes after her. What's to be gained in watchin' her runnin' at such a bat as them ther' little beagles will never catch her in? I owes a grudge to that huntsman, too, and with all his toot-tootin' I'll bet *he* won't get that ther' hare to-day, unless p'raps my reck'nin's out. No! No law-breakin', sir; I'm too old for larks now. But we'll see some fun, and help the poor hare. The odds is fairer now, twenty to three, not twenty to one timid thing."

Wondering at what he might mean, I followed my guide about half a mile at right angles to the direction taken by the hunt, over turnips and a wheat stubble to the entrance of a narrow grass-grown lane, where only the ruts made by the wheels of great hay wagons showed a sign of traffic. Walking quickly along the hedgerow Evan stopped at one gap after another, examining the briars and soft spots in the bank. Apparently satisfied, just as we reached the end he whispered that

we would retrace our steps. Upon coming to where we had entered the lane, he again closely watched for a sign, at the same time muttering: "Yes, jus' so; I think we're about right; from the direction of the hounds it must be the same one as has this run." Then, after listening to the far-away music to our left, he motioned me to crouch in the bracken which grew along the ditch.

"Now, whatever I do, mind follow me, sir." Five minutes passed. "Here she comes. Keep low!" With a shambling, leisurely stride, down the lane came the hunted animal, straight toward us, betraying no anxiety but for those she knew were on her track, her ears turned to catch the distant babble. Just as she passed our hiding-place out shot old Evan's arm to clutch her hind leg in a firm grasp. As quick as thought the other hand was placed over her mouth to stop her cries. Then up we jumped, and off we started along the fence toward the crest of the neighboring bank, where last we had heard the beagle's music.

As we came in sight of the furze-covered hill, the last of the hounds could be seen leaving the tangle in the opposite direction. Down we rushed along another hedgerow to the bottom of the dingle. There the hare was carefully dipped in the clear, cold stream that overflowed a cattle-trough, and afterward released among the thickest of the brakes.

"Aye, it seems to me they'll come to a check up yonder. And if they hunts this scrub again I misdoubt me if they'll wind her well after that cold bath she took." We wandered back in time to see the beagles completely puzzled, and to hear the members of the hunt make sage remarks anent "riding over the hounds" and "a wretched hunting day, sir; scent lies bad!" Presently the puppies, intent upon some sort of sport, spread out in a long line, with whimpering tones, in pursuit of the farmer's sheep dog, which they chased for over a mile toward the farm-yard.

Many an October night I have watched the silent lurcher at work, beating the fallow as systematically as

any setter, till presently the net flew out and the screaming hare fell entangled in its folds, oftener than not to be released for another chance of life when the old pointer should stand over her in the furrow. Or in the evening, completely hidden among the strewn leaves of late autumn, and enveloped in thick coats and mackintoshes, old Evan and I have crouched together watching the movements of a covey which, enticed by the "tse-wheet! tse-wheet!" of the charmer, had come over the hedge to within a few yards of where we lay. The use of a binocular would frequently enable us to see what they were feeding upon.

The cry of the trapped leveret—a high-pitched, long-drawn "ah! ah!" mimicked perfectly, would—sometimes long before we knew it—bring the anxious mother from the summer corn to where we lay in the clover.

Speaking generally, it is well to keep away from hedgerows when luring creatures by mimicking their cries, for blackbirds all through the year frequent the thickets which divide the fields, and of all notes of alarm theirs are most observed by fur and feather. Many a carefully laid plan have I known spoiled by a blackbird's rattling warning. A furze clump in the middle of the field is a capital spot for observation. Waterproofs and dry leaves screened us almost invariably, and, in certain places used frequently, heaps of these withered leaves were collected beforehand. Consequently, no suspicion was entertained by the field and woodland dwellers, for we were clothed in the garment worn by the woods themselves.

One night, after a varied entertainment had been afforded us by creatures that prowled around for food, a vixen stole into the moonlight of the wood-clearing, and took up her post beside a warren. Presently we heard the "yap! yap!" of the fox in the neighboring stubble, and shortly afterward saw a rabbit come quietly down the glade, till, when almost touching its crouching enemy, it was seized and killed. The vixen, taking her prey in her mouth, then went to meet her lord. At the end of the glade he appeared in view, his

eyes glittering like live coals. Together they proceeded, quite amicably, to feed upon the rabbit which, apparently, the fox had driven in from the stubble to the burrow where his mate was waiting. Just as they were finishing their meal, old Evan, mimicking the call of the vixen, uttered a wild "yah!" The effect was instantaneous. At once the jealous creature, with her fur standing ruffled up around her neck and along her spine, came with crouching stealth toward the brambles among which we lay concealed, and actually sniffed at the twigs which hid my companion's face. Something—unknown to us, as we dared not move our heads—must have now occurred, for, after listening intently for a moment, she passed behind and disappeared with the fox into the wood.

The utmost discretion and preparation are needed for the successful study of wild creatures in their haunts. And it is quite an error to suppose that everything concerning the wonderful intelligence displayed by our field and woodland dwellers has appeared in print. Even the earthworm, the commonest of creatures, irrigating our gardens and ventilating the roots of our flowers, was never understood till Darwin wrote the story of its life. Sportsmen are more or less degenerating into mere riding or shooting machines, and as a rule know little of the habits of the creatures they pursue. How few there are who possess, in even a trifling degree, that insight and patience displayed in the writings of White of Selborne, Richard Jefferies, and "The Son of the Marshes!"

The rooks have left their summer haunts on the hillside for the great trees which stand in the valley, whither, in dense array, they fly at approach of night. The squirrel, now that the nuts and acorns have fallen from the hazels and oaks, is frequently seen about the fields near the woods, searching for winter stores.

At the fall of the year, birds and beasts, with the exception of those which are gregarious, forcibly drive their young from their homes. In some cases of speedy maturity the no-

tice to quit is given earlier still; in others only when food in the immediate neighborhood becomes too scarce to supply sufficient for more than individual wants.

Before the end of October—the time of the first frosts—nearly all our feathered visitors have forsaken our shores. Frosts kill the insect life of the year. Our emigrants—warblers, swallows, woodpeckers, nightjars, cuckoos, and certain other insectivorous birds—when unable to procure their food, leave us for the south, where flies and grubs are always abundant provender. Grain and berry feeders, birds of prey, and those which subsist on almost anything and to whom a change of diet is welcome, as a rule remain in Britain, for winter with us is rarely severe, and they are always able to procure sufficient food when scattered over a suitable district. Then, too, the holly and larch and furze are snug shelter.

Our immigrants arrive about the time that northern regions are frost-bound. They are either marsh or coast birds, or grain feeders, and come hither only when their former haunts have become frozen, and aquatic life and grain and fruit too safely protected by the grim frost-guardian. This is part of nature's great scheme:

the northern dwellers fly toward more open and hospitable shores, away from the direction of the biting blast. Our summer songsters, to whose light pinions a hundred miles are but a trifling distance, when they fit away in their turn toward more genial climes are probably guided to a great extent by the same desire to leave behind them the cold winds.

Intelligent caution is displayed in the direction of their flight, and, I believe, in certain deliberations which seem to precede their departure, for they choose the shortest sea-passages, and often pause to recuperate in Devonshire or Cornwall after crossing St. George's Channel on their way from Wales to the Continent. Hunger and, more especially, thirst, are their greatest enemies in migration.

"Drip! drip!" the few green boughs shake off the cold sweat of approaching death. Tread softly over the strewn graves of summer. Harvest is past. Life is falling to sleep. The sun goes early to the west, decked in red and purple splendor. At night, when the moon lies in the arms of a gray cloud, a chill mist hangs upon the shivering earth, veiling the trees and meadows in dim obscurity.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

#### THE EMPRESS-REGENT OF CHINA.

THE most interesting personage in China during the past thirty years has been and still is without doubt the lady whom we style Empress-dowager. She was never Empress, not even as imperial consort, having been but the secondary wife of Hsien-féng, the Emperor who fled from his capital on the approach of the Anglo-French forces in 1860. But she took the title as the mother of that ill-starred monarch's heir, in which capacity she was allowed to share with the widow proper the regency during the minority of the Emperor Tung Chih (or Chê, for there is no agreement as to the transliteration of Chinese sounds). To our notions

this was a most anomalous arrangement: nothing more certain to lead to trouble could be conceived. Under such a *régime* harmony in the State could not have been maintained had the two women been angels, whereas only one of them could by any reasonable use of language be assigned to that order of beings, and she the childless one. The female duumvirate was not what was intended—was, in fact, an unforeseen result of the last will and testament of the Emperor Hsien-féng, who died at his hunting-lodge at Jého, whither he himself had been hunted by the victorious invaders; and as the consequences have been so curious and so

important, it may be well to recall the transaction in brief and very imperfect outline.

The fundamental law of the Ta-tsing dynasty is the Salic law. No woman and no eunuch can ever reign or rule. Conforming to the laws of his house, the Emperor in his will nominated a Council of Regency during the minority of his infant son, afterward known as the Emperor Tung-chih. The Council was composed of two imperial princes and the Minister Sun-chê. To his two wives, the true but childless one and the secondary one, who was mother of the Prince Imperial, he bequeathed the guardianship of the infant. The Emperor placed his real confidence in the first, the legal wife; but he was fond of the other, the mother of his heir. A serious dilemma thus confronted him, which he thought to evade by placing in the hands of the Empress a private and personal testament, giving her absolute authority over her colleague, only to be exercised, however, in certain emergencies. As a matter of fact, the power was never called into exercise.

The Empress-mother was twenty-seven years old, clever, ambitious, and apparently fearless. She saw with envy the whole power of the State passing into the hands of the Council of Regency, while the two widows were relegated to a quite subordinate place. Brooding over this imaginary wrong, she conceived a scheme by which the position might be reversed, and confided it to her brother-in-law, Prince Kung—the same who, for many years, presided over the Tsungli-yamén with such genial urbanity; the same who recently died and came to life again, then died for good. The ambition which the Empress-mother confided to Prince Kung was nothing less than to suppress the Council of Regency, and set up in its place the authority of the two Empresses. Inasmuch, however, as they were ignorant of affairs, and women to boot, the Prince himself was to be the real executive and *de facto* ruler of the empire. Prince Kung yielded to the seduction, and thus became accessory to the violation of the dynastic law—of what other law, hu-

man or divine, it is needless to particularize. The dilatory Chinese can be prompt enough on occasion, as has recently been seen, and Prince Kung took the very first opportunity of executing the plot hatched by his sister-in-law. The Regents were returning from the obsequies of the deceased Emperor when Prince Kung launched trumped-up charges against them of neglect of certain funeral rites, had them arrested on the road, and executed. By this summary violence the two Empresses were securely established as Regents, with Prince Kung as Chancellor of the empire.

For a few years things went smoothly. Prince Kung was ably assisted in the government by Wén-si'ang, Hanki, and other patriotic statesmen, who seem to have left no worthy successors. The two Regents seldom met, for the palace in Peking is a town rather than a building, or, rather, it is a series of palaces separated by wide areas. From the relative position of the buildings in which they had their respective apartments, the ladies were known as the Eastern and Western Empresses, the former being the title commonly applied to the one whom we have termed the true Empress.

The Court on its return from voluntary exile was naturally on its best behavior, having to feel its way with the foreign Powers who had established their representatives in the capital. The Powers on their part were indulgent, moved thereto by the circumstances of the Court, a child on the throne under the guardianship of two widows. Moreover, a great calamity hung over the Chinese empire in the form of a devastating rebellion, which was a danger to foreign interests only second to that to the Chinese themselves. Hence, by common consent, the Government and the Court were treated with anxious deference by the representatives of the Western nations, who could seek no audience of the infant, and, not knowing what to do about the two women, did nothing. So the Palace and the Forbidden City were kept sealed against intrusion, and the domestic drama was allowed free

play within the precincts. The young Emperor was growing toward maturity, so, in an even more important sense, was his imperial mother, the rising and the ruling spirit in the whole *ménage*. Her consort, the "Eastern" Empress, was full of gentleness, meditation, and widowhood; in private life her example would have ensured the highest commendation, with a chance of posthumous honors. She was, therefore, unequally yoked with her sterner sister, and the pair could never have really worked together to any practical end. The eclipse of the weaker luminary was only a question of time.

What transpires in an oriental palace is filtered through such miasmatic media that every separate detail is open to something more than ordinary suspicion, and first impressions may form a distorted picture. But in the long run, after cancelling out contradictions and threshing the residue, approximations to the truth may be arrived at, more or less definite, according to the force of the personalities concerned. Where the character is feeble its spectrum fails to penetrate the thick vapors that surround it, and is liable to be refracted into the semblance of something unlike itself. This was the case with Prince Ch'un, the father of the present Emperor, who, so long as he remained in seclusion, was believed to be a violent reactionary, the most vehement opponent of foreigners and their ideas, head of the "war party," and so forth. But when the fall of his elder brother, Kung, in 1884, necessitated the emergence of Prince Ch'un from retirement, and his assumption of important public offices, the mask was found to have covered features of the mildest type. The fire-eater roared like a sucking-dove. He was liberal and well-disposed to foreigners, demeaning himself toward them absolutely like a gentleman, and winning golden opinions wherever he appeared.

There was never such ambiguity about the Empress-regent. No veil was thick enough to hide her character. Her career has been consistent, and she remains what she has often been called,

the "only man in the empire." Possessed by three passions, of which the two having self and power for their object have survived the more transient one, and still gather strength with advancing years, the portrait of her Majesty that is most intelligible to the European comprehension is that which represents her as a counterpart of Catherine II. What she might have been with Catherine's Christian education, and unhandicapped by enforced seclusion, it would be idle to guess. It may, indeed, seem strange that a woman so endowed should have been content to pass her public life behind the screen; but there have been many masterful women before her to whom the *purda* offered but a flimsy obstacle to the exercise of their power.

Of the scandals of the Palace it would serve no useful purpose to speak in detail; while on the other hand it is impossible to ignore them altogether, since they have been a factor in Palace politics, and the source of some of the bitterest family quarrels. The eunuch, at all events, is a feature of Palace life which may be accepted as historical—a convenient medium both for catering for his owner's whims and for making free with his secrets, and her Majesty has been both well and ill-served by those obsequious ministrants. An intense curiosity has always been one of her marked characteristics, a feeling which she has taken every means convenient to her station to gratify. There was once a story of her salad days when her practised eye fell upon a young gallant attached to one of the European legations, to whom occult intelligence was conveyed through appropriate channels. Adonis would not have been wholly averse from learning something of that mysterious interior from which diplomatists were severely excluded, but it was supposed he yielded to the advice of his comrades, who represented that getting in might be easier than getting safely out of such a *galère*.

The Empress-regent ruled China for twenty-eight years, from 1861 to 1889, a period embracing two minorities of equal duration. In comparison with

the exhibition that has been made since the young Emperor assumed full power, it must be admitted that the empire was not ill-governed under the regency. Absolutely without experience when she took the reins, the Empress-regent was loyally supported by Prince Kung and the wise statesmen already mentioned. Under their moderating counsels the empire was safely conducted through the Taiping rebellion, as well as a series of other insurrectionary crises which included the Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan, that of Yakub Beg in Kashgar, all of them real dangers to the empire. The quarrel with Japan in 1874 was also adroitly smoothed over without a rupture of relations. And if the like success did not attend the issue of the dispute with France ten years later, it may be well to remember that the wise counsellors were gone, leaving only Prince Kung, between whom and the Regent there had grown up a bitter feud, and he was dismissed from office in the middle of the crisis in 1884.

While the Regent was learning the science of governing, which she did with avidity, during the first minority her legal status as mother of the sovereign was unassailable. Through that alone was she able to hold her ground with the Eastern Empress, the politic Kung contriving all the while to play off the one Regent against the other, so keeping his balance and maintaining his grip of power. This was gall and wormwood to the Western Empress, who soon became as impatient to get rid of Prince Kung as she had been of the Council of Regency. Prudence, however, restrained her from any overt attack on him, because her public authority would come to an end on her son's reaching his majority, though, so long as he lived, nothing could divest her of her maternal prerogatives. What Prince Kung left unfilled of her cup of bitterness was supplied by the pious Eastern Empress, whose thoughts were more congenial to the atmosphere of heaven than to the cruel world which her "Western" colleague was bustling in. A stab from such an unsuspected quarter was sharp indeed, but it fell out

in a perfectly natural though highly dramatic way.

After the assumption of power by the Emperor Tung-chih in 1873, a meeting took place between the Regents, his guardians. The senior Empress sent a message to her imperial sister proposing an official meeting in a certain pavilion in the Palace. After the ceremonial courtesies, the Eastern Empress said she had sought the interview because their common task had now been fulfilled, and it was fitting that they should lay down their office and take formal leave of each other. For her part, she added, she was well pleased to be relieved of the responsibility. She was also gratified that they two had been able to work so long in harmony for the welfare of the young Emperor and of the State. So far well, but the lady had a postscript to add, in the manner which is a stock device in plays and novels. She produced the private will of their late husband, and disclosed for the first time to her sister the powers which she had kept dormant these dozen years. "Now," she said, "there is no further use for such a document," whereupon she burned it before the eyes of the Western Empress. This dramatic scene made a terrible impression on the Empress-mother. She was not converted by it, but changed, giving way to sudden hatred of the deceased Emperor who mistrusted her, and to the woman who had been made the confidante of that distrust. How her relations to her ex-colleague in the regency, and even to her own son, were affected by this humiliating discovery can only be conjectured. What is known is that neither of them long survived the incident, and much speculation has been built on the sequence of events.

The life and death of the young Emperor Tung-chih, the son of Hsien-fêng and the present Empress-regnant, seems little more than an episode in the career of his imperial—and imperious—mother. He died within two years of his full accession, removed by his own mother, as some would have us believe, but by quite other agencies, as others no less boldly affirm. Ama-

teur coroners without evidence may well overreach the measured steps of the authentic chronicler. That the Empress was capable of doing away with her son, or a dozen of them if they stood in her way, may be conceded—but not without a motive. And the motive for filicide in this case has hardly been made clear enough to carry a verdict of wilful murder. In his brief career the young Emperor was the subject of much tea-house gossip in Peking. He was an original, and the son of his mother in more ways than one. He delighted in breaking bounds incognito, and in a species of revelry not conducive to good health. The common talk was that he died of one disease while being treated for another, the Court physicians not daring to give a true diagnosis. But any Chinese sick-room, more particularly a high and mighty one, is a dark corner where things are seldom what they seem.

With the disappearance of her son, the last plank in the legal platform of the Empress-mother disappeared. But her appetite had grown by what it fed upon. She had now had fourteen years' schooling in statecraft, and she resolved that, *per fas et nefas*, reign who might, she would govern. It is not necessary to credit her with very lofty patriotic sentiments, though the friends of China were satisfied throughout her reign that the Empress was "the right man in the right place," there being, in fact, no other competent ruler, either within the imperial circle or outside of it, so far as was then known or has as yet appeared. Of this no better proof could be adduced than the mere fact that this audacious woman, with no *locus standi*, should have planned and executed the *coup d'état* whereby the natural heir was passed over, and she was permitted to exercise the last prerogative of an emperor in nominating his successor—nay, more, of achieving the seeming impossibility of the posthumous adoption of a second son by the Emperor Hsien-féng, who had been dead fourteen years. She stood on no ceremony, and waited neither for precedents nor soothsayers.

The story of her second *coup d'état* of January, 1875, has been often related—how the Empress so-called caused her own sister's child to be snatched out of its warm bed on a bitter night and conveyed into the Palace, whence he was proclaimed Emperor at daybreak. By this stroke the Regent at once aggrandized her own family, made a friend of a younger brother-in-law, the father of the child, to replace the elder, who had become an enemy, and, to sum up all, secured for herself a new lease of power. For she who could thus make an emperor could also make a regent. The infant who had greatness in this way thrust upon him is the Emperor who has reigned twenty-three years under the style of Kwang Su—for it is well to remember that these terms are not proper names—and many a time, no doubt, has that soft young man lamented the fate that dragged him from his peaceful cot to a bed that has decidedly not been for him one of roses.

The new succession necessitated a rearrangement of family influence, for many changes had taken place. In the early portion of her legitimate rule, as we have seen, the Regent leaned upon Prince Kung, the Grand Secretary Wén-si'ang, and others, while the Eastern Empress was a strong moral support to her. The last-named statesman died in 1875, as did also the Eastern Empress. It is easy, of course, to suggest foul play in her case also; but men have died, and women, too, from time to time, and not by poison. The more charitable theory among the Chinese admirers of the deceased lady was that she had made a virtuous suicide as a protest against the scandals of the Palace, which she could neither control nor endure. Which also may be an amiable fiction.

But it was the relations between Prince Kung and the perpetual Regent that now became the most interesting feature. Their intercourse had been strained from the outset. Their alliance was not a holy one, and there is no more treacherous bond of union than participation in a common crime. As in the case of more commonplace con-

spirators, they quarrelled over the spoil, each tried to overreach the other and to grasp the whole power, for power means patronage, and in China patronage means great worldly prosperity to the patron. We hear from time to time of the vast wealth of the Li family—absurdly exaggerated—but few speak of the wealth of the Peking magnates, who could weigh out gold against silver with most of the provincials. His struggle for the mastery with his sister-in-law was the real business of Kung's life, his perfunctory attendances at the Tsungli-yamén and occasional interviews with foreign Ministers only rather wearisome by-play. The two antagonists were like wrestlers watching intently for the grip. They were well matched, and the struggle was prolonged for twenty years before one got a decided advantage over the other. The Prince thought he saw his chance already in the early sixties. Scandal was rife, and he thought he could fish something for himself out of the dirty pool. The chief eunuch was his *bête noire*, because he was the Empress's right hand. Rumor even credited them with relations not altogether consistent with the man's status. Prince Kung intrigued very cleverly to get him sent on a mission to the provinces; it was to buy porcelain for the Empress. His plot was to get rid of the eunuch and justify the public suspicions at one stroke. So he engaged the Governor of Shantung, Ting-pao-ching, to arrest the eunuch as he passed through his province, on a charge of treason, execute him on the spot, and expose his body *coram populo*, which was done. Prince Kung scored on his first point, for the eunuch was dead, but failed in the second. Imagine the fury of the Regent at this treachery and indignity to herself, the more terrible that she dared not betray her feelings, but could only watch for occasions to deal underhand blows at her rival. Once she ventured on an open attack, and degraded the Prince by edict, reinstating him next day, merely to show her power and her feeling.

Such being the normal relations be-

tween the two leading personages in China, it is not difficult to comprehend the animus of the Regent in supplanting the son of Prince Kung, who was the legal heir to the throne, nor the mortification of the Prince on seeing the Empress's eunuch so handsomely avenged. It was his turn to grin and bear it, as it had been the Empress's before; but sombre acquiescence in the accomplished fact did not prevent the two mortal enemies from worrying each other for another nine years, until a pretext was found in 1884 for degrading and dismissing the Prince from his offices.

The accession of his son, of course, raised the Seventh Prince, younger brother of Kung, who was the sixth son of Tao-kwang, to a position of the first importance; though nine years elapsed before he accepted public responsibility. On his authority as parent the Regent leaned to maintain herself; and she had consequently to buy him at any price. But he was a weak man, and with Kung in possession of the offices, Prince Ch'un was an inadequate factotum. Her Majesty required a second string to her bow, and finding nothing to suit her purpose in the capital, she set her affections on a provincial statesman who was abler than Kung, and more versed in foreign affairs, which were the plague of the Peking Government. For prestige and legality she had the Emperor's father; for executive action, Li Hung-chang, who became the confidant of both. So the Empress-regent's position was assured during the minority of Kwang-su.

The crisis in her fate, as was anticipated, arrived on the present Emperor's coming of age, marriage, and assumption of the Government. Would the Regent frankly resign or still cling to power? and if so, by what means and under what pretext? The Emperor attained his majority in a rather novel manner. It was not a sudden phenomenon, but a gradual process, resembling the dawn of a summer day in high latitudes rather than the abrupt rising of the equatorial sun. Clearly the Regent was extremely reluctant to lay

down the sceptre, and when it was impossible further to retard the unwelcome ceremony, her devices to retain the reality, even when obliged to part with the form of power, were deep and tortuous. It would be impossible, and also unprofitable, to trace these; but the most remarkable of them all deserves particular notice, because of the light it throws on the recent intrigues in Peking, and on the contentions of the last ten years.

The Regent entered into a private treaty with the Emperor whereby, in making over to him full powers, she specifically reserved to herself certain articles, twenty-five in number; and she retained in her possession a most important seal, without which the Emperor's authority could never be complete. It is this convention, signed, sealed, and delivered, between Emperor and Regent that is at the bottom of the struggle and the defeat of the weaker party, which has been announced within the last month. Let us trace shortly the progress of the strife, that we may the better appreciate the outcome.

Notwithstanding this unique convention, the Emperor continued *more Sinico* under the influence of his tutor, Wén-tung-ho, who made it his business to fill the pupil's mind with abhorrence of the illegal compact to which he had made himself a party, and of the illegality of the Empress's whole position. His Majesty imbibed the inspiration, and lent himself to measures which he did not himself understand, calculated to release him, one by one, from the capitulations. His ceremonial visits and obeisances to his adoptive mother were punctually performed, and there were frequent notices in the *Peking Gazette* and other Chinese papers, dwelling with suspicious iteration on the model filial conduct of the Emperor. But while observing the utmost punctilio in his intercourse, the Emperor, as prompted by his advisers, confined himself strictly to what etiquette demanded—neither consulting the late Regent nor discussing any public matters with her. An Emperor's party was formed to counteract the ex-Regent, and they scored many successes, some

of which emerged clearly into the light of day. Encouraged by these successes, the Emperor's advisers, soon after his full accession, sought and found an occasion for an open attack on the Dowager's party; and, in view of recent occurrences, it is interesting to remember that the *casus belli* in 1889 was then, as now, reform. The only difference is, the parties have changed places. Then it was railway extension—proposed by Li Hung-chang, approved by the Empress-dowager, and nominally sanctioned by the Emperor himself—that was selected by the Emperor's party as the battle-ground. The reactionaries triumphed, and the railway between Tientsin and Peking had to be for the time abandoned. A local critic commented on the incident in the following terms:

"It would be premature to conclude from the struggle over the railway extension that the new Emperor will be wholly given over to a blind and bigoted conservatism. When the new combinations are once settled in their places, and the party which is to rule in the State has made good its position, the immediate cause of hostility to the Tung-chow Railway may cease to operate, and the question which is now debated at fever-heat may, like those questions which agitate democratic countries on the eve of elections, fall into wholesome neglect, under cover of which the real statesmen may resume their beneficent projects without the fear of provoking deadly opposition."

And this very railway is now in full running trim, having been opened to traffic this year.

We have written so far to little purpose if any reader believes that it is questions of reform or any other question but the old one of "ins" and "outs" that divide the Chinese imperial family. Things are not what they seem, and any stone is good enough to throw at an enemy.

Their success in blocking the railway scheme encouraged the Emperor's party to persevere with their plan for extricating his Majesty from the twenty-five reservations, while the ex-Regent had the misery to see her influence melting away while she was powerless to arrest the process, or to do more than set spies on the proceedings of the plotters—and wait.

The Japanese war widened the rift in the lute. The Empress-dowager was for peace at any price, as she always has been, while the Emperor's advisers, probably out of simple opposition, demanded war to the knife—and got it. Li Hung-chang was loyal to his Mistress, and, both from policy and conviction, did what in him lay to evade the war. He was superseded in his territorial and administrative functions, though, with that fatuity which we find it so difficult to understand, he was, nevertheless, left to carry on the war! During this time the Emperor's tutor, Wén-tung-ho, went secretly to Tientsin to spy upon and confer with Li Hung-chang on the situation, which he either failed to understand, or wilfully perverted the truth in the report which he submitted. The issue of the war, of course, stultified the Emperor's party, whose energies were then concentrated on the search for a scapegoat. Not a difficult task in itself, this was rendered easier by the secret communications which Li's subordinate, the famous Shêng, carried on with his enemies.

Passing over for want of space the peace mission to Japan,\* the Palace feud came to a head on the return of the envoy with the treaty of Shimoneshi. This was a most critical juncture. Every preparation was made in Peking to impeach Li Hung-chang and have him executed. A cordon of 25,000 men was supposed to have been placed round the city, into which Li entered virtually a prisoner. The Emperor received him badly—made him come forward, on his knees, that his Majesty might put his finger on the alleged bullet-wound on Li's face, as intimating disbelief of the fact. A memorial to the throne, setting forth his crimes and misdemeanors and praying for his execution, was signed by the members of the Inner Council, and implicitly accepted by the Emperor without reference to the Empress-dowager, and in direct violation of the twenty-five reservations. The lictors were told off, and the place and time

of execution fixed. One thing only was wanting, the assent of Prince Kung. The Prince, who had been summoned out of his retirement by the Empress-dowager before Li Hung-chang was sent to Japan—a bitter pill for her Majesty—opposed the attempt on Li. He knew well it was not Li, but the Empress-dowager herself, who was aimed at in this violent action. So, while the other members of the Council proposed to have Li executed first, and report to the Emperor after, Kung's protest saved him.

While these things were going on, the Empress-dowager remained quiescent. Whether she was secretly, through her spies, informed of all that was passing or not, she had no official knowledge of it, and no ostensible ground of action. Possibly she saw no chance of saving Li, and would only have consummated her own defeat by an attempt to save him. But she took courage when the independent action of Prince Kung was reported to her, and at once resumed an active interest in the intrigues. First, she made strenuous efforts to get Kung (on some ceremonial visit to her) to say who they were who were alienating the Emperor's mind from her, his mother and protectrice. But the Prince was silent. Next, on the first occasion when the Emperor was in her presence, making filial obeisance, she suddenly demanded who had advised him in these evil courses. His Majesty trembled, giving some opening for her suspicions and for further questions. Putting him completely in the wrong as unfilial, she advanced from one point to another until she had put all the conspirators in a fright, and driven them—especially Wén-tung-ho—to seek each a scapegoat for himself.

Thus by sheer energy she gathered up the threads one by one, regained her position gradually, and took back the powers of which she had been deprived by the machinations of the Emperor's advisers.

How the Empress used her victory would bear telling; but let it suffice to say that by a course of truculent procedure she so cowed, not only the Em-

\* Described in "Maga," September, 1895: "The Japanese Imbroglio."

peror, but his whole *entourage*, that every one of them was afraid of his life. They recalled the fate of the first Council of Regency, of the fate they had themselves prepared for Li Hung-chang—and none dared to be found on any side but that of the strong-minded woman.

One unpremeditated result of the fierce conflict in 1895 was the mission of Li Hung-chang to Moscow in 1896, whither he was sent by his imperial Mistress, partly to get him out of harm's way till matters were more settled in Peking. The outcome of that mission, indicated in "Maga" nine months ago,\* has been extensively developed since, in a sense which gives a certain point to comments current when the dynastic conflict was in its incandescent stage. Among notes made in 1892, for instance, we find such remarks as these:

"The young Emperor entirely fails to show either capacity or sense of duty, being given over to frivolity, and report says . . . vice . . . These facts [the 'shameless avarice' of the Empress-Dowager, and such like] may have a great significance in the evolution of the empire. Patriotism being entirely subordinated to personal interest and indulgence, the way may be opened for some Ignatiess to effect a *coup* like that of 1858, which was believed to have been achieved by working on the cupidity of high officials."

The practical conclusion of the whole matter for us is that, be her motives, character, and sentiments what they may, the Usurper is *de facto* sovereign by virtue of her force of will and the absence of capable rivals. All hopes of a manly reign were years ago abandoned, when the promise of the young Emperor began to unfold. Ef-

feminate, vicious, and without character, the sovereign was born to be a puppet in the hands of stronger men. He has, moreover, been in bad hands. His tutor and chief adviser is a reactionary, ignorant of affairs to a surprising degree, not beyond hope of conversion and enlightenment perhaps; but when the welfare of the State has to wait for the education of an old man—Saul becoming Paul—the case is rather hopeless.

As to the reform schemes recently promulgated, the announcement was enough to make the judicious grieve. A few hours' conversation with a visionary, and then a root-and-branch reform that would make the heart of the stoutest Radical stand still! Does the monarch know his own country? Here in England, the cradle of reform, it would take fifty years and half a dozen royal Commissions to reform one Government office; and this amiable young man, without knowledge or experience, proposes to revolutionize at one stroke an empire ten times our size, and the most conservative of all States. It was about time the Dowager stepped in to recover her twenty-five points, and perhaps seventy-five more which were not reserved.

The quality of the Empress's rule—for we may now call her so without affix—can only be judged by what it was during the Regency, when she was at the head of every movement that partook of the character of reform. Foreign diplomacy has failed, for want of a definite centre of volition and sensation to act upon. It had no fulcrum for its lever. Hence only force has ever succeeded in China. With a woman like the Empress might it not be possible really to transact business?—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

\* "The Crisis in China," February, 1898.

## DEVIL-FISH.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

AMONG such primitive peoples as still exist, not the least curious or notable trait which universally obtains is the manner in which all things uncanny, or which they are unable to comprehend, are by common consent ascribed to the Devil. Not to a devil as one of a host, but *the Devil par excellence*, as though they understood him to be definable only as the master and originator of whatsoever things are terrifying, incomprehensible, or cruel. Many eminent writers have copiously enriched our literature by their researches into this all-prevailing peculiarity, so that the subject has, on the whole, been well threshed out, and it is merely alluded to *en passant* as one of the chief reasons for the epithet which forms the title of this article.

Now it will doubtless be readily admitted that sea-folk retain, even among highly civilized nations, their old-world habits of thought and expression longer than any other branch of the population. This can scarcely be wondered at, since to all of us, even the least imaginative, the eternal mystery of the ocean appeals with thrilling and ever-fresh effect every time that we come into close personal relations with it.

But when those whose daily bread depends upon their constant struggle with the mighty marine forces, who are familiar with so many of its marvels, and saturated with the awe-inspiring solemnity which is the chief characteristic of the sea, are in the course of their avocations brought suddenly in contact with some seldom-seen visitor of horrent aspect arising from the gloomy unknown depths, with one accord they speak of the monster as a "devil-fish," and the name never fails to stick.

So that there is, not one species of devil-fish, but several, each peculiar to some different part of the world, and inspiring its own special terror in the hearts of mariners of many nations. Of the Devil-fish that we in this coun-

try hear most about, and is indelibly portrayed for us by Victor Hugo, the octopus, so much has been written and said that it is not necessary now to do much more than make passing allusion to the family. But the *Cephalopoda* embrace so vast a variety that it seems hardly fair to single out of them all the comparatively harmless octopus for opprobrium, while leaving severely unmentioned the gigantic onychoteuthis of the deep sea, to say nothing of many intermediate cuttle-fish. From the enormous mollusc just mentioned—which is, not unreasonably, credited by seamen with being the largest fish in the ocean—to the tiny loligo, upon which nearly all deep-water fish feed, hideousness is their prevailing feature, and truly appalling of aspect some of the larger ones are, while their omnivorous voracity makes them veritable sea-scavengers, to whom nothing comes amiss, alive or dead. And while having no intention to underrate the claims of the octopus to his diabolical prænomen on account of his slimy ugliness and unquenchable ferocity, I feel constrained to put in a word for that little-known horror of the deep, the ten-armed cuttle-fish, which, like some fearful creation of a diseased brain, broods over the dark and silent profundities of ocean, extending his far-reaching tentacles over an immense area, touching nothing living to which they do not cling with an embrace that never relaxes until the victim is safely deposited within the crushing clutch of the great parrot-like mandibles guarding the entrance to that vast and never-to-be-satisfied stomach. Nothing that the morbid imagination of man has ever pictured can surpass in awful appearance the reality of this dire chimæra, which, notwithstanding, has undoubtedly an important part to play in the mysterious economy of the sea. "He dwelleth in the thick darkness;" for, not content with the natural gloom of his abode, he diffuses around him a

cloud of sepia, which bewilders and blinds his victims, rendering them an easy prey to the never-resting tentacles which writhe through the mirk, ready at a touch to hold whatever is there, be it small or great.

But the strangest fact connected with this mighty mollusc is, that while from the earliest dawn of literature numberless allusions more or less tinged with imagination have been made to it, modern science has only very recently made up its mind to accept as a fact its existence at all. So many indisputable proofs have, however, been forthcoming of late years, both as to the size and structure of the gigantic cuttle-fish, that it has now taken its place among the verities of natural history as indisputably as the elephant or the tiger. It has also been firmly established that the sperm whale or cachalot (*Physeter macrocephalus*) finds his principal, if not his only, food in these huge gelatinous masses while ranging the middle depths of the ocean, and that their appearance on the sea surface is generally due to this whale's aggression.

To pass on, however, to a much less known "devil-fish." In the long fish gallery at the splendid Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a small specimen, some eighteen inches across, of a fish whose habitat is the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

There it attains enormous proportions, and is, not without reason, known to all the frequenters of those waters as the "devil-fish." When a youngster I was homeward bound from Sant' Ana with a cargo of mahogany, and when off Cape Campèche was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster some eighteen feet across, and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head. There, what appeared to be two curling horns about three feet apart rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eyes as he turns sideways un-

der your vessel's counter and looks up to see if any one is coming are ghastly, green, and cruel; but this thing's eyes were all these and much more. I felt that the Book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet. Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogey, I could not move until the awful thing, suddenly waving what seemed like mighty wings, soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about six feet, falling again with a thunderous splash that might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted with fright, for the next thing I was conscious of was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates. Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the day-time. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous splash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that bat-like leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe-inspiring horrors capable of playful gambolling.

At another time, while mate of a bark loading in the Tonala River, one of the Mexican mahogany ports, I was fishing one evening from the vessel's deck with a very stout line and hook for large fish.

A prowling devil-fish picked up my bait, and feeling the hook, as I suppose, sprang out of water with it. I am almost ashamed to say that I made no attempt to secure the thing, which was a comparatively small specimen, but allowed it to amuse itself, until, to my great relief, the hook broke, and I recovered the use of my line, my evening's sport quite spoiled.

These ugly monters have as yet no commercial value, although from their vast extent of flat surface they might be found worthy of attention for their skins, which should make very excellent shagreen. A closer acquaintance with them would also most probably divest them of much of the terror in which they are held at present.

Another widely known and feared devil-fish has its headquarters in the Northern Pacific, mostly along the American coast, especially affecting the

Gulf of California. This huge creature is a mammal, one of the great whale family, really a rorqual of medium size and moderate yield of oil. Like the rest of this much-detested and feared (among whalers) branch of the *Cetacea*, it carries but a tiny fringe of valueless whalebone, and therefore, as compared with the sperm and "right" whales, its value is small. Yet at certain seasons of the year the American whaleships often think it worth their while to spend a month or so bay-whaling in some quiet inlet unknown to, and uncared for by, the bustling merchantman.

In these secluded spots the California devil-fish, mussel-digger, gray-back, and several other aliases not fit for publication, but all showing how the object of them is esteemed by his neighbors, may sometimes be taken at a disadvantage, the cows languid just before or after parturition, and the bulls who escort them too intent upon their loves to be as wily as is their wont.

But only the *élite* of the Yankee whalers, dexterous and daring as are all the tribe, can hope to get "to windward" of the diabolically cunning giants whom they abuse with such fluent and frequent flow of picturesque profanity. It is a peculiar characteristic of this animal that it seems ever on the alert, scarcely exposing for one moment its broad back above the sea-surface when rising to spout, and generally travelling, unlike all its congeners, not upon, but a few feet below, the water. For this reason, and in this fishery alone, the whalers arm themselves with iron-shafted harpoons, in order to strike with greater force and certainty of direction a whale some distance beneath the surface. A standing order, too, among them is never by any chance to injure a calf while the mother lives, since such an act exposes all and sundry near the spot to imminent and violent death.

Neglect of this most necessary precaution, or more probably accident, once brought about a calamity that befell a fleet of thirteen American whaleships which had been engaged in the "bowhead" fishery among the ice floes

of the Arctic Pacific. In order to waste no time, they came south when winter set in, and by common consent rendezvoused in Margharita Bay, Lower California, for a month or two's "devil-fishing."

The whales were exceedingly abundant that season, and all the ships were soon busy with as much blubber as they could manage. The ease with which the whales were being obtained, however, led to considerable carelessness and forgetfulness of the fact that the whale never changes its habits. One bright morning, about three weeks after the opening of the season, the whole flotilla of fifty-two boats, four from each ship, had been lowered and were making their way as rapidly as possible to the outlying parts of the great bay, keeping a bright lookout for "fish." Spreading out fan-wise, they were getting more and more scattered, when about near the centre of the fleet some one suddenly "struck" and got fast to a fish. But hardly had the intimation been given when something very like panic seized upon the crowd. In a moment or two the reason was apparent. From some cause, never definitely known, a harpooner had in striking a large cow whale transfixed her calf at her side with his harpoon, killing it immediately. The mother, having quietly satisfied herself that her offspring was really dead, turned upon her aggressors like a veritable demon of destruction, and, while carefully avoiding exposure of her body to attack, simply spread devastation among the flotilla. Whenever she rose to the surface, it was but for a second, to emit an expiration like the hiss of a lifting safety-valve, and almost always to destroy a boat or complete the destruction of one already hopelessly damaged.

Every blow was dealt with an accuracy and appearance of premeditation that filled the superstitious Portuguese, who formed a good half of the crews, with dismay—the more so that many of them could only guess at the original cause of what was really going on. The speed of the monster was so great, that her almost simultaneous appearances at points widely separated made her

seem ubiquitous; and as she gave no chance whatever for a blow, it certainly looked as if all the boats would be destroyed *seriatim*. Not content with dealing one tremendous blow at a boat and reducing it at once to a bundle of loose boards, she renewed her attentions again and again to the wreckage, as if determined that the destruction should be complete.

Utter demoralization had seized even the veterans, and escape was the only thought governing all action. But the distance to shore was great, and the persistence and vigor of the furious Leviathan, so far from diminishing, seemed to increase as the terrible work went on. At last two boats did succeed in reaching the beach at a point where it sloped very gradually. The crews had hardly leaped overboard, to run their craft up high and dry, when close behind them in the shallows foamed and rolled their relentless enemy, just too late to reach them. Out of the large number of well-equipped boats that left the ships that morning, only these two escaped undamaged, and the loss of the season's work was irremediable. Over fifty men were badly injured, and six, one of whom was the unhappy origin of the whole trouble, were killed outright. The triumphant avenger of her slain offspring disappeared as silently as she had carried on her deadly warfare, as far as could be known unhurt, and with an accumulated hoard of experience that would, if possible, render her more of a "devil" to any unsuspecting whalers who should hereafter have the misfortune to meet with and attack her than she had proved herself to be already.

Dejected and crippled, the fleet lost no time in getting away from the spot and fleeing north to San Francisco, there to refit for other and more profitable fishing grounds.

There are a great many "ower-true" tales told of the prowess of this wily creature, but the selection that I have made will doubtless suffice for a fair specimen of what the California "devil-fish" is capable of when opportunity arises.

The volatile and tuneful negroes of

the West India islands have their own peculiar "devil-fish," but in this case there is nothing diabolical in the appearance or vast in the size of the creature. It is, indeed, a very well-known fish in most tropical waters, and must from its habits and appearance be closely allied to the hake and pike. Among seamen generally it is well known as the barracouta, and is especially plentiful around the New Zealand coast, where a few hours of the peculiar fishing practised by the Maories will generally reward the fisherman with a gross or so of fish averaging 10 to 12 pounds each.

It is among the Leeward Islands, however, that the barracouta attains his largest dimensions, and has inspired the fishermen and boatmen with such dread of him that, while they hold the universally feared shark in supreme contempt, the mere rumor of a "devil-fish" anywhere in their vicinity will bring every nigger within hail scrambling out of the water in double-quick time.

Whether rightly or wrongly, I have never been able to ascertain by personal observation, but undoubtedly the fact is that the barracouta is credited with an infernal propensity for inflicting a nameless mutilation upon any human being unfortunate enough to get within reach of him. He is long and narrow, blue-black above, with a silvery-gray belly, and swift as an arrow. His lower jaw is considerably longer than the upper, and both are armed with teeth, almost exactly like those of a dog. From this configuration of the jaws it is unnecessary for the barracouta to turn on its back, like the shark, when he comes for you. Silent, straight, swift, and almost invisible in those dark-blue waters, the first intimation of his presence is often the fatal snap of those lethal jaws, which leaves the hapless victim beyond hope of recovery.

Before quitting this portion of the subject a passing reference may be permitted to a very disheartening occurrence due to the predatory habits of these fish. At very great cost some public-spirited individuals had stocked the

upper reaches of the pretty river Clutha in Otago, New Zealand, with salmon fry from ova imported from England. The incipient salmon flourished until in the course of natural development they reached the "parr" stage of their career. Then in an evil hour they journeyed seawards until they reached the estuary of the river. A school of barracouta had just previously crossed the bar from the sea, and in their search for living food happened upon the toothsome innocents from the secure spawning-beds above. Long did the patient watchers up-country wait, but never more did one of those youthful salmon return to them. All the money

spent was wasted, and all the high hopes of a plentiful supply of indigenous salmon were frustrated for years.

There are, of course, many other marine monstrosities to which with more or less show of reason the satanic epithet has been applied; but they are very little known or noticed, except within certain narrow limits. Probably enough has been said to justify simple savages and almost equally simple-minded seamen in bestowing upon the creatures of their dread a name which to them embodies all they are able to conceive of pitiless cruelty, unquenchable ferocity, and unmatched cunning.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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## THE PROGRESS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

BY EDWARD LUNN.

PEOPLE have by this time quite forgotten the tremendous sensation created by the announcement of the Franco-Russian Alliance. Yet if we look back we may see at a glance how far-reaching have been its results—beneficial in every way to both nations. Prior to the alliance Russia was unable to force herself into the arena of Western European politics. The English press never regarded her as more than an Eastern power. The average education of an Englishman generally includes, even to-day, the careful instilling of exaggerated accounts of Siberian prison horrors. He is taught to believe that the ordinary Russian is in daily dread of being suddenly taken from his home and marched off to some Siberian mine, where he must work for years if not for life, where he must bear patiently every insult and cruelty imposed on him by his task-masters, and where he can obtain no redress or hope of regaining freedom except through the caprice of these task-masters. Unfortunately the popular writers of stories dealing with Russia have taken up this easy vein, and worked it for all it was worth, while the quiet, gradual development of the nation has remained hidden from us. From ignorance of her internal de-

velopment the natural thing was to drift on to the false conclusion that she was on the down-grade. Coupled with this was our fancy that the frequent discovery of plots against the Government presaged the breaking-up of the Empire in the near future. The expression of such views had for its natural sequence the feeling of contempt and animosity which, until quite recently, has animated the press of our own country. I say "until quite recently," because a very noticeable change has come to be marked. Our animosity may still be as bitter, but the effect of Russian diplomacy has been such that, rather than adding contempt, it has caused us no inconsiderable trepidation as to what would be their next *coup*. They have not held by the accepted canons of good faith, but they have shown more than Eastern skill and shrewdness in their foreign policy, which is terribly progressive.

The Russian is undoubtedly the greatest linguist of the day. It is no uncommon thing for him to speak four or five languages, and he shows his pride of the fact in curious ways. He will nudge you as he passes you in the corridor of a train, then apologize in French, or, perhaps, if you are Eng-

lish, in English. Then he will attempt a conversation, and if you express surprise at his fluency in a foreign tongue, he will gracefully bow and bring his feet together with a click. The writer once, passing through a Tartar village in the Crimea, met at the house of a wealthy Russian some five or six naval and military officers. He was surprised to find four of them spoke English, and every one spoke French. French is spoken universally by the upper classes, and the *élite* speak English perfectly. Many of the nobility in Russia and subordinates in Government posts are of German origin, and naturally there is a wide acquaintance with the German language, but it is rarely spoken, and is by no means popular. The causes of this widespread familiarity with foreign languages are, first, the difficulty foreigners find in learning Russian; and secondly, that until within the last year or two their language was thought common and vulgar. It was the language of the *moujik*, and the nobleman objected to hold conversation in it. Indeed, some went even so far as to boast of their ignorance of their mother-tongue. Although this unnatural state of things is rapidly passing away, and the proper study of the Russian language is becoming popular, they are too shrewd to overlook the immense advantages which have already accrued from their extensive acquaintance with other tongues. The Russophobe sums up his dislike with the pat quotation: "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." In some instances it is possible to trace Tartar blood, but the pure Russian is a white man, a European, and possibly of the same Aryan stock as we ourselves. The extensive study of modern language is a feature of Western civilization, and in it the Russian certainly takes a lead.

Within the last few years cotton-mills and factories have sprung up in all parts of the Empire. Where at one time they were content with Manchester goods, the German gradually crept in with the cheaper article, better adapted to Russian tastes and requirements. Presently their ambition rose above this, and they asked why they

should not themselves become producers. Factories were started, English machinery imported, and English foremen and engineers placed in control. Then the English engineer was supplanted by the German, the machinery perhaps got out of order, and the introduction of German machinery, accompanied by American, naturally followed. By this time Russia had started schools for the training of a special class as engineers. These are known in Russia as "techniks." They are men carefully trained in all the theories of mechanics, and can pass through the most rigid tests "on paper," but in the opinion of foreigners do not make practical engineers. Be this as it may, they are supplanting American, German, and English in their own country, and are beginning to turn out machinery of their own design. It is interesting to note that as the country gradually develops in manufactures, it at the same time is slowly turning to invention.

No safer criterion of her rapid advance can be obtained than by a study of her improvements in means of communication. When touching on this subject, it is important to note that roads, railways, the river and canal boat services, and the tramways are under the control of a high official whose post is that of Minister of Communications. All railways, of course, are Government railways, no construction is carried on except under authority from military officials, and every line is completed with a careful eye to military strategy. No small credit for Russia's increase in railway enterprise is due to Prince Hilkoff, the present Minister of Communications. One may frequently hear it said that there is no member of the nobility more popular among English and American residents in Russia. This is no doubt largely due to his having lived in both England and America; speaking English fluently and entering into our national sentiments. He is never tired of admitting that he worked as an engineer on American railways for some three or four years, thus fitting him for his post by gaining a practical insight which

theoretical training could never instil. It is under Prince Hilkoff that railways have made such strides, and there is even now communication between Petersburg and the Caucasus, a journey taking considerably over four days. It is proposed to extend the line over the Caucasus, through Tiflis, to the Persian frontier. The line from Tiflis to the frontier has already been commenced. When the Trans-Siberian railway and this line are completed we shall perhaps awake to our position in the East as opposed to Russia's. She will then have three separate trunk lines with which she could swarm the frontiers of Persia, Afghanistan, and China with three armies in three weeks. The time is sufficient, and she has both the men and means. Travelling by rail is far cheaper in Russia than in most European countries. Long-distance travelling is also more comfortable, excepting where the Government lease the right to run sleeping-cars to a foreign company, when the usual cramping of passengers is met with. On many of the trains there are dining-cars. Where there are no dining-cars the trains stop long enough at all principal stations for meals, where the food and the waiting are as good as, if not better than, at most places in England or the Continent. There is in these buffets a Government tariff for everything. In all the large towns on railway routes there are good hotels where the cuisine is equal to that of first-class hotels all over the Continent, and where English is frequently spoken. The steamers on the rivers are three-deckers of the American type. They have good accommodation for all classes of passengers, and maintain a fair speed, being used in the absence of railways for the carrying of mails. A gigantic scheme is on foot for the construction of a canal between two of their largest rivers, by which through water communication will be established between the Black Sea and the Baltic.

Road communication, except in isolated instances, is very primitive. There are practically no made roads in Russia. The only roads in the south are: one in the Southern Crimea for

250 miles, the military road over the Caucasus for 150 miles, and the post-road from Tiflis to Eriwan, about 200 miles. The road in the Southern Crimea runs along the hilly sea-coast through charming vine-slopes, with scenery as magnificent as that of Southern France, and rightly called the Russian Riviera. Yalta, the principal town on the coast, is a glorious bathing-place. It is the favorite summer resort of the nobility, being within easy driving distance of Livadia, where the late Emperor died. It is known as the Brighton of Southern Russia. The military road over the Caucasus rises to a height of 8000 feet, the last 3000 feet of which is ascended within the twenty miles, and yet the gradient is so well adjusted that it is possible for a cyclist to ride the entire distance.

The Eriwan road has fallen into decay for seventy miles since the railway was opened between Tiflis and Akstafa, the present terminus of the railway which will eventually pass through Eriwan. An enterprising Armenian has started a motor-car for carrying passengers and mails between Akstafa and Diligan, a small military station on the Eriwan road. The distance is forty miles between the two towns, and the car covers it in three and five hours respectively. The ordinary method of travelling on these roads is by tarantass, a heavy vehicle drawn by four horses running abreast. With the exception of these three roads mentioned, communication between towns is over well-worn tracks across the steppes. Occasionally some half dozen of these tracks converge at a point where no solitary tree, house, or hillock rises above the monotonous plains. There are no sign-posts at meetings of the ways, and it is pure chance if one takes the right track. The post-houses in the villages on these tracks have not the comforts or the cleanliness of inns at home, but one can rely on generally getting wine or beer, eggs and chickens, Russian tea and excellent home-made bread.

The amusements of Russians are simple, few, and unrefined. The national dances are perhaps as pretty and quaint as any in Europe, but they are

December,

being forgotten. Heavy eating, heavier drinking, and endless smoking of cigarettes, with countless glasses of tea, occupy their spare time. The low-class music-hall is becoming popular in large towns. There are in Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and Warsaw, and so forth, theatres and opera-houses where during the season one can always see the best plays and hear the best music. Fabulous prices are paid to attract celebrated actors and musicians from abroad and the charges are high in consequence. Russia herself can boast of some of the greatest leaders of the present day in literature, music, and the fine arts.

The number of English travellers who visit Russia is increasing, and is certainly not less than 500 per annum. The number is small, but few of these leave Russia without having their eyes opened. When they meet him they are surprised to find the Russian educated and a gentleman, and are pleased to have made his acquaintance. The friendly intercourse of individuals of the two nations is a small matter. What we have to remember is that Russia and England are gradually coming closer and closer together in Asia, and ultimately may be face to face along the entire continent. Ought Great Britain to delay the final meeting as long as she can procrastinate? Ought she to allow Russia to oust her from paramount influence at Teheran, Pekin, and Cabul? Ought she to allow Russia to close the old trade routes into Northern Persia, to the detriment of British trade? If she does not approve

of Russia's actions, why does she permit these menaces to our empire in the East? If she approves them, surely the sooner we hand over the Government of India to Russia the better. The Siberian Railway, when finished, will not only compete with our carrying trade in the Far East, but it will bring Russian manufacturers into keen competition with British goods in the interior of China.

Schemes have been mooted for connecting the Indian Empire with the Mediterranean seaboard by a railway to run along the coasts of Beloochistan and Persia, across the Euphrates valley to the north of Arabia and Suez. At the present time our influence would be strong enough to overcome all obstacles to a purely British line. It is said that the railway would never pay. Surely it would pay us to have the most rapid possible communication with our Indian Empire, and through it to China. But cold water has been thrown on the scheme. Perhaps on the completion of the Siberian line we shall realize the incalculable advantages of such a line. But who knows that by that time Russia may not have the influence in the south which we now regret having given her in Northern Persia?

The interests of every Englishman are bound up with the future welfare of our immense and scattered Empire, and it behoves every one with a love of his country to solve for himself its problems, of which the increasing power of Russia is one of the greatest.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.



## A TROLL IN NORWAY.

BY P. A. WRIGHT HENDERSON.

Of the problems which engage human thought those are not the most important which receive the most attention. The Chief End of Man, the Goal of Evolution, the Future of Democracy, do not press on the average mind with the weight and frequency of the

ever-recurring problem, "How and where am I to spend my holiday?"

To all who work, from the artisan wishing to make the most of his Bank holiday to the Cabinet Minister weary of China, Russia, Ireland, and the Irish members, a well-spent playtime is

of vital importance. Happy is Mr. Balfour in the golf, which he ought to teach his colleagues as he has taught Mr. Asquith, who is the more likely to "lay him a stimie" in the House of Commons after a well-spent month at North Berwick or St. Andrews.

In the present furore for athletics, and the no less unreasonable hostility to the culture of the body which that furore has evoked in many quarters, the true purpose and value of "sport"—to use the most comprehensive name for outdoor play—has to some degree dropped out of view. Plato, who had more common sense than is expected of an idealist, long ago pointed out that the moral and intellectual powers were braced and heightened by a reasonable *γνηραστική*, and it was perhaps his asceticism only that prevented him from dwelling on the additional good of innocent pleasure in itself.

But a writer in "Maga" need not state a case for sport. What form of sport has not been described brightly and fondly in "Maga's" pages—save perhaps cricket, the pastime of the despicable Southron?

The contemplative man's recreation will hold its own with any other form of amusement. In variety it has no equal: a punt on the Thames; an English chalk-stream; a Highland loch; a salmon-river in Canada or Norway, furnish pleasures different in form, but the same in essence: pleasures which can be enjoyed by the most inactive of elderly gentlemen or by the hardiest athlete; by the schoolboy who has saved enough pocket-money to buy a rod and line, or by the millionaire who rents a salmon-river.

Angling seems to attract especially the literary man and the philosopher: it must be favorable to thought and composition. For if Paley neglected natural theology, and suspended his labors on the argument for Design, when the may-fly was on the water. Froude has written delightfully about fishing in Norway and on the Spey. Matthew Arnold used to say, with more sincerity than he said many other things, that the three days he spent on a famous water, in which few fishermen were ever

permitted to throw a line, were the only days in his year which he counted as rationally employed.

The angler sees the beauties of a country as no one else except a painter does. The angler—but enough; he, like other sportsmen, becomes arrogant and wearisome at times.

The writer has spent a month in Norway, an account of which may be of interest to some anglers, whose education in fly-fishing has been neglected, or who may be, as he was, debarred by rheumatism, or perhaps by age and prudence, from attempting to scramble over rocks and stand for hours more than knee-deep in a cold and rapid stream, encumbered with landing-net and basket. This every one must do who would fish a Norway river as it ought to be fished, and not content himself with casting from the bank, suffering torments worse than those of Tantalus, who never knew what it is to see fish rising out of reach.

Trolling is a form of angling derided and despised by the ignorant, and that in proportion to their ignorance: it is thought to be no better nor nobler than punt-fishing on the Thames for gudgeon, in a "swim" baited the night before. The writer has met fly-fishers—excellent men in other relations of life—who spoke of trolling offensively and illogically: illogically, for they argued that because fly-fishing is good, and trolling is not fly-fishing, therefore trolling is not good—an Illicit Process of the Major Term; offensively, because of ignorant effrontery and an assumption of superiority in themselves and their art, which, even if justified by facts, would have been unbecoming. They were not aware that fishing for salmon on Loch Tay, no mean sport, takes the form of trolling, and that many reaches of the Tay are fished by trolling-fly.

Trolling is, in fact, the way to get large heavy fish, even monsters, who will not rise to fly. It is the ever-present possibility of a big fish, such as the fly-fisher can hardly hope for, which sustains the troller and strengthens him to sit for weary hours long after the most persevering fly-fisher has gone home; for the troller is on a higher

moral level than the fly-fisher, more steadfast and patient under adversity: trolling is a moral discipline in quiet endurance; of such discipline there is none in the spasmodic incoherent excitement of the fly-fisher.

The question might be argued by a comparison of pleasures, and pleasure is the end of sport. The appeal must be to him who, like the writer, has had experience of both: he will content himself with affirming that the pleasures of trolling are, though different, not inferior to those of fly-fishing. Finally, pleasure we know is relative, and that is the sum of the matter. If the troller is pleased he is happy, and from this position no arguments can dislodge him. The charm of trolling is difficult to analyze or describe. To sit in a boat, with two rods stuck out on either side of it, trailing long lines with minnows at the end of them, waiting for fish to come—what could seem to be less interesting or afford less opportunity for skill, more irrational than that, unless you were paid to do it? Every kind of amusement might be so described as to appear idiotic. What could be more unworthy of a rational being, accountable for the employment of his time, than to hit a ball as far away as he can, and then run between two sets of sticks? Or to put a little ball into a number of holes, by hitting it with a stick “ill-suited for the purpose,” as a cynical professor said, when you might have dropped it in with your hand with much less trouble? Yet cricket and golf give pleasure, and pleasure is a reasonable end, to many persons not fools. And dancing, the delight of all women and some men! it could not be described in words which would not make it seem tomfoolery. As to skill or excellence as an art, trolling, it must be confessed, is inferior to fly-fishing—to fly-fishing at least in its highest form, say on some clear English stream, a trial of cunning between man and fish, demanding great delicacy of hand and eye, the caution and stealthiness of a Red Indian. Yet in trolling there are many things to know, which combined form no contemptible “body of doctrine,”

and the ignorance of which is fatal to success.

You must know in what depth of water to troll—a few yards it may be from the shore, or five hundred, according to the configuration of the lake, and the distribution of the feeding-ground. You must know how to take advantage of islands, wooded banks, the mouths of streams where trout lie feeding; to troll deep if they are “stiff and dour;” to appeal to their caprices by wise and frequent change of minnows, offering them a blue “Phantom” if a brown “Angel” fails to please;—finally, to be vigilant, with hands on the rods ready to strike; and if a big fish comes, careful to keep the lines from crossing, for that means disaster. These and other precepts which it would be tedious to mention must be remembered and practised by the troller if he is to do excellently, not merely well. The novice, especially if he is a fly-fisher, is surprised to find that the experienced troller, in the same boat and under the same conditions, catches three fish to his two; or two to his one, if they are fishing in different boats.

But the writer must not be carried away by the *odium piscatorium*. He only seeks to show that knowledge and practice are needed to troll well, as they are needed for excellence in any game, from golf to spillikins.

In the beginning of August I found myself in a little inn, at the Back of Beyond, some five hours’ drive from Fosheim in the heart of Norway, in the middle of the backbone of high land which runs parallel to the western coastline from 2000 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Here is a purer and keener air than is to be found in the Fiords, which, to tell the truth, are, despite their exquisite beauty and grandeur, somewhat relaxing and depressing. The Naerödal, for instance, near Gudvangen, is like a prison: the lofty walls of rock seem almost to meet 2000 feet above your head, ready to fall on you or close, should you be in a gloomy or fanciful mood, as you easily may be if you tarry long in these wild chasms. Some reader may have felt even in a Devonshire lane a craving to

see and breathe more freely: let him imagine this feeling intensified to any degree he pleases, and he will understand the effect of fiord scenery on some persons—not on all, for the average tourist in the gloomiest surroundings shows an elasticity of spirits which might with advantage be abated.

At Nösden (for why should I conceal the name after the fashion of jealous anglers?) one had room to breathe. The inn—and Nösden is only a geographical expression for an inn and a farm—stood in the middle of a large moor or rolling prairie, if one might call it so, of rock and bog and grass and juniper. It needed only heather to have been Rannoch or Glenisla, but on a larger scale, for on the west, eight or ten miles off, ran a range of hills 5000 feet in height; while to the north in farther distance stood the Jotunheim, the peaks of which are more than twice as high as Schiehallion or Mount Blair. The two lakes, connected by a short river of broken water, in which there is good fly-fishing, must be, taken together, eight or ten miles in length. Close to the larger lake is the inn. An angler must be prepared to rough it at times in a *saeter* (farmhouse), and to live, as will be good for him, on very simple food, and to sleep in strange places. At Nösden no such hardships had to be encountered. The inn was far from luxurious, but it was clean: "the negative catalogue of provisions was very copious," as Dr. Johnson said of his Highland inn; but on trout and eggs and milk—to say nothing of the strange flesh of an unknown animal which seems to roam over the whole of Norway from Christiansand to the North Cape—a sensible person can subsist with great contentment, if the fishing be good.

I have no story to tell of lakes "stiff" with fish; of baskets filled in a few hours with trout eager to be taken, and competing for the fly or minnow as soon as the line is in the water. Alas! an angler is generally a liar; at the best careless about truth and highly imaginative; apt to exaggerate some golden hour in which fish were on the feed into a golden day of continuous voracity.

At Nösden four or five hours' trolling generally produced about a dozen fish; but these were large, averaging 1 pound or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

A keen enthusiast fishing for a basket—who started early on a favorable day and fished till dusk; who disregarded the strange hours for meals, and suffered no claim of friend, or child, or work to interfere with fishing—might have made a basket of twenty-five or thirty trout, and among them would have been five or six of 2 pounds or more.

"On a favorable day." What happy memories the words recall! A warm and gentle wind rippling the surface of the water; sunshine, which even an angler might endure with equanimity, for it lighted up the somewhat sombre moor and loch, and made the snows sparkle on the big mountains with hopeless names which rose on the west, and on the Jotunheim cluster seen thirty miles off to the north, "the home of giants," where fancy pictured Thor and Odin living in dignified retirement, beyond the reach of Max Müller and Andrew Lang, and their ingenious speculations.

"Far off the old hills ever new,  
With silver edges cleft the blue  
Aloft, alone, divine."

Not Keats nor Wordsworth could have felt the beauty of nature more profoundly than a happy angler, with some good fish in his basket, and expecting more. Happiness, philosophers tell us, is a free and vigorous play of all the faculties, not least of the aesthetic faculties. A golfer "three up at the turn" has been known to wake suddenly to the beauty of St. Andrews across the bay, or of Oxford in the vale below, and to express his admiration to his opponent, eliciting a response at the best dubious. But suddenly! a jerk of the rod, making the dreamer start and thrill from head to foot, for the heavy strain and the music of the reel show that this must be The Fish—the Auto-fish, of which those in the basket are Phenomenal Adumbrations. The handsome young Viking who is rowing cries, "Stor fisk" (big fish), and breaks into a pean of unintelligible Norsk. Fifty yards off is

seen a swirl and splash dangerously near the left-hand line. Distressing visions arise of an entanglement, which would be well-nigh fatal; but by a happy chance the monster runs out into the depths clear of immediate danger, and his fate is sealed, for the tackle is strong, carefully tested a few hours before. Never did the writer more bitterly reproach himself for his ignorance of Norsk than when, imploring the bewildered Eric to reel up the other line, he was compelled to use a fatuous gibberish of English, German, and broad Scotch, which last he had heard, without believing, could "carry you through Norway." The language of gesture was more successful—the danger is averted, and after ten minutes' struggle a handsome fish, not the monster he would have been had he escaped, is within reach of the landing-net. It is difficult in a cranky boat to hold a rod in one hand and land a good fish with the other; but a great crisis calls forth great powers, and fish and angler find themselves in the bottom of the boat: the former is after all only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Let not the salmon-fisher smile: all things are relative, and a good trout is as good as a good salmon.

There are lights and shadows in a troller's life. The next day—the last, alas! before my return homeward—furnished one of those experiences which every angler must expect on a lake in Norway. We were three miles from home when the storm began—a strong cold wind with driving rain, in the teeth of which we had to cross a broad stretch of "dark and stormy water." Disagreeable reminiscences came into my mind of "the chief of Ulva's isle" and "Lord Ullin's daughter," as I sat drenched and shivering, unable to take an oar; for, strange to say, in Norway, the land of the Vikings, most boats are built with two rowlocks only, and these immovable, so that two men cannot row together. The young boatman, a slim Hercules, for whom Cambridge in its present sore need would be wise to find a scholarship, rowed heroically, refreshed from time to time by doses of whiskey, for which even the total abstainer would have found excuse. In

the absence of hot coffee, which Sir Wilfrid Lawson would have us believe is more wholesome, more invigorating, and more enduring in its effects than alcohol, but which under the circumstances it was impossible to prepare, we found whiskey an excellent substitute. Nor could I help speculating whether that apostle of temperance, had he been with us, would have refused the accursed thing, and what humorous excuse he would have devised for taking it. After three hours of discomfort and some little danger, for the boat was leaky and cranky, we reached the landing-place, and Eric received, if not a "silver pound," yet a reasonable number of kroners for his pluck and endurance and good boatmanship. It is to be hoped that the kroners will be saved to help to form a fund for the venture to Canada or the States which he, like most of his young countrymen, is bound to make. There the Norwegian saves enough in six or seven years to enable him to return to his country and start in a *saeter* of his own. He seldom settles permanently abroad; for, like all natives of the mountain and the glen—like the Swiss, and, *pace* Dr. Johnson, like the Scots—he finds it hard to live away from them, even in the land of Goshen.

The impressions of a tourist who has only thrice, and for short periods, visited Norway, are of little value; but some things lie on the surface. He would be blind, for instance, who could not see that in personal appearance, and in some points of manner, the Norwegian and the Scot are very like each other. In the fish-market at Bergen you might fancy yourself to be on the pier of Aberdeen or Montrose, or Lowestoft or Yarmouth. In the northeast of Scotland especially you find the Scandinavian complexion, the ruddy skin, and fair, often reddish hair, the rough but not irregular features, the gravity, passing often into grimness, which mark the fisherman of Bergen or the farmer of the Valders. In Norway most faces, and nearly all complexions, are of one type. A mixture of Celtic blood in Forfarshire or Aberdeenshire, of many bloods in Norfolk or Suffolk,

modifies the Scandinavian strain; but across the water, in the home of our forefathers, the women are as fair-haired and pink-and-white, and the men are as red and stalwart, as were the heroines and heroes of the Sagas. The voices and intonation, at least of the lower classes in Norway (who will invent some better phrase than "lower class"?) are like those of the same classes in Scotland. While listening, against my will, for I would fain have slept, to "high jinks" in the kitchen, celebrated by my boatman, a belated Stolkjaerre driver, and the two maids who, with great vigor and efficiency did the service of the inn, I seemed to myself to hear again the voices and the laughter I had heard on similar occasions in my own country.

Of the Norwegian character a very limited experience can justify only the scantiest and most diffident "appreciation." Simplicity, sedate courtesy, and unmistakable independence and self-respect are its chief notes—at least in the only class the writer knows, the hotel-keepers, hotel-servants, fishermen, and drivers. Only such qualities could resist the corrupting influence of tourists, among whom the British tourist seems to be the worst. The extravagant gratuities of the rich, the meanness, rowdiness, and insolence of 'Arry and 'Arriet, who swarm in Norway, have not as yet made the Norwegians extortionate or sour. But who can tell how long their virtues will endure? For the present your boatman or driver is obliging and respectful, while behind his respect is the ever-present sense that "a man's a man for a' that." He belongs to the most democratic country in the world, and exhibits the best aspect of democracy, inoffensive independence. He would be offended if you did not shake hands with him when you paid him at the end of a drive or boating day, nor is the warmth of his grasp proportioned to the amount of your donation.

It would be interesting to know something of Norwegian society in the ordinary sense, and to investigate the problem of Ibsenism. I saw the great man at Christiania. He has a broad, placid face, with a suggestion, however, of

grimness about the mouth. He looked like a respectable elderly gentleman of the bourgeois type, dressed in black with something of a clerical or scholastic aspect. In early life he was a schoolmaster, and that marks a man indelibly. He is said to be fond of admiration, and to like being accosted by strangers; but I contented myself with watching him drink his beer, as is his custom, at the *café* of the Grand Hotel, and wondered how this old man, in outward appearance so benevolent, and, it must be said, so commonplace, could have invented the grisly horrors of "Ghosts" or the dreary hypocrisies of "The Pillars of Society." It must have been the natural desire to write in his own language and for his own countrymen that made him lay the scene of his dramas in Norway. The cupboards of Munich or Rome or Dresden must surely contain more skeletons than the cupboards of Christiania. Ibsen lived long in Southern Europe, and must have learned his pessimism there, and not in Norway. The question is a difficult one and delicate. No men look more respectable than Norwegian gentlemen; no women look more domestic—the writer means no impertinence—more wholesomely-minded, and sedate than Norwegian ladies, or less likely to be Doras or Hedda Gablers.

Of the two hypotheses—that Norwegians are deceivers accomplished to incredible perfection, or that Ibsen uses them merely as pegs or vehicles for characters and situations more common in Southern than in Northern Europe—the latter is the easier and more agreeable to adopt. The respectable villain is an old favorite of novelists and playwrights, and is becoming increasingly popular among them—among those especially who are "in revolt" against conventionalities, whose aspirations for freedom are expressed for them, according to Mr. Kipling, by Mr. Thomas Atkins with a simplicity and directness which may be recommended to some lady novelists:

"Place me somewhere east of Suez where  
the best is like the worst,  
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,  
an' a man can raise a thirst."

The Ten Commandments are most efficiently attacked by representing the observance of them as for the most part outward only, and conducive to the most lurid of hypocrisies. But in the fierce competition for supremacy or existence which awaits the world, when political economy shall have been summed up in Malthusianism, the fittest to survive will not improbably be the nations who have remained "west of Suez." I have, of course, no right or wish to attribute to Ibsen any dark designs on morality. He may be its champion: he alone knows—perhaps not he—what Ibsen means.

Such reflections carry us far away from trout and lakes and hills, where problems are of a more wholesome kind than Ibsenism, though quite as difficult. Fish are strange creatures—as strange as men and women. Just as no ethical generalization holds good under all circumstances, so there is no piscatorial maxim, at least in Norway, which even a limited experience has not found falsified at times. I had my best hour just before and during a violent thunderstorm. I caught fish—not many—when the water was like glass, and the sun was shining from a cloudless sky as mercilessly as in Central India; I caught fish between 1 and 3 P.M., a time when anglers find them very dour: but bitter cold—and in the latter half of August it can be very cold among the hills in Norway—was uniformly fatal, were the day ever so cloudy, and the ripple ever so promising. Trout are peculiarly sensitive to temperature—as sensitive as a Londoner to the east wind, and are sulky and "upset" when the wind is blowing from the snows.

More irritating and depressing to the angler than the bitterest of winds is the sight of the "otter" and the net at work on every lake in Norway which lies within three or four hours' journey of a hotel, indeed, of any human habitation. The Norway lake-trout are pink-fleshed like those of Lochleven, and as good or better eating. The demand for them is great: the voracity of the tourist, foreign or Norwegian, will not be contented unless trout form part of his *middag* and *aften*. To the

peasant they bring a good price if he carries them to the hotel in summer; and in the late autumn, when they are spawning, they are not spared, but taken in large numbers and salted for consumption in the winter. The reasonable angler would hardly claim that he and the wildfowl alone are to fish in Norway waters; but he may point out that hotel-keepers and peasant-farmers and tourists alike will suffer if the trout are exterminated—or, I should rather say, if their number is seriously diminished; for, happily, the lochs have depths which no net can reach, and nature is careful of the type. The country, too, will suffer, for the tourist traffic is each year becoming a more fruitful source of wealth to Norway, and among the tourists are many anglers, who will not cross the seas for no better fishing than they may get at home. A young and hardy angler can now, and for some time will, find good sport in lochs inaccessible save to a vigorous walker, who will carry his provisions with him, and sleep in a *saeter* or a hut, sometimes in very miscellaneous company; but such delights are not for his senior: he must fish in the valleys, say, of Vestre or Östre Slidre, where chains of fine lochs allure only to disappoint, for they have been half emptied of their fish by reckless netting. The folly of this improvidence is coming to be recognized by intelligent Norwegians, and it is believed that Government has in contemplation measures for protection of the fish; but Government in Norway, as in some other countries, must give more time to political manoeuvres than to practical legislation.\* The question is certainly difficult and thorny: by law or custom every dweller on the border of a lake has the right of netting it, and to limit or buy up the rights of several thousand tenacious peasant-farmers is, we in the United Kingdom know, an undertaking from which the strongest Government may shrink. Something has been done by a few enterprising hotel-keepers in the way of pisciculture, and in some

\* See "Maga," October, 1898: "A New Game Law for Norway."

places the farmers have attempted to bind each other by agreements to refrain from indiscriminate slaughter. It is to be hoped that such efforts may be more widely made, and may be more systematic and successful. Nor is this improbable, for the Norwegian, like his Scottish cousin, is shrewd and provident; and when he knows what his interests are, he will not neglect them.

Our sons or grandsons may find Norway an angler's paradise—a paradise, however, for entrance into which payment will be demanded. Nothing for nothing is becoming, must become, a principle recognized and acted on in the remotest parts of Norway. And why not? There is something ludicrous and irritating in the complaint of tourists who knew the country thirty years ago, "Ah, Norway isn't what it was." On cross-examination this is found to mean that the farmers and the boatmen have learned the elements of political economy. Yet they give honest and cheerful service for very moderate wages. Ah, faithful Knut! you were not mercenary. Never shall I forget your one English phrase, "Oh, yes; I tink so," which had so many meanings; which served as a good-humored answer to my sometimes unreasonable complaints of you, or sky, or sun, or winds; which came promptly and more intelligently in response to invitations to have some *aqua vitae*—invitations sparing and infrequent, for *aqua vitae* was your weakness. The stick you walked three miles in the rain to give me when our companionship ended, a stick curiously cut and twisted by your own hands, was an offering of the simplest kindness and good fellowship.

Nor shall I forget you, Eric, the handsome youth; who could never have enough of rowing, and were always loath to leave the loch without one more turn round the island where the big fish lie. May you make a fortune in the States, and return home to fish for your own amusement, when you are not supporting in the Storthing some drastic Fishery Bill.

All Norwegian boatmen are not Knuts or Erics; but they are never lazy

nor uncivil if their employer minds his manners.

Others than anglers would do well to visit this beautiful country. They will find in it beauty of infinite variety. It is a smaller Switzerland; a larger Scotland, with the additional charm of its fiords. The writer would be the last to speak disrespectfully of the Scottish, or even of the English lakes: it is only truth that compels him to confess that in a day's drive on any part of the road between Sorum and Löken—and farther north than Löken the country grows in beauty—a traveller will see lake after lake, each with wood and crag and "far-projecting precipice," which resemble but surpass Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond; which would infinitely surpass them were it not that in the long deep valleys one misses the heather and the open spaces, and the varied outline of hills like the Cobbler or Ben An. But the dark-green pine woods and the towering cliffs between which the lakes of this part of Valders lie have a sombre beauty of their own, worthy to be praised in another "Excursion" or "Lady of the Lake." *Carent vate sacro.*

Wordsworth, had he lived in Valders, would have felt a stronger inspiration than he derived from the tamer beauties of the English lakes, and his flight would have been higher and more sustained. Scott would have peopled Østre or Vestre Slidre with many a fair Ellen or bold Roderick Dhu—for Norwegian history has dark and thrilling episodes, and is full of the material he knew how to use. The weird story of "Sinclair's Expedition" \* would have found a place in the "Legend of Montrose." The Norwegian peasants still tell their children how 900 Scots, marching to the aid of the Lion of the North, were caught in the defile of Kringelen in Gudbrandsdal and "crushed like earthen pots" by 300 peasants; how the victors, after a carouse, having come to the conclusion that the prisoners who had survived the

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\* See Murray's "Handbook for Norway," Route 12, edition 1892.

fray would be expensive to keep (there is some *vraisemblance* here, for no Norwegian would undertake to keep a Scotsman), shot them one by one in a barn—where the bullet-marks can be seen to this day—because of their “acts of murder, pillage, and incendiaryism.” To the credit both of the good behavior and prowess of our countrymen historical criticism has shown that only 300 men sailed from Dundee to Norway; that they “neither burned, murdered, nor destroyed anything on their march through the country,” and that they were defenceless, or nearly so, having failed to meet the Netherlands contingent which was to have supplied the

Scottish force with arms. What a story Captain Dalgetty would have made of it! Nevertheless we may be glad that Scott and Wordsworth wrote in a more widely spoken language, and for a greater people, than Norsk and Norsk-mann. And by greater I mean more numerous, for were there forty millions of Norwegians the empire of the sea would not be ours without dispute, and the hardy descendant of the Vikings would be a formidable rival. He is not, like his forefathers, a lawless raider; but he has inherited their seamanship and steadfastness and courage.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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#### ELIZABETHAN ADVENTURE IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE WYNDHAM.

“CERISH Marchandise, keep the Admiraltie.” I lit on this line in “The Libell,” little book, that is, “on England’s policie,” a rugged poem interpolated by Hakluyt into his famous “Voyages” (1599). The advice was, and is, so obviously sound that none need insist on its soundness; and it hit my fancy on another score. It occurs in a poem which, else, is one lament over the decadence of England’s seapower; and that lament is wedged into the classic story of England’s earliest and greatest achievements by sea. But such intrusion of counsel, of regret, of foreboding, into a contemporary record of the golden age of expansion struck a note not unfamiliar. A like incongruity is still, to-day, the dominant feature of our national attitude toward national endeavor. A like lament sings wailing in our ears.

I should mock the mighty dead did I compare the last quarter of the nineteenth with the last quarter of the sixteenth century. There can be no comparison; but there is similarity—in miniature. Mr. Chamberlain has told us that “we live in interesting times;” Mr. Goschen, that we have two hundred and fifty effective ships of war; and, from South Africa, from East and West

Africa, from the Nile, from the Yukon valley, from the Indian frontier, from the China seas, there is one story of expansion and of risk. The hopes and fears of our kinsmen over-sea loom magnified in the daily press. Nor is there refuge in literature; books on the Colonies are but collected journalism, blue-books but edited despatches. Men of action have their work, men of letters their art; but there is no apparent relation between the two.

So I turn to Elizabethan literature and dip at hazard here and there, to strike the track of Elizabethan adventurers. They did great things, and their contemporaries wrote great books. Let us, then, dive into these Elizabethan books, and let us see to what extent and in what fashion they mirror the deeds of the Elizabethan adventurers. In them we can study the relation of literature to national expansion, and the aspects of that relation may prove suggestive, even encouraging. At any rate, the study of it may serve for an anodyne to suspense.

Taking up this relation, then, the first thing that strikes is the portentous volume of the adventure, and the portentous volume of the literature, which may fairly be called Elizabethan. The

second is the narrowness of the area within which the two overlap. The gigantic output of Elizabethan authors is not, as one might have supposed, mainly concerned with the prodigious deeds of Elizabethan adventurers. Indeed, in dramatic and lyrical poetry, which form the chief features of Elizabethan literature, it is only here and there that you discover a transient allusion to the national ferment which carried all kinds and conditions of men to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Yet when Shakespeare left the glades of Warwickshire he came, as I have said elsewhere, to a "London rocking and roaring with Armada enthusiasm." The names of poets and playwrights were, no doubt, on every tongue—Lyly and Lodge, Marlow and Spenser—but the air was ringing, too, with the names of adventurers—of Raleigh, and Drake, and Grenville. An acute critic has argued that the literature of any epoch portrays, not the immediate needs and actions of an age, but its aspirations toward those experiences which are most remote from its own. Thus, in our own age, which, in the main, is one of peace and industry, we have the novel and the ballad of adventure. Men who spend their lives at desks, when they take a holiday into the region of romance, seek for relaxation in the terror of a shipwreck or the shambles of a battle-field. This theory is confirmed by a study of Elizabethan verse. It is all but grotesque to find such a man as Sir Walter Raleigh masquerading in poetry as a shepherd, and piping alternate ditties with Edmund Spenser on what they were pleased to call an "oaten reed." But it is not, on second thoughts, inexplicable. To the war-worn and sea-weary, who had pierced the tangles of Brazil, threaded the icebergs of Labrador, and affronted the batteries of Cadiz, the arcadia of convention, with its "soft white wool Arcadian sheep do bear" and its flageolets tied up with ribbands, offered the most welcome, because the most complete, contrast. It was, of all men in the world, Sir Philip Sidney who wrote "Arcadia" and the most moving sequence of love sonnets,

next to Shakespeare's, which we have in English.

Having noted the huge volume of what I may call "Arcadian" verse, we may now note, outside that volume, and even within it, allusions here and there which can only be appreciated when they are referred to the enterprises that occupied so many Elizabethans. In the sonnets of Shakespeare, Daniel, Drayton, Constable, and others, there are frequent allusions to "maps." In Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," you read of "more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." Now maps did not then "summon up remembrance" of dull hours in a schoolroom: they were associated in men's minds with the latest attempt at co-ordinating the latest theory of the world's configuration, born of the latest voyage beyond unknown seas; so that then maps thrilled with adventure and speculation and mystery. And, again, in Elizabethan poetry and, more particularly, in Shakespeare's plays, you have powerful descriptions of storms at sea. Pericles, with his wife dying in childbirth on the weltering ship, addresses the cyclone:

"Thou stormest venomously  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's  
whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ear of death  
Unheard."

In "Troilus and Cressida," you have  
"The dreadful Spout  
Which shipmen do the Hurricano call."

In "The Tempest," amid much else of wonderful description, Ariel is asked:

"Hast thou, Spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade  
thee?"

He answers:

"To every article.  
I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: Sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame  
distinctly,  
Then meet and join."

But that description of a now familiar phenomenon of electricity is

taken from Elizabethan accounts of Magellan's first voyage round the world. I shall quote from "Purchas his Pilgrimes," published in 1625; but, in this instance, based on Eden's translation of "Pigafetta's Journal;" and Eden published in 1577, say ten years before Shakespeare came to town. Thus it runs in "Purchas:" "Here were they in great danger by Tempest: But as soone as the three Fires, called Saint Helen, Saint Nicholas, and Saint Clare, appeared upon the Cables of the Ships, suddenly the tempest and furie of the Windes ceased." I cannot doubt that Shakespeare drew on this account of Magellan's voyage for his "Tempest," for on the very next page in "Purchas" we come upon Setebos, Caliban's god. You read that four Giants, so the story ran, that is to say four savages of lofty stature, were shackled by a stratagem, and that "when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like Bulls, and cryed upon their great Devill *Setebos*, to helpe them." I shall insist later on a closer connection between Elizabethan prose and Elizabethan adventure; but, reverting now to poetry, you find in Shakespeare several allusions to Indians and the Indies. "O America, the Indies," for example, in "The Comedy of Errors," an early play; and, again, in "The Tempest," "They will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar when they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." A similar reference to an Indian, as the feature of a show, will be found in "Henry VIII."

In that play, one of the latest by Shakespeare—most of it, indeed, and the passage which I shall quote, being by Fletcher—you have a wider declaration, not of the instruments and accidents, the "maps" and "tempests" of discovery, but of the spirit working in men's minds which drove them to expand the Empire. It was written some years after James I. came to the throne, but, since the last act shows the christening of Elizabeth, a prophecy of the only safe kind, namely, one written after the event, is placed in the mouth of Cranmer:

"When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness . . .

. . . peace plenty, love, truth, terror  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his (James's) and like a vine grow to him:  
Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,  
The honor and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him: our children's children  
Shall see this and bless heaven."

It cannot be said that James did much to promote colonization; indeed, he hampered the Virginian settlers at every turn: but it is true that the seed of new nations was then sown, far-scattered by the spirit of expansion.

The passage may be paralleled from Shakespeare's contemporary, Daniel:

"Who in time knows whither we may vent  
The treasures of our tongue? To what strange shores  
This gain of our best glory shall be sent  
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?  
What worlds, in th' yet unforméd Occident,  
May 'come refined with th' accents that are ours?"

In an earlier poet, Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's master, you find the same theme of expansion put into the mouth of "Tamburlaine the Great." Dying, he calls out:

"Give me a map; then let me see how much Is left for me to conquer all the world That these, my boys, may finish all my wants."

And the stage direction follows (*one brings him a map*). This insistence on "maps," the Spanish touch in the word "Hurricano," the frequent confusion of America with India, all to be noted in these allusions to adventure scattered through Elizabethan verse, are signs of the time and indices to current opinion. There is such another in one of Shakespeare's sonnets, the 116th, which we admire for its mingled splendor and obscurity. He writes of love:

"O no! It is an ever-fix'd mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken."

Here, "mark" clearly means a "seamark," or beacon, but the reference to the star, presumably the North Star, has proved a stumbling block to critics. Yet some light is shed upon it by recalling that the English versions of Spanish discoveries, by Eden, Hakluyt, and Lock, were new books when Shakespeare wrote. For in those versions the disappearance of the North Star, when you sail far enough South, and the variation of the compass from it, when you sail far enough West, constituted themes for wonder and mysterious awe. Even in Purchas' account of Columbus' first voyage, published so late as 1625, you read: "On the fourteenth day of September he first observed the variation of the Compas, which no man till then had considered, which every day appeared more evident." These shifting of the Pole Star which, until then, had been the one thing stable in a world of change, gave rise to the wildest speculations. Elsewhere, you find the most frantic attempts to account for such apparent changes by assumptions that the world bore the shape not of an apple, but of a pear, or that the earth was in parts piled up in protuberances of gigantic elevation. America was to them, truly, a new world, as new as the planet Mars would be to us; and the spirit in which it was regarded in relation to the Pole Star may be gauged from a passage in Peter Martyr, written, no doubt, in 1516, but only Englished by Eden during Shakespeare's lifetime: "We ought therefore certaintely to think ourselves most bound unto God, that in these our times it hath pleased him to reveale and discover this secrete in the finding of this new worlde, whereby wee are certaynely assured, that *under our Pole Starre*"—mark that "our"—"and under the *Æquinoctiall* line, are most goodly and ample regions."

The third thing, then, which strikes as you note the insistence on "maps," the confusion of India with America, the awe inspired by new stars, and the wonderful tales reported by Othello of

"Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

is the recent origin, the novelty, the consequent mystery, of the enterprises on which Elizabethan Adventurers embarked. And these impressions were of course heightened by the fact that the English, with few exceptions, were the latest in this field of adventure, and that the accounts of earlier discoveries had but recently been translated out of Spanish and Latin into the English tongue. To understand this, we must trace the sequence of nautical discovery. The first praise must be given to the Portuguese, who were first, because they first "trusted the compass," "the touched Needle," which Purchas writes, "is the soule of the Compasse, by which every skilfull Mariner is emboldened to compasse the whole body of the Universe. Let the Italians," he goes on, "have their praise for Invention: the praise of Application thereof to these remote Discoveries is due to the Portugals, who first began to open the Windowes of the World, to let it see it selfe." Again, "the Loadstone," he writes, "was the Lead-Stone, the very seed and engendring stone of Discoverie."

Now nobody wanted to discover America. They wanted to reach India by sea, to reach Cathay, or China, and Cipango; a fabulous island of fabulous wealth, whose image seems to have been formed, partly from Plato's legend of the island Atlantis; partly, perhaps, from rumors of Japan brought over land, from mouth to mouth, by Oriental traders, who had never been further than China, and, since the adventure of Marco Polo, never so far. Mr. Fiske's admirable book, "The Discovery of America," and the old maps which he reproduces in it, show that Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci both died without a suspicion that they had discovered America. They, and others after them for years, practically omitted the extent of the Pacific from their conception of the Globe, even as they contracted the extent of Asia eastwards. Where they did, as matter of fact, find America, they expected to find China, and, in

the South Sea, the great Island, Cipango. They are always searching for Cipango, the court of the Great Khan, or the Land of Ophir.

Some idea of the pace of these discoveries, and of the resulting confusion and difficulty of assimilation, may be gauged from the fact that Europeans (setting the report of Herodotus on one side) crossed the Equator for the first time only in 1472, by creeping down the coast of Africa. Remembering that, we can realize the audacity of Columbus twenty years later. We can understand the murmurs of his men at what seemed madness, and was in fact the project of a "dreamer, dreaming greatly." The story is too well known to bear repetition, even in Elizabethan English. I merely note that at Cuba "he went on land, thinking it to be Zippango" (Purchas). Omitting for the moment John Cabot, we come next to Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine, who served both Spain and Portugal. He made four voyages between 1497-1504, and did, in fact, discover the continent of South America, sailing along the coast of Brazil as far south as latitude 34°. But, like Columbus, he died without knowing this. Even on the map of Ptolemy, dated 1540, the New World was still an island in the South Sea—"Novus Orbis, the Atlantic Island which they call Brazil and America." Gerard Mercator was the first, in 1541, to trace America with some approximation to its real shape, printing AME in large type on the north, and RICA on the south lobe of that continent. In 1513, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, and not Cortes, as Keats' famous Sonnet would lead us to suppose, gazed at the Pacific for the first time from a peak in Darien. I omit the conquests of Mexico and Peru by Cortes and Pizarro, only to insist on one point in respect of these discoveries, namely, that all lands discovered, or discoverable, in the New World, had been made over in anticipation to Castille, and consequently to Spain, by a Bull of Alexander VI., in 1493; and on a second, namely, that neither Catholic France nor Protestant England ever acquiesced in that papal

injunction. The "animadversions on the said Bull," to be read in "Purchas his Pilgrimes" are long, and, in parts, too vigorous for modern quotation. But the conclusion is in the right spirit of the Elizabethan adventurers. Purchas, after praising the French and Henry VII. for rejecting it, apostrophizes his king, James I.: "And long may his Majestie of Great Britaine spread his long and quiet Armes to the furthest East and remotest West, in the gainefull Traffiques, in the painefull Discoveries, in the Glorious and Christian Plantations of his Subjects (maugre such Bug-beare, Bull-beare bellowings) . . . all Arts and Religions concurring into one Art of Arts, the Truth of Religion, and advancing of the Faith, together with the glory of his Name, and splendour of his State, the love of his People, the hopes of his Royal Posterite to the last of Ages. Amen. Amen." That has the true Elizabethan ring about it, though written some years after Gloriana's death.

A truer title of Spain to our respect is, that she sent out Magellan with the first expedition which accomplished the circumnavigation of the world; an exploit which can never be paralleled, unless, instructed by Mr. Wells, we should invade the planet Mars. We know every incident of that voyage—and so did Shakespeare—from Eden's translation of Pigafetta's journal, upon which Purchas founded his later narration. The story regains its freshness when you read it in the first English translation of a survivor's narrative. The Patagonian giants, one of whom was "very tractable and pleasant," while another "declared by signs, that if they made any more Crosses, Setebos would enter into his body, and make him burst." "The stars about the South Pole . . . gathered together, which are like two Clouds, one separate a little from another and somewhat dark in the midst," that is to say, the gap in the stellar heaven still called Magellan's Cloud; the inevitable Cipanghu, always found because always sought; the Cannibals; the sea full of weeds and herbes; the bats as bigge as eagles" that "are

good to be eaten, and of taste much like a Henne;" all these observations restore the sense of actuality, and the sense of the marvellous. But I must condense the pleasing tale. Magellan—Fernando de Magallanes in Spanish—sailed with five ships on September 20, 1519, and 250 men, of whom one was English. The next winter, at Port Saint Julian, three of his ships mutinied. Undaunted, he boarded one, killing its captain, and now, with three to two in his favour, he attacked the others. A grim monument of that strife is noted by Fiske, when he comes to Drake's voyage round the world. Magellan sailed again with the spring, in August, 1520, to find the opening to the Straits, now named after him, on October 21. In the strait, which is some three hundred miles in length, one of his ships stole away and back to Spain. He took five weeks in passing the strait. His men might murmur, but Magellan answered that he would go on if he had to eat the leather off his ship's yards. Eden, followed by Purchas, reports that "when the Capitayne Magalianes was past the Strayght, and sawe the way open to the other mayne sea, he was so gladde there-of that for joy the teares fell from his eyes." But the most trying, because the least expected, experience was still before him. They counted on Cipango and Cathay; but, you read, "they sayled three moonths and twentie days before they saw any land: and, having by this time consumed all their Bisket and other Victuals, they fell into such necessitie that they were inforced to eate . . . skinnes and pieces of leather, which were foulde about certaine great Ropes of the shippes." Thus did Magellan justify his word. At last they made the Philippines, and knew that they had accomplished the greatest exploit of navigation. But Magellan himself was never again to see Europe. In the spirit of a crusader he converted one tribe to Christianity, and then led it to war against a neighbor king. In this contest he was killed on the 27th of April, 1521. His followers vacated and burned one out of the

three remaining ships; a second was driven back to the Moluccas; and the last, with forty-seven hands, made for the Cape of Good Hope; rounded it on the 16th of May, 1522, and crossed the equator on the 8th of June, only fifty years after it had been crossed for the first time from the north by Santarem and Escobar. At the Cape Verde Islands thirteen hands, who had landed, were arrested and imprisoned by the Portuguese. The remainder, being called on to surrender, stretched every stitch of canvas, and, after eight weeks more of the ocean, on the 6th of September, the thirtieth anniversary of the day on which Columbus weighed anchor for Cipango, the Victoria sailed into the Guadalquivir, and eighteen gaunt survivors, out of 250 men, landed to tell the strangest story ever told by man to men.

Such were the exploits of Spain! "What way soever," you read, "the Spaniards are called, with a beck only, or a whispering voice, to anything rising above water, they speedily prepare themselves to fly, and forsake certainties under the hope of more brilliant success."

And now for the French. The French entered into competition with the Spaniards for the commerce and soil of the New World as early as in 1504. In "Hakluyt's Voyages," that great Elizabethan bible of adventure, you have Varazzano's account, to his employer, Francis I., in 1524, of his discovery of Florida. There he found a "courteous and gentle people"—"vines growing naturally, which, growing up, tooke holde of the trees as they do in Lombardie," and people "clad with the feathers of fowles of divers colours." These and other accounts were translated out of French by Richard Hakluyt (iii. 36) and presented to Sir Walter Raleigh. In Hakluyt, also, you may read the discoveries made in Canada by Jaques Cartier in 1535. Here we come for the first time upon Montreal (Mont Réal in French), Mount Roiall in Hakluyt's English. And we look back along the vista of

years over the protracted rivalry between France and England in Canada, which was to end only with the death of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, and to be consummated, if I may say so, only by the visit of a Premier of a United Canada, of French extraction, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of a sovereign under whose august and gracious sway the prophecies of Fletcher and Daniel have been fulfilled. But France, torn by the throes of expiring feudalism and the new miseries of religious war, could not support the enterprise she had undertaken. Yet there is a lesson to be learned from her. When Jesuits and Calvinists had carried their strife into New France beyond the Atlantic, and when merchants grudged the necessary expense for the construction of a fort, the French Viceroy, Champlin (1620), uttered a memorable saying: "It is not best to yield to the passions of men; they sway but for a season; it is a duty to respect the future." So he built the castle of St. Louis on its "commanding cliff." Those words were spoken fifty years after the English entered the field against France and Spain; but they remain a good counsel for Imperialists to our own day—"It is a duty to respect the future." From the French, the English learned to look forward to centuries still in the womb of Time; from the Spaniards, to follow "a beck only, or a whispering voice," and "to fly and forsake certainties under the hope of more brilliant success." As our own poet of Empire, Rudyard Kipling, has sung in our own day:

"Came the whisper, came the Vision, came  
the Power with the Need,  
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was  
lent us to lead."

And now we must consider how the English came to lead. There was a false dawn of enterprise under Henry VII., but it did not develop into resplendent glory until Elizabeth had mounted the throne. Still it must be noted as an earnest of the splendor to be. The whole story may be read in the great work published in 1599 by the Rev. Richard Hakluyt, a friend of the adventurers, whose being thrilled with

their strangely mingled inspiration of religious fervor and imperial audacity. Recollect, let me say it again, that the English were not seeking America as we know it, but West India. And, since Spain was seeking India and Cathay by a southwest, England, from the beginning, with one brief interlude, sought those fabulous lands by a northwest passage. In 1497, the very year in which Vespucci discovered (without knowing it) the continent of South America, and five years after Columbus had discovered the Islands of the West Indies, Henry VII. gave John Cabot, a native of Venice and a resident in Bristol, license "to take sixe English ships in any haven or havens of the realme of England . . . to seeke out, discover, and finde whatsoever isles, countreys, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time had been unknown to all Christians." That was his answer to the Pope's bull. So you read that "John Cabot, a Venetian, and his sonne Sebastian (with an English fleet, set out from Bristoll), discovered land which no man before that time had attempted, on the 24 of June, about five of the clock early in the morning. This land he called Prima Vista, that is to say, First Seene." I need not go into the thorny question of the son's, Sebastian's, credibility in his narrative of subsequent discoveries which he alleges himself to have made. His veracity has been impeached by Sir Clements Markham; but, since Vespucci was at one time similarly accused, I must hope that in the case of Sebastian Cabot also, the error may be ultimately traced, not to his lying, but to the inaccurate application of geographical names in his own writings and the writings of his early commentators. The real importance of Sebastian's writings, whether truthful or not, is that, years later, they inspired the Elizabethan adventurers.

Under Henry VIII. you find traces of sporadic attempts to follow up the achievement of the Cabots, but they did not amount to much. We read that Henry was "exhorted with very

weighty and substantial reasons, to set forth a discovery even to the North Pole," and we know that two ships sailed for St. John and Newfoundland in 1527. In 1536 an expedition ended in "extreme famine," so that "our men eate one another," upon which the captain stood up and "made a notable oration, containing, howe much these dealings offended the Almighty, and quoted the Scriptures from first to last, what God had in cases of distresse done for them that called upon Him, and told them that the power of the Almighty was then no lesse than in al former time it had bene." A brave and pious man, whom we may well remember!

But the ideas of the English upon geography during the first half, and more, of the sixteenth century, were still confused. They went groping in different directions, encountering strange and terrible experiences. Robert Tomson, a merchant of Andover, was imprisoned in Mexico between 1556-1558. Others were turned back by ice and fog from the endeavor toward the Northwest. So, still failing to apprehend the size of the globe, both as to the extent of Asia and of the Pacific, they tried to reach India and Cathay by a northeast passage, north of Russia. In 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor set out, in that direction, on a "voyage intended for the discoverie of Cathay and divers others regions, dominions, islands, and places unknownen." The expedition was fitted out by "Master Sebastian Cabota (Cabot), Esquire, and Governoour of the mysterie and companyne of the Merchant Adventurers of the citie of London." The tragic end of an adventure thus founded upon equal parts of ignorance and daring has furnished one of the most striking of all these striking scenes. The two ships were separated by foul weather. We have, first, Chanceller's account, with its surmise as to the fate of his comrades: "But if it be so, that any miserable mishap have overtaken them, if the rage and furie of the sea have devoured these good men, or if as yet they live, and wander up and downe in strange countreys, I must needs say they were men worthy of better for-

tune, and if they be living, let us wish them safetie and a good returne: but if the crueltie of death hath taken holde of them, God send them a Christian grave and sepulchre." Their end was strange and moving beyond Chancellor's surmise. We have the last words of Sir Hugh Willoughby in his own hand. They run thus: "Seeing the year farre spent, and also very evill wether, as frost, snow, and haile, as though it had been the deepe of winter, we thought best to winter there. Wherefore we sent out three men south-southwest, to search if they could finde people, who went three dayes journey, but could finde none; after that we sent other three Westward foure daies journey, which also returned without finding any people. Then sent we three men south-east three daies journey, who in like sort returned without finding of people, or any similitude of habitation." That is all:—"the rest is silence;" for these notes were found a year or more after, under the frozen hand of Sir Hugh Willoughby, sitting frozen in his cabin, with all his Company, singly and in groups, frozen in different parts of the ship. On the margin of Willoughby's journal you read the brief record, "In this haven they died."

I pass over the earlier voyages of John Hawkins, to Guinea and thence to the West Indies with cargoes of negroes. It was he who started the slave trade, but we must not judge another age by the standard of to-day. Hawkins, recording a storm, could set down that "Almighty God would not suffer His elect to perish," and I cannot doubt his good faith. But, passing over these voyages to the West Coast of Africa, I come to the time when the seed sown by Sebastian Cabot in his writings began to sprout in the minds of the Elizabethan adventurers. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother by an earlier marriage, had read and considered Sebastian's narratives, and he had also considered Willoughby's death, and much else which to us seems amazingly beside the mark—as passages from Homer and Plato; mediæval legends of savages cast up on the "coast of Germany," wherever that may have

been, and the navigations of "Ochther" in the time of King Alfred. And out of this strange compost of truth and legend he framed his famous discourse "to prove a passage by the northwest to Cathaia." This discourse was written in 1576; its author must be considered the prime mover of the Adventurers, and his pamphlet conclusively shows how slight was the knowledge, how dark the counsels of the men who, in truth, made the world what it is to-day. Fantastic, wrong-headed, obstinate, reckless, but brave beyond report and belief, it was Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his school—Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Davis, Cavendish—who made the New World, in the full extension and intention of that phrase: the New World, not only of America, but of freedom in thought and of expansion in civilization. They cast the bread of civilization on the waters, content that posterity should see it return after three centuries.

Humphrey Gilbert ends his discourse with these words: "Desiring you hereafter never to mislike with me, for the taking in hande of any laudable and honest enterprise; for if through pleasure or idlenesse we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame remaineth for ever, and therefore, to give me leave without offence, alwayes to live and die in this minde. That he is not worthy to live at all, that for feare, or danger of death, shunnethe his countrey's service, and his own honour; seeing death is inevitable, and the fame of vertue immortall. Wherefore in this behalfe, *Mutare vel timere sperno*"—"I scorn to change or to be afraid." You will see that in his death he lived up to that lofty device.

It was Sir Humphrey Gilbert who fired the imagination of Queen Elizabeth and of his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, who, in his turn, inspired others and equipped more expeditions at his own charges than any other of the Adventurers. Humphrey Gilbert published his treatise in 1576, and, in the same year, Martin Frobisher set out on his first voyage to the Northwest for the search of the Strait or Passage to China. He was, you read in Hakluyt, "de-

termined and resolved with himself to make full prooife thereof, and to accomplish or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to returne againe, knowing this to be the onely thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable minde might be made famous and fortunate." Queen Elizabeth waved to him as he dropped down the Thames. He made two other voyages in the same direction during the next two years, 1577-78, and, in the fanciful manner of the day, he called the ice-bound land of frost which he discovered, Meta Incognita, that is, the "Unknown Goal." The reports are all of ice. "The force of the Yce so great, that not only they burst and spoyled the foresaid provision, but likewise so raised the sides of the ships, that it was friteful to behold, and caused the hearts of many to faint." And again, "We came by a marveilous huge mountaine of Yce, which surpassed all the rest that ever we saw; for we judged it to be neere fourscore fathomes above water . . . and of compasse about halfe a mile." They were bewildered by icebergs and mists, "getting in at one gap and out at another." Later, in 1585-6, you have the two voyages of John Davis "for the discoverie of the North-west Passage." Nothing could daunt them from their dream of Cathay. But the reports are the same: "the shoare beset with yee a league off into the sea, making such yrksome noyse, as that it seemed to be the true patterne of desolation, and after the same our Captaine named it, The Land of Desolation."

Sir Humphrey Gilbert's discourse was the prime motor of these forlorn hopes; yet his desperate expectation of reaching China by the Northwest issued in practical advantage—the foundation of the colony of Virginia by his greatest pupil, Raleigh. Before I touch upon that, I will give you Sir Humphrey's end, not unworthy of his motto, "*Mutare vel timere sperno*." He sailed for the last time in 1583. Frobisher had brought back a few stones in which the "mineral men" detected gold. So Elizabeth put her private money into the speculation, and, with but two more

years of his licence or charter to run, Sir Humphrey sailed for the Arctic El Dorado, now realized, after three centuries, in Klondike. They made the Orkneys "with a merrie wind." But the expedition proved disastrous. On his return, Sir Humphrey would not leave his little frigate, the Squirrel, of ten tons, for the larger Golden Hinde, and this is what befell, in the words of an eye-witness: "I will hasten to the end of this tragedie, which must be knit up in the person of our Generall; and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion and entreatie of his friends could nothing availe to divert him from a wilful resolution of going through in his frigate.

. . . This was his answer: 'I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many stormes and perils.' . . . Men which all their lifetime had occupied the sea, never saw more outrageous seas. . . .

Munday, the ninth of September, in the afternoone, the Frigat was neere cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered; and giving foorth signes of joy, the Generall, sitting abafe with a booke in his hand, cried out to us in the Hinde (so oft as we did approach within hearing), 'we are as neere to heaven by sea as by land.' Reiterating the same speech, well beseeeming a souldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testifie he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the Frigat being ahead of us in the Golden Hinde, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and withall our watch cryed, the Generall was cast away, which was too true; for in that moment the Frigat was devoured and swallowed up by the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night, and ever after, untill we arrived upon the coast of England." *Mutare vel timere sperno:* he would not change his ship, and he was ready to die.

Sir Walter Raleigh took up his brother's work. He was born in 1552, and went to Oriel College, in recent years the Alma Mater of another empire-builder, Mr. Cecil Rhodes. But in

1569, Raleigh went to France, and fought for the Huguenots under Coligny. Persuaded, as I have said, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he took up exploration and fitted out the expedition of 1576. He directed these distant endeavors largely from the Court, and from Ireland, where he commanded a company in 1579. But his heart was in discovery and colonization. Undeterred by Sir Humphrey's failure and death, in the next year he joined, with another brother, Sir Adrian Gilbert, and a merchant, Sandeman, a company called "The Colleagues of the Fellowship for the Discovery of the North-west Passage." He sent John Davis out on that quest, and about the same time he sent out his kinsman, Richard Grenville, to maintain his darling project, the Colony of Virginia. Between whiles, you find him entertaining the poet Spenser in Ireland. Spenser describes the visit thus:

"Whom when I askéd from what place he came,  
And how he hight? himself he did  
yceleep  
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,  
And said he came far from the main  
sea deep."

I cannot follow out the vicissitudes of Raleigh's career, but, keeping to my text, I may give some references to him in Elizabethan literature. His search for that Will-o'-the-wisp, El Dorado in Guiana, was acclaimed by a poet, probably Chapman, in these strains:

"Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold,  
Whose forehead knocks against the roof  
of stars,  
Stands on her tip-toe at fair England  
looking,  
Kissing her hand, bowing her mighty  
breast,  
And every sign of all submission making  
To be her sister and the daughter both  
Of our most sacred maid."

There is much else to the same sanguine and delusive purpose:

"And there do palaces and temples rise  
Out of the earth to kiss th' enamored  
skies."

Sir Walter's own account of that expedition fills many pages of Hakluyt. To show his self-gathered resolution, I will quote one passage: "I sent Captaine Whiddon the yeere before to get what

knowledge he could of Guiana, and the end of my journey at this time was to discover and enter the same, but my intelligence was far from truth, for the country is situate above 600 English miles further from the sea, then I was made believe it had bin, which afterward understanding to be true by Berreo, I kept it from the knowledge of my Company, who else would never have been brought to attempt the same: of which 600 miles I passed 400, leaving my ships so farre from mee at ancker in the sea, which was more of desire to performe that discovery, then of reason, especially having such poore and weake vessels to transport ourselves in."

I know not where you will find a calmer account of a more dogged endeavor in pursuit of a vainer phantas-magoria. But Raleigh's day of days was at the sack of Cadiz in 1596. It was Raleigh who overbore the timid counsels of Lord Thomas Howard, crying out to Lord Essex, "Entramos! Entramos!" a permission so acceptable to the gallant young Earl, that he threw his hat into the sea for sheer joy. Then Raleigh betook him to his ship, and led the van under the batteries and right into the harbor. When his vessel, shattered by shot, was on the point of sinking, he left it to enter Essex's ship, and though wounded severely by a splinter, had himself carried on shore and lifted on to a horse, to charge with Essex against the Spanish army. Of the sea-fight, Hakluyt says: "What manner of fight this was, and with what courage performed, and with what terror to the beholder continued, where so many thundering tearing peeces were for so long a time discharged, I leave it to the Reader to thinke and imagine." Of the charge on shore, he tells us: "The time of the day was very hot and faint, and the way was all of dry deepe slyding sand in a manner, and beside that, very uneven. . . . But the most famous Earle, with his valiant troupes, rather running in deede in good order, then marching, hastened on them with such unspeakable courage and celerity, as within one houres space and lesse, the horsemen were all discomforted and put to flight, their leader be-

ing stroken downe at the very first encounter, whereat the footmen being wonderfully dismayed and astonished at the unexpected manner of the Englishmen's kinde of such fierce and resolute fight, retyred themselves with all speed possible that they could."

We know the story of Sir Walter Raleigh but too well; his cruel imprisonment, his more cruel liberation to save his life by accomplishing the impossible, and his most cruel execution on a warrant signed fifteen years earlier. He knew all that is to be known of success and failure, of Courts and treachery, of sea-fights and assaults on cities, of treasure islands, and tempests, and long marches in tangled forests. And just because he knew these things so nearly, he has written beautiful verse in praise of their opposites:

"Heart-tearing cares and quiv'ring fears,  
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to Courts,  
Fly to fond worldlings' sports;  
Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing  
still,  
And Grief is forced to laugh against her  
will;  
Where Mirth's but mummery,  
And sorrows only real be."

The man who was killed for not finding El Dorado wrote:

"Go let the diving negro seek  
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;  
We all pearls scorn,  
But what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless Shepheards beat down as  
they pass;  
And gold ne'er here appears,  
Save what the yellow Ceres wears."

Sir Walter sought his rest in Arcadia; but he only found it on the scaffold. Old and racked with ague, he mounted the steps easily; for his prayer that the fit might not shake him before his peers and the crowd was granted. And he made his dying speech with inimitable grace and animation. Then, asking to be shown the axe, "I prithee," said he, "let me see it. Dost thou think I am afraid of it?" So taking it in his hand, he kissed the blade, and passing his finger lightly along the edge, said to the Sheriff, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." A few minutes later, when the heads-

man hesitated, he partially raised his head from the block, and called aloud in the old voice of command: "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!"

I have no space in which to give the accounts of Sir Richard Grenville's voyages, and the story of his death on the Revenge is well known. But it has been something altered in modern versions to suit modern taste. His real reason for declining to turn about is given by Raleigh: "Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship." We must take the Adventurers as they were. Sir Richard died and doomed his ship and company, not to save the wounded, but, as Mr. David Hannay makes plain, on the point of honor. It was his rule of life never to turn his back on the Spaniards, and he saw no reason for changing it when it involved his death. This appears from the full report of his dying speech. "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country, Queen, religion, and honor. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a true soldier, who hath done his duty as he was bound to do. But the others of my company have done as traitors and dogs, for which they shall be reproached all their lives, and leave a shameful name for ever."

I have left Sir Francis Drake to the last, and can now but touch upon him. He set himself grimly down to the work of capturing Spanish treasure ships, although England was at peace with Spain, upon the ground, which he held sufficient, that the Spaniards imprisoned and executed Englishmen. That, and the pretence of Spain to exclusive dominion in South America, seemed to him to constitute a state of war more truly than of peace. He grasped what Carlyle calls "the essential veracity" of the situation. So he acted accordingly, and became the terror of Spain, the "dragon," according to the Spanish poet, "or old serpent" of the Apoca-

lypse. In Hakluyt you catch a vivid glimpse of him on his first voyage, climbing a tree above the jungle in order to see the Pacific. And there is the wonderful story of his—the second—circumnavigation of the globe. He sailed November 15th, 1577. When he reached Port St. Julian you read, "We found a gibbet standing upon the maine, which we supposed to be the place where Magellan did execution upon some of his disobedient and rebellious company." The skeleton had hung there for more than fifty years. On the homeward track they passed the Cape of Good Hope, and you read, "This Cape is a most stately thing, and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth. . . . We arrived in England," so the record ends, "the third of November, 1580, being the third yeere of our departure." I must omit with regret all reference to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, to which Drake contributed, perhaps, more than any other. He sailed for the last time with John Hawkins in 1595, and both of these great commanders died during the voyage. Their deaths are simply recorded in Hakluyt: "And that night came up to the eastermost end of S. John, where Sir John Hawkins departed this life." That, and no more. And so, too, with Drake: "On the 28 at 4 of the clocke in the morning our Generall Sir Francis Drake departed this life, having beene extremely sicke of a fluxe, which began the night before to stop on him. He used some speeches at or a little before his death, rising and apparelling himself, but being brought to bed againe within one houre died." What would we not give for those unreported speeches! But that is the end.

Willoughby had died "congealed and frozen" in the North some twenty years before, Raleigh was to die on the scaffold some twenty years after, the great epoch of Elizabethan adventure; and how short that epoch was! Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Grenville, Humphrey were all dead, and, save Frobisher, who was carried on shore to die, all were sunk in shotted hammocks beneath the seas they had mastered with-

in twenty years. The glorious life of the Adventurers was crowded into the brief compass of but two decades. They set out late in the day with little knowledge, but with much hope and with boundless courage. Their El Dorados vanished in thin air; but they founded the

British Empire of the sea. And their names shall be remembered and loved so long as the English tongue is spoken in the land they were never to see again, and in many other lands where it is also spoken, thanks, in the first place to them.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### WINTER IN A DEER-FOREST.

BY HECTOR FRASER.

MANY are familiar with life in a Highland deer-forest during "the season"—the few weeks when the tenant of the forest and his friends occupy the lodge, and gillies and ponies abound. But the sunny, showery weeks of August and September, lived among hills purple with heather in bloom, soon pass, and by the beginning of October most of the shooters have gone southward. Even the few who do return to the Highlands for hind-shooting usually leave before the wild wintry weather has fairly set in. The present writer gives his impressions as one who has spent an entire winter in a deer-forest.

A Highland deer-forest is not, of course, a vast, densely-wooded park. As a Highlander said to an Englishman who wondered that trees were wanting there, "Who ever heard of a forest with trees?" There may happen to be trees in the forest; natural birch woods may cling to the sides of a glen, or the lower slopes of the hills around the lodge may be clothed with modern plantations of fir and larch. But these are merely ornamental fringes of the forest. The forest itself is a great waste of mountainous moorland, treeless, brown with heather, or gray with coarse grass—a wilderness sacred to the red deer, from which human dwellings are banished. The many hundreds of square miles of bleak, high-lying moors now devoted to deer-forests never could have maintained a large population. There have been farms and crofts in the green patches in the glens, and in the old times the cattle were driven in the sum-

mer to the sheilings high up among the hills. Now the only people who live in the forest throughout the year are the forester and his family at the lodge, with perhaps an under-keeper there, and one or two other keepers at the opposite side of the forest, some dozen miles away.

The forest best known to this writer is one in the central Highlands. It consists of two mountain masses, separated by some miles of lower ground, and bounded on one side by a great loch. The winter sets in early and lasts long in this forest, for it is far inland, and even its low ground is mostly 1400 feet above the sea. Snow falls in October and lies for a few days even down at the loch side, but that is only the advance guard of the cold weather. Winter really begins with the first spell of hard frost. One effect of the first severe frost of the season is rather curious. The long loch seems turned into a gigantic caldron of hot water, from which columns of dense steam rise into the calm, frosty air. This appearance continues day after day, until the loch, in many places some hundreds of feet deep, has cooled down to its winter temperature. Soon the snow comes down heavily, and never goes far away again all the winter through. It does sometimes disappear from the comparatively low-lying ground for a few days; but the hills are always white.

There is a line of perpetual winter snow in the Scottish Highlands at a height of 1500 feet above the sea. Above this the snow remains through-

out the winter. Only late in the spring does it slowly fade away. In cool summers great patches lie on the northern slopes even in August. It is said that a fall of only two degrees in the average annual temperature of Scotland would again send glaciers creeping down the glens among the high mountains.

Life in the snow-covered forest has a charm of its own. A smart walk among the hills on a bright, frosty day is most enjoyable. The wild moors sweep away in unbroken whiteness up to the rugged mountains, where dark cliffs, too steep for snow to rest on, pierce the white mantle here and there. The keen, exhilarating air makes walking a delight, though the footing is not of the best. Pony-paths traverse the forest, but even these do not form an ideal promenade in the winter time. Where the snow has not drifted you can recognize the path by the surface of the snow above it being unbroken, while on either side of it the dry flower-heads of tall grasses rise through the snow. Where drifts have hidden all signs of a path you must try to descry some trace of it twenty or thirty yards ahead, and make a straight furrow through the drift to that. When the path has been carved out of a steep hill-side it is often entirely blotted out by the snow filling up the trench and restoring the original roof-like slope of the hill. In such places one is tempted to make a track for himself instead of trying to detect the buried path, but the improvised track is apt to plunge the rash explorer up to the neck in the powdery snow which masks a gully. A wiser plan is to keep a sharp lookout for fox footprints, since Master Reynard is fond of using pony-paths to bring him to and from his hunting-grounds, and his instinct in avoiding deep drifts may be relied on.

Let us picture a walk through the forest. Soon after setting out from the lodge we come to a point overlooking the great loch far below us, fringed with birch wood, girdled with mountains. Round the edge of the loch a sheet of ice has formed, but the central deeps

are never frozen, even in the hardest winters. Some wild swans, driven from shallow lochs by the frost, are floating gracefully on the still water.

Then the path passes away from the loch over an open stretch of moorland. A mountain hare, clad in his white winter coat, scuds across the track, and in the distance we see a herd of deer feeding. We now near another and much smaller loch. Without climbing any high hill we have crossed the watershed between the East and West of Scotland somewhere in the last mile. The waters of this loch drain into the Atlantic, while those of the big loch ultimately pour into the German Ocean.

If we perseveringly trudge a few miles farther through the snow, we find the path enter a narrow glen between two mountains. One side of the glen slopes steeply down, while the other side is formed by a range of precipices draped with giant icicles. In the summer a burn brattles down the bottom of the glen, but, if yet running, ice and snow have buried it out of sight and hearing. Utter silence, awful rather than restful, reigns within the white gorge, broken only at long intervals by the sharp bark of a fox that has its den somewhere up among the rocks above the precipices. The path ascends to the head of the glen, and from the lofty col a splendid view opens up of snow-clad mountains and glens glittering in the sunshine, and away in the distance the lower straths appear, still green, and looking as if they belonged to another world than our wintry one.

If this ramble is taken early in the winter, before a great depth of snow has accumulated in the high passes, we may continue our walk round the shoulders of the great ben of the forest, and return by a loch far up in the heart of the hills, above which frown the cliffs of a magnificent corrie. The loch itself is only recognizable by its level surface, for ice a foot thick cases its waters, and snow conceals the ice. Some stags, disgusted at being disturbed even in this remote retreat, scramble up a steep, shingly hill-face with a speed and agility almost incredible in such bulky ani-

mals. From this loch the way leads downward and homeward, though we are yet far from the lodge.

What grand bird is that that goes sailing upward in wide spirals, hangs poised in mid-air for an instant, and then swoops down like a thunderbolt on a luckless hare? A falcon? No, it is the great golden eagle! It is still a rare bird, even in the Highlands, though not so rare as it was twenty years ago, for it is now strictly protected in the deer-forests.

As we pass through the low ground on our homeward route, a herd of hinds is seen on a hill-side only three or four hundred yards away, near enough for us to make out the variety of colors in their hides, from dull brown to golden yellow. Presently one hind catches sight of the intruders, then another and another, until the whole herd stands at gaze. Then, as if at a given signal, they turn sharply round, brown heads being replaced by white tails, and trot quickly away, disappearing over the sky-line. If they have been thoroughly startled, they may not halt again till they have reached the "sanctuary." The "sanctuary," it may be explained, is a part of the forest where the deer are never molested by sportsman or forester. The deer soon come to understand its privileges, and take refuge there from danger. The reason why most large forests have sanctuaries is to induce the deer to stay in the forest. There are usually no fences between adjoining deer-forests, and if the deer found that they were being continually stalked in all parts of one forest, while in the neighboring forest there was a tract of ground where they could be in safety, no man making them afraid, they would forsake the inhospitable forest for the one that offered a sanctuary.

The regular winter inhabitants of the forest, the forester and his assistants, have something else to do than to enjoy pleasant rambles through the forest on sunny days. A part of the winter is devoted to hind-shooting. Sometimes sportsmen take part in this, but as it yields no trophies like the stag's antlers, and as the winter's snows add greatly to the toils of stalking, the work is

usually left to the foresters. It is work that needs to be done, for since only stags are shot in the "season," if the ranks of the hinds were never thinned, the forest would be overrun by them.

The hind, though despised by sportsmen out after the stag, is no easy prey, for she is more wary than the antlered lord of the forest. The stalkers set out while the winter morning is yet dark, in order to arrive by dawn at the passes by which the hinds are expected to leave the low ground where they have been grazing during the night. If wind and weather favor them, they may dispatch several hinds before sunrise. At other times they may have to spend half a day in toilsome stalking without any result. What the stalkers like is not, as the uninitiated might think, mild, fresh weather, but frost and deep snow. Mild weather allows the deer to keep to the hills, where they can only be reached after tramping many weary miles through slush and wet snow; whereas when the snow lies deep, and the frost is intense so that no living creature save the ptarmigan can exist long on the open hill, the deer are to be found down at the loch side, or sheltering in low-lying corries.

Sometimes a roe-deer hunt is organized when these dainty little beasts have been doing damage in the plantations. It is of the nature of a deer-drive, with the guns posted at some break in the wood toward which the roes are driven by beaters. The moment when the roe-deer break cover and come under fire is very exciting; but often they prefer to turn back and burst through the line of beaters. This is the easier to do, because in young plantations on hill-sides the wood is usually so dense and the ground so rough that the beaters have difficulty in knowing where their comrades are, and in preserving anything like a straight line.

Foxes, too, have to be hunted down. Some time ago a question was asked in the House of Commons about the increase of foxes in the deer-forests, the terms of which suggested that the questioner supposed that foxes were preserved in the Highland forests in order to be hunted by horsemen and hounds,

as in England or the Lowlands of Scotland. The horse has yet to be discovered that could keep up with the hill-fox going up the mountain-side, or that would not break his own or his rider's neck descending the rocky scree where the "red dog" usually has his home. In the deer-forest the fox is no beast of chase held in high honor, but is mere vermin to be shot on sight; and if he prove so shy that he has to be sought for in his lurking-places, he is driven out of his earth by shaggy terriers, and unceremoniously shot as he emerges.

Throughout the foresters' winter work, peril of storm is lying in wait. A snowstorm that has given warning of its approach has discounted most of its terrors. It may, indeed, cut off the dwellers in the forest from all communication with the outer world for some weeks; but that is nearly the worst it can do to them. Well housed and provisioned for the winter, they can easily stand a snow blockade. The wind may roar down the glens, and the snow drift into monstrous wreaths; but they are secure against the fury of the storm.

But if the storm comes on unexpectedly, when the men are away in a remote part of the forest, then is the terrible time of struggle on the hill-side, of anxiety in the home. The gale sweeps before it the falling and the already fallen snow in a whirling, blinding cloud. The dry, powdery particles fill the eyes, choke the nostrils, making sight and breathing alike difficult. The freezing wind chills to the bone. Even the mountaineers' skill and powers of endurance are tried to the utmost when overtaken by such a blizzard many miles away from any sheltering roof, with no fences to guide, and with all landmarks blotted out by the swirling snow-dust. It is a battle, long and stern, against the might of the storm. Hour after hour they fight on against the blinding, baffling drift, plunging through the deep wreaths, struggling against the numbing blast, until darkness falls on the short winter day. Deep is their thankfulness when at last they see, glimmering faintly through the driving snow, the lights of home.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.



## WASTED GENIUS.

BY ROBERT J. STURDEE.

THE encyclical of the Czar has drawn the attention of the world to the subject of war even more effectually than the Hispano-American dispute; it has caused millions of people to pause and think over the question in a totally new light. No campaign on record has caused the civilized world to weigh war in the balance, or think over the matter so thoroughly and so intelligently, as this unique Peace Manifesto has done.

During the last few weeks we have had brought forcibly to our notice the many reasons why we should no longer be content to abide by the arbitrament of the sword, why we should settle our disputes by *might* instead of *right*; and we have also been reminded that men are reasoning and not fighting crea-

tures, therefore we should settle our differences by appealing to our higher and not lower nature. When *might* decides a quarrel, it is the might of men who fight but who do not know for what or why they fight. When there is a point at issue between nations, it has been the rule to decide the case by the brute force of men who do not understand the reason for the contention instead of by the intellectual ability of men who do.

Lately we have all been seeing, as we have never seen before, the causes and consequences of war; and probably many have now begun, if not before, to doubt the lawfulness of it. The reasons against war have not been advanced undisputed. The cynic and pessimist and the believer in impossibili-

ties have not been behind in treating the world to a superabundance of chimeras. Among the arguments against war and in the category of evils which it directly and indirectly produces we are thoroughly familiar with: the loss of trade, the loss of property, the waste of life, and the waste of money; but the waste of genius, though by no means subordinate to the other evils, is hardly ever mentioned and perhaps never even thought of.

If we compare modern wars with those of ancient and mediæval times, the dissimilarity which strikes one most forcibly is the difference in their length and duration.

The time the Greeks were before Troy, the long campaigns of the Crusades, the "Wars of the Roses," the "Seven Years' War," the "Thirty Years' War," were in point of time vastly different from the Franco-Prussian, the Russo-Turk, and the Japan-China wars. What has produced the change? Inventive genius. We are told that we owe this relief to the inventive power of Science. What is the advantage of this change? Because the time is less the loss of life is not likewise less; neither has the expense of war decreased with the time of its duration. In modern warfare we can kill as many lives in thirty days as it took thirty years to kill once; and in thirty minutes we can expend wealth sufficient to carry on a thirty years' war in the old style. So the gain is not here. If we do not have so much actual fighting now, we have infinitely more anxiety and mental strain. The horrid nightmare of a European war makes us to live in a constant dread of that awful shock that will cause empires to fall. So it is evident that the inventive genius of science has only made war far worse than it once was.

In the times of old it was the personal prowess of those engaged which secured the victory, but now victory belongs to that side which has the best slaughtering machines, or to that side which has the most or can work them the quickest. This again is the result of inventive genius.

War is infinitely more barbarous and

revolting now than it was a few hundred years ago. In the present day it is nothing less than scientific butchery; men are mowed down in unprecedented numbers in the space of a few minutes, and towns, with the inhabitants and property thereof, are utterly destroyed in an almost incredibly short space of time. What does personal bravery count for when men have to combat infernal machines? The quality which is most needed in the modern soldier is passive obedience to submit to be an unknown unit in a human target for the engines of war that science has produced. These changes which I have enumerated are the outcome of a certain kind of genius, and the result has been to make war a hundred times more calamitous and infamous. Therefore is not this genius wasted?

The amount of thought and ingenuity which the instruments of modern warfare must have required to have produced them is almost incomprehensible. Take the ordinary magazine rifle, a weapon of wonderful mechanism, one which has expended much brain power in its production, and this solely for the purpose of destroying human life when a fitting opportunity offers itself. Consider the quick-firing and other guns, the shells and torpedoes. Those who understand the latter will fully appreciate the genius which produced the torpedo, if not the torpedo itself. The Government dockyards are a marvellous representation of what time and thought can produce. Where can we find a better summary of the wonderful achievements of the inventive power of science than in the consideration of an ironclad in all its details? So strange and amazing do they appear to us that they are almost beyond comprehension. Enormous armaments have utilized enormous genius in their production; and a proof that that genius is wasted is in the fact that the thing itself is soon destroyed in times of war, and in times of peace they soon become out-of-date, and finally obsolete; after which they are sold for a price ridiculously small when compared with what they cost. The men who have invented these instruments for wholesale slaughter un-

doubtedly possessed great genius. They used the power they were masters of in the best way for personal gain, but the world has gained nothing—only lost much. Why, then, did they invent these things? The demand created the supply. It was profitable for them to turn their attention to the invention of those things which the nations were frantic to possess. If we did not demand instruments of war they would not supply them, but would produce other and useful and beneficial things. Of course, the genius of these men was of a particular kind, but no one could believe that they were born with a proclivity to invent murderous instruments only. If there were no such thing as war, these men would have directed their talents to the invention of things that perhaps would have been of the greatest service to mankind. These we might have possessed had we not demanded the absurd engines of destruction instead, and thereby losing not only things that we might have had, but also the genius that could have produced them. Might they not have produced means of saving life instead of destroying it? Their unrivalled genius has been employed in perpetuating and making more terrible a relic of bar-

barism instead of advancing civilization.

Our descendants will one day marvel at us tolerating such a system, in the same way as we wonder how our ancestors could tolerate many follies which we have seen and expelled.

In the times of peace and disarmament, which will one day come, inventiveness will take fresh strides and add many things to this world that will make life better worth living to the mass of the people.

The genius which has been expended over war, and which might have been used in a profitable and lasting manner, is lost to the world forever. Men yet to be born may invent the things which men that are dead might have invented; still, this will not compensate the loss we have sustained. If the past had invented, the future would have improved upon it.

Science has obliterated distance, facilitated locomotion, rendered a hundred services to mankind; and might not that genius which is lost, if applied, have added much more to this list of inestimable benefits?

War has deprived the world of much that it had, and also of much that it might have had.—*Westminster Review*.

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### BY THE RIVER.

BY F. B. DOVETON.

HERE is the restless river still and deep,  
And here the white-limbed Naiads haply sleep  
Unseen at noon of night.  
Around those tangled roots, below the brim,  
Great wary trout in circles slowly swim  
When the June skies are bright.

Across the stream wild shadowy woodlands stand,  
A haunted forest in a lonely land,  
Where vistas stretch away—  
Vistas where orchises and foxgloves grow,  
Where helleborine and June's sweet roses blow,  
And timorous squirrels play.

December, 1898.

Here may those dainty nymphs be lulled to rest  
By love-lorn cushion moaning from their nest  
Beneath the evening star.

Here, too, the gorgeous yaffil's \* sudden scream  
May often wake them from some fairy dream  
Of twilit glades afar.

The wearied spirit here forgets its stress,  
And floats away into forgetfulness  
On slumber's shadowy wings.  
Thus was my being to oblivion borne  
In this lone spot beneath a milk-white thorn  
That on the marge upsprings.

I pass into the Dreamers' Land, and there  
I see the very scene, but yet more fair,  
Whilst Naiads passing sweet  
About me hover, slim and golden tressed,  
Some bending o'er me, whilst their sisters rest,  
All blushes, at my feet.

The splendid yaffils now are blithe and bold,  
They cease to tap the tall gaunt trees and old,  
And at the bevy stare;  
The wary trout that 'neath the tangle hide  
Approach the flowery margin eager eyed,  
And wonder at the fair.

I seem to wanton with their tresses long,  
In the soft light I listen to their song,  
They lay their lips to mine.  
Then, as the charmers closer to me press,  
From one fair head I slyly shred a tress  
Of loveliness divine.

Soon seem they into nothingness to fade;  
I see their forms far floating down the glade,  
And waken in the cold  
Mysterious moonlight washing mead and stream—  
But then, to prove it was not all a dream,  
I clasp that tress of gold !

\* \* \* \* \*

Only to dreamers here what time the moon  
Sails through the midnight skies of leafy June  
These nymphs appear, they say:  
Only with slumber-shadowed eyes may we  
These fair white ladies of the wild wood see,  
So beautiful are they !

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

\* The green woodpecker.

